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# Sound Faith:

# Nostalgia, Global Spirituality, and the Making of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music

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# Sound Faith:

# Nostalgia, Global Spirituality, and the Making of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music

by

**Maria F. Curtis, B.A.; M.A.**

**Dissertation**

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*For all the members of my family who helped me get here. Thank you.*

*For Kemal, thank you for countless cups of tea, support, friendship, laughs, and love.*

*For Safiye, who always reminds me of what is most important, and who loved music before she was even born.*

*To Frances and Papa, with love and great affection. Thank you.*

*To all my friends in Morocco, sincere thanks.*

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**Sound Faith:**

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This dissertation examines the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music and the historical and cultural milieu of which it is a part. Held annually since 1994 in the city of Fes, Morocco, this festival was first launched in the wake of the first Gulf War as an interfaith initiative and was conceived with a European and American audience in mind. It was later housed under the aegis of FES-SAISS, an NGO based in the medina of Fes, Morocco. Over time, the festival became both more local and more global, with local residents using the global rhetoric of western democratic ideals and human rights discourses as a way to shape the festival's local programming. After 9/11 and the May 16, 2003 suicide bombings in Casablanca, the festival took on a new significance as Moroccans began to think of the festival as an event that would counter its own domestic extremism. This dissertation looks at the role of sound and music and its place in

Moroccan spiritual traditions and questions how a local religious musical aesthetic produced by the festival impacts interfaith efforts beyond Morocco's borders as well as local Moroccan conceptions of spirituality. Important components in the shaping of conceptions of spirituality are interactions in the sphere of tourism, and local and international efforts at historic preservation, and in the history of how local musics became world music. Perhaps more than ever before, the preservation of local histories and traditions are co-constructed at a global rather than a local level, where global spheres are new grounds for creating local meaning. In conclusion, this dissertation considers the nature and scope of the impact this festival has as it travels around the globe.

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## Introduction

What happens when The Blind Boys of Alabama, a gospel rhythm and blues group, Sheikh Yassine who sings medieval Egyptian Sufi poetry, western tourists dressed as Tuareg members of a Saharan caravan, and Moroccans dressed in miniskirts and Armani suits assemble in the same space in Fes, Morocco? Such is a common scene at any given performance held at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. Historically, during festivals, local identities are promoted within the context of a heterogeneous nation (Falassi).

FIG. 1 Opening night at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, 2003. A chair and a table of food and flowers are left for the Moroccan monarchy. Various members of the royal family have attended past performances. Behind this symbol for the monarchy is an international audience, and to the right is a security guard from a private Moroccan security company who scans the audience. (Photo taken by the author ©).

Festivals worldwide in the last decade however evidence a different orientation to culture and the reinvention of tradition (Cohen, Balerino, Wilk, and Stoeltje). International festivals, particularly music festivals, now bring together artists and audiences from different nations to celebrate global diversity. Interestingly, religion in these contexts has become an important theme (Schechner 1993).

When I began laying the groundwork for my dissertation research in Morocco, I imagined I would write about how globalization *happens to* Fes through music that is performed annually at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. While this is much of what this dissertation is about, it is also about the circulation of music, aesthetics, bodies, and ideas, or in Henriques' words, the crisscrossing of nerves, or the bodily ways in which music somehow attaches itself to memory, through the processes of globalization. This dissertation explores the ways in which people become attached to sound, the idea of sound itself as a medium that connects people, and the way that sound is relational and creates a social structure of its own. The Fes Festival of Sacred Music, Moroccan homes and neighborhoods, the development of what we now call "world music" in Morocco, and academic discourses about the promises of multiculturalism achieved through staging world music, are all frames through which attachment to sound travel in this dissertation. The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music is the formal stage upon which national and international sacred musics are staged in response to world conflicts. The Fes Festival is a curio cabinet of musical genres and styles locked deep in the heart of Morocco, inside the Fes medina. While I might have focused solely on the Fes Festival itself, an immense and complicated object of study in itself, as I did fieldwork I became more interested in the social conditions that make a large-scale cultural production like the Fes Festival

possible. Instead of a straightforward presentation of the Fes Festival, I attempt to track the many processes that promote sound cultures and daily practices to the level of recognized genre, and later as concrete, lived tradition made ready for tourists, commercialization, and global outlets. This dissertation consists of essays that link the Fes Festival and faith in sound as a domain that connects individuals. The Fes Festival is a prism through which belief in sound resonates at different social registers, in Morocco and beyond.

I invoke multiple theoretical trajectories and try to let them emerge through various ethnographic experiences. Dense layers of theory might apply to the study of how world music is staged in Morocco. I prefer to maintain that human interaction and the imagination are more complex than most theory can capture, and therefore tend to present ideas to the reader while leaving enough room for multiple interpretations. I draw on Stewart, Stewart and Harding, Sedgwick, and Tsing's work with regard to the deployment of theory. Stewart and Harding draw our attention to the ways in which academic discourse has taken on a millenarian tone when it engages things like globalization and Neoliberalism. I try to avoid this, but do let it come out in ethnographic description through the voices of people whom I met. Sedgwick argues for "soft" theory as opposed to "paranoid" theory, and on this note, I insert humor when possible, not in a mean-spirited way, but to question the all pervasiveness of something like the rise of Neoliberalism in such spheres as tourism where power is often inverted in unexpected and comical ways. I appreciate Tsing's idea of ethnography as "friction", and the potential of new spheres of possibility that are opened up when local people project themselves deliberately into a global space for all the world to see and consume. This is

what Ong as called “Neoliberalism as exception”, wherein local communities enter into Neoliberal spheres not because they have bought into the idea fully, but rather with the intention to manipulate it to their own benefit.

I engage theory at different levels, but ask, what about the sound? What theoretical approaches might best help us understand what sound says about the culture from which it rises? I have found the work of Erlmann, Back and Bull, Feld, Attali, and Hirschkind to be the most promising in answering this question as their work seems to get at the elusive life that sound lives, one that evades most theory before analysis can really be written.

Rather than argue that ethnography should be multisided or that it should jump into the swirl that globalization creates, this dissertation necessarily does both. As traditional field sites become more global, ethnographic writing changes. This is not a manifesto for a Ferris wheel approach to writing ethnography, but simply a record of the amount of detail and the varying degrees of closeness with which we work as we are caught in the spin of our research subjects. Also, fieldwork is circuitous in its own way, and the eventual places we chose as sites, are places we arrive at numerous times before we realize their value. One might see part of their research at close range, and have much to say in fine detail about it, while in other instances be able to point out connections to broader problems with less detail. Rather than smoothing out the gaps that constitute the spaces between the various sites in which I worked, I try to leave them easily identifiable for the reader. Part of today’s ethnography is about following the lines between the pastiche of sites we encounter. Rather than erase the lines that define the sites, I hope to leave them intact in an attempt to perform something of the complexity of “multi

sitedness", and to demonstrate the "multi sightedness" that emerges. To smooth out the disparities between various sites implies that "culture", and in this case sound, move about in a linear fashion. It is in the nonlinear trajectories that sound lives that we can begin to understand the uncanny ways in which attachment forms.

Where do I fit in the production of knowledge with regard to this dissertation? Before leaving to do fieldwork, I had fallen in love with the idea that this field site might be a one of the sought after sites of resistance, a site where Arab Muslims had found a way of countering the media that so often denigrates them, citing their "difference" as a justification for violent acts of war. I had had a taste as an undergraduate of working on a project that helped in some small way in righting some of the wrongs done to a community of African Americans on a project that focused on medical racism. That taste of ethnography as a tool that might be used for some kind of social justice was what I had felt comfortable with. This project did have something of that, but at the same time it was very different. I worked among a group of mostly highly privileged Moroccans who did want to impart some greater good on their fellow Moroccans, but their own social prestige was often dependant on a social arrangement that tipped heavily in their favor with regard to those less fortunate than them. The strict class division that characterizes Moroccan society was present in the creation of this festival, and although I felt an initial sense of disappointment, I came to see the festival as a means by which globalization and the media exposure that comes with it, actually brought about some positive changes for the less powerful in Morocco. Globalization is always about tensions, or in Tsing's words, "frictions". This dissertation is about the frictions, some anticipated, and others not, that happen when Morocco invites a world audience to its doorstep. When the guest

enters the home, all of the social conditions are examined, not just those that the host most prominently displays.

When I first officially went to the Fes Festival as a volunteer in the summer of 2002, I learned quickly that I had entered a man's world. While I was hoping to spend most of my time with musician organizers, I was quickly shuffled into the women's sphere of the festival that mostly dealt with the organizational and logistical side of things. I entered the festival, and its sister project, the Fes Encounters Colloquium, at a time when the founder of the festival, Faouzi Skali, had been given directorship of the colloquium. That year Said Zniber acted as the director of the Fes Festival, but was dismissed immediately afterwards. I entered the field when internal problems divided the organizational team between the two events. Because I had made contact with Skali, and the North American Director of the Festival Zeyba Rahman, prior to arriving that summer I worked more closely with the colloquium as a translator and with helping welcome international guests who knew neither French nor Arabic. After the 2002 edition of the festival, Skali was reappointed Director General of both events, and I volunteered as a translator in different capacities where needed during the course of my yearlong fieldwork. Although I had wanted to work more closely with musicians, the time at which I entered the festival and the internal divisions of power therein made it easier to accept a role on the organizational team. There were other students, mostly from France, who circulated about the festival more freely than I did. Ironically, the letter of affiliation I obtained in conjunction with my human subjects requirements was understood by those in the festival as a sort of work permit. I was initially disappointed at not having more access to musicians, but they were often unavailable because they stayed in Fes for such

short periods. During press conferences they were surrounded by swarms of journalists that made it nearly impossible to get any in-depth information beyond the sound byte. In some rare instances I was able to spend time with musicians, but because of my position in the festival and various responsibilities, it was impossible to do this with all performers who attended the Fes Festival.

During fieldwork, I worked mostly as a translator, translating press files from French to English, and then later all of that year's (2003) texts about musicians performing at the festival for the official festival guide which also included texts from major sponsors as well as texts written by various members of the organizational team about their philosophy of the festival and what they hoped it would achieve. I joined most of the festival's weekly organizational meetings that addressed the practical selection process of upcoming artists and provided the only context in which this global festival was translated into a local version of itself, the Festival in the City, which was conceptualized around formally involving a Moroccan audience. Some organizers of the Festival in the City had connections to local Sufi orders that performed in the festival's Sufi Nights performances. Although some of them may have considered themselves Sufis, their participation in the festival was not on the order of the monastic. They were creating events in which "encounters" might happen between people from different backgrounds. Although some members of the British press insinuated that the festival was a vehicle for mass conversion to Islam, I would argue against this, as it did not seem to be the aim of the organizers. Their aim was more directed towards interrupting globalization and inserting spirituality. This initiative was based on the premise that sound is a very powerful medium, and that it does interrupt something and replaces the

space it opens up with something better. Organizers did believe in what they called "the Fes message" and did hope to change the sensibilities of people in the audience. While there was an emphasis on opening a space for something that I would loosely call Islamic aesthetics, and indeed it was the frame of the festival, while other religious aesthetic traditions played a very important role.

Most of the organizational staff were not musicians at all, but were singularly committed to this idea about the importance of sacred music and in sound as a privileged sphere of communication. It is here that this dissertation takes its title, *sound faith*. I do not aim to demonstrate the ways in which sound *is faith*, but rather am more interested in the idea that so many different kinds of people share the same belief about the promise of sound as transcendence and in the desire to be in the shared space that sound opens up. This is a large question, and is larger than just the festival itself. Therefore, I include various sites to get at the complexity with which sound implicates itself in daily life in Morocco. Furthermore, comparing sound as it exists outside the walls of the festival's organizing committee gives us an idea of just how deliberately constructed the Fes Festival's program is. Without doing so, we might come to the conclusion that world music is somehow a Moroccan musical aesthetic, when in fact it is produced and manufactured for consumption according to its own logic, a logic that is often parallel to the world music industry, and parallel to a Moroccan understanding of music in public space, but stubbornly occupies a space all its own. I draw on all of these parallel discourses to get at exactly what the space of this festival is.

Working in the capacity of translator did afford me some insight into how the festival reaches out to different audiences. I worked side-by-side at various points with

the Arabic translators, who took French texts and made them meaningful for a Moroccans for whom "sacred world music" still proved somewhat elusive. At one point I shared a small office with Ahmed Kostas who one day in Ramadan was swept away from the festival into the fold of the monarchy where he serves as advisor for religious affairs. I believe that the festival is a hand of the monarchy, but it is a hand that speaks instructively to the rest of the monarchy's body. For the sake of improving my Arabic, I also translated some of the Arabic texts back into English with a private tutor at the American Language Institute in Fes. This was initially for my own benefit so that I might familiarize myself with Arabic terminology around performance events. This aided me later as I began to try to analyze articles written about the Fes Festival in the Arabic press. The Fes Festival is housed under FES-SAISS, an NGO that generates its own discourse on development in Morocco. Part of my private tutoring sessions covered studying texts produced by FES-SAISS and offered me an opportunity to understand how local Fassis viewed the efficacy of local development projects.

I also assisted the Director of the Fes Festival, Faouzi Skali, at times when he needed letters translated which were often written to encourage participation from various individuals. These letters were written after the second Gulf War in March of 2003, and the suicide bombings in Casablanca in May 2003 just prior to the festival, to encourage would-be festival attendees to commit to participate in some way. I later helped organize the international press component of the festival prior to the 2003 edition. This was primarily a response to the Casablanca bombings when for the first time the festival created strict press badges in an attempt to track individuals coming in and out of the festival. This took place in the wake of the monarchy's restriction of the

free press and a number of the Moroccan journalists that I dealt with were already sensitive to these issues and were generally bothered with the idea that they could no longer attend the festival for free without an affiliation with a syndicated newspaper. Although my "job" at that time was to help in administering security badges, journalists often conflated the lack of freedom of expression in the press with this attempt to make the festival somewhat safer. Although the Fes Festival is located in a section of FES-SAISS, Morocco's largest NGO, it often felt as through we were working directly for the monarchy, if not the King himself. A great deal of the festival's vision came through Mohammed Kabbaj, who was President of the NGO FES-SAISS and at the top of the festival's organizational scheme, and he also serves as an advisor to King Mohammed VI. Because of its link to the monarchy we can assume that the festival is something of a public relations machine. Acknowledging this requires that we recognize that the festival is not exactly monasticism in action as it might appear from its promotional materials or from the etherealness its creates through musical performance. Despite its connection to the monarchy, the festival is somehow something spiritual and not purely a front for larger political aims. The two are interestingly interwoven and offer a close-up look at how a monarchy that is trying to reinvent itself in a self proclaimed progressive way does so through music. This dissertation is not a detailed look at musicians involved in world music, but is the story of how a monarchy and a nation capitalize on world music for its own ends. Here, power, like sound, is not always linear and does not always bear a predictable hierarchical arrangement. I come back again to Tsing's idea of *friction*: sound interrupts local and global power arrangements and lives a life of its own in spite of attempts to craft it in any one direction.

## Chapter 1:

## Faith in Sound:

## The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music from Sufi Circles to the World Stage

In response to the U.S. Desert Storm campaign in Iraq in 1994, Dr. Faouzi Skali and a small circle of friends organized a combination film and music festival that they called The Desert Conference, under the general theme of "Spiritual Memories of East and West". The Fes Festival of World Music, which has now become an internationally renowned annual music festival held in Fes[1], Morocco, was originally organized as an interfaith initiative meant to encourage dialogue between Jews, Christians and Muslims. The first title "Desert Conference" was a deliberate play on words referencing the Desert Storm American military campaign in Iraq. The musical interludes of local Sufi music that were scheduled during breaks between film screenings enjoyed unexpected success, and the idea for a sacred music festival was later brought under the aegis of central and local Moroccan governing agencies, principally the NGO FES-SAISS, and was made into a full-fledged world music festival that drew on the religious history of Fes, emphasizing an exclusively "sacred" musical content. The success of the musical aspect of this first event was the seed of inspiration for the current Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, now in its thirteenth year. What began as an ideological project of inserting counter

[1] During my year of fieldwork, there was some debate as to how to spell the city's name with regard to how it appeared in French and English language promotional publications. The Standard English spelling is Fez, and the French is Fès. Its actual transcription from Arabic to English would something more like "Fas". After considerable deliberation, the organizers of the Fes Festival settled in "Fes" as the choice for English language promotional materials. Following their preference, I use this spelling although it is considered a bit unconventional.

hegemonic images of Arabs and Muslims in the media (Said 1981, 1986, and 1993) via film became a national festival that promoted not only Muslims, but the Moroccan state as a tolerant haven in the Middle East, one that welcomed foreign visitors and promoted tourism, and also is celebrated as a proponent of nonconventional means of cultural diplomacy while drawing on a literal and imaginative connection to sacred Sufi music.

Religious music is experiencing a revival and its performances take new shape as it generally reorients toward a global audience. The philosophy of Gerard Kurdjian (former Artistic Director), Faouzi Skali (General Director), Zeyba Rahman (former North American Director) and other organizers[2] is that there is something inherently communicative in music as a medium of expression. From their view, music is capable of transcending all boundaries. There was a kind of blind faith among the first organizers that global sacred sounds, when experienced in the same space, would in some way realign global sensibilities around an appreciation for "the other", an appreciation lost in other more conventional diplomatic spheres and misconstrued in the media. Sound was conceptualized as a medium, a technology of shifting a person's very emotional attachments and affinities. Here the text and the word were considered secondary to the musical experience itself. This festival aimed to bring the world to its senses through sound. It is from this orientation to sound that the title of this dissertation, Sound Faith, comes from.

The international musicians are meticulously chosen for the Fes Festival, their performance sets honed for maximum spirituality, and are put in a deliberate sequence

[2] Titles listed here reflect those that were accurate during the period in which I did fieldwork. Organizational schemes and titles and responsibilities generally fluctuated from year to year, with a major reorganization occurring for the 2007 festival.

and physical setting. Each year the musical program emerges according to a certain anticipated and unanticipated constraints. Funding from various sponsors greatly impacts which performers are chosen, and the larger global political theater itself determines who will join the list of a certain year's performances.

The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music was political in the sense that it sought to remedy images that were produced by America's media campaign to justify a war in a region that most Americans were woefully uninformed about. The Fes Festival sought to educate non-Muslims, particularly Americans, in hopes that once there were a better understanding of how Islam is not an "other" religion, but an outgrowth of Judaism and Christianity, that the world might somehow become a better place. Furthermore, the festival sought to attract the attention of western journalists so that they might begin to tell a different story after having visited Fes and the festival. It was at once directed at the Western media, as well as at individuals from the western world in hopes that both would become proponents of positive change.

This festival, reconfigured from a small scale, local film festival organized by Moroccans, has evolved into a global sacred music festival, and also an international colloquium that attempts to bring a spiritually informed voice into the arena of globalization that now shares organizational responsibilities with agencies and groups in Europe and the U.S, not to mention the Kingdom of Morocco. The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, and the Fes Encounters Colloquium (also called Giving a Soul to Globalization) promotes the Moroccan state and ostensibly aims to serve as a site of global cultural diplomacy. A central question this dissertation asks is how a very regionalized understanding of a Sufi influenced practice of spiritual music was married to

a very western democratic sense of multiculturalism, and then how the two "went global", and asks what it all means on a practical level of changing sensibilities and fighting Islamophobia, and increasing personal freedoms?


FIG. 2 Bab Boujloud, the entrance to the Fes medina closest to where most Fes Festival events take place. Here, a crowd begins to assemble in anticipation of a performance in 2003. The site itself was developed during the French Protectorate area to stage a folklore exhibit, that later became part of an exhibit that traveled on the World Fair circuit. (Photo taken by the author ©.)

The idea behind the Fes Festival is what founder Faouzi Skali has called the building of "A New Community of Living Spirituality" (Pareles). A French-trained Moroccan anthropologist, Dr. Skali, who also writes on Sufism, invites global citizens (Albin) to make globalization a process that is infused not only with economic activity, but buffered with a spiritual interface as well. Initially, the festival was primarily organized around a celebratory idea of *Ahl al-Kitab*, or the People of the Books, referring to the theological and spiritual connections between the followers of the three Abrahamic faiths; Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. This idea was meant to counter negative stereotypes in the media during the outbreak of the first American war in Iraq.

To create a festival such as this is to engage in a great imaginative exercise, a revisionist project wherein the People of the Book rediscover their lost connectedness. In the context of the Fes Festival, members of different religions and ethnicities assemble in a shared space where music and collective dialogue form the basis for fruitful cultural exchange. Skali comments on the source of today's world problems of separation and alienation that he hopes the festival addresses:

> We have begun to discover what we are losing without spirituality. Progress has given us computers and global markets, but no feeling, no passion, no flavor of life. It is impossible to live spiritually now the way people lived many years ago, when you grew up in a tradition and it was your universe. Now, with media and travel, we don't have that. We have to discover a new culture of living spirituality: to be yourself but to be aware of what's around you and to recognize the world of the other person. [Pareles]

This call for a new global citizenship has earned the Fes Festival a great deal of publicity. In 2001, it was selected by the United Nations as one of the world's twelve events that most contribute to civilizational dialogue. In 2002, Dr. Skali was chosen as

one of the Mediterranean's seven sages, and he serves on a committee for the European Union that helps guide policy decisions with regard to religious matters. Also, the organizers of the Fes Festival, in conjunction with the World Music Institute in New York and Columbia Artists Management, brought "The Fes Message" to American university campus audiences in the spring of 2004 on a 17-city tour of the U.S. It contributed to multicultural university programming in introducing American college students and the local public to world music, and ostensibly, tolerant, Neoliberal "world" culture. Festival organizers have also consulted with the Dalai Lama in the creation of the Los Angeles-based WOMAD festival, as well as numerous other festivals around the world. In short, the Fes Festival seems to have created a niche for itself, as a response to global conflict through the use of the arts that many individuals and organizations worldwide seek to emulate and modify for various local community needs.

My use of the term Neoliberal here is borrowed from Comaroff and Comaroff's usage. They imply that within Neoliberal discourse, the marketplace extends its rules, logic, and structures into the domain of the sacred, wherein capitalism of the millennial moment incorporates "three critical faces: the shifting provenance of the nation-state and its fetishes, the rise of new forms of enchantment, and the explosion of Neoliberal discourses of civil society" (3). These three critical faces are present in and around the belief in sound as a redemptive medium.


FIG. 3 Syrian Sufi musicians from the al Kindi Orchestra with the Whirling Dervishes. Performance in Bab Makina, 2003. (Photo taken by the author ©).

## SUFI ORIGINS AND THE GOOD MUSLIM

It is to some extent public knowledge that some of the organizers of the festival, particularly Faouzi Skali, are practitioners of the Qadiria Boutshishia Sufi order.

Apparently, the *Sheikh*, or leader of their group, does not whole-heartedly approve of the festival, but at the same time he has not outright condemned it. How far Sufism[3] bends to discussions of interfaith dialogue and global spirituality, and whether it feels it must assert the tradition of Sufism in place of an in-depth understanding of Islam, or subvert it in indirect ways in order to take part in such discussions where people of other faiths are present.

Eickelman, Anderson, and Armbrust have written about a newly emerging politically moderate face of Islam that is often constructed and promoted through the use of mass media. The Fes Festival is an example that promotes a tolerant version of Islam as a religion that shares much in common with other world religions. While individuals who are predominantly Muslim organize this festival, the "sacred" notion that is constructed relies on participation from other religions in order to maintain the idea that Islam is tolerant. Islam is at once strengthened by hosting other religious traditions, and is watered down into a very two-dimensional understanding of "Sufism". Instead of there being an overwhelming "Islamic" orientation to the festival and the colloquium, the search for tolerance and diversity in world sacred music supplants an overwhelmingly Islamic focus, thereby downplaying the overall Islamic tone of the festival.

In the case of the Fes Festival, promoting a tolerant face of Islam attracts tourists and builds larger diplomatic ties with both Muslim and non-Muslim countries. The success of the festival is very important to the central government and is evident in the fact that it advertises official sponsorship from the King of Morocco himself. The former

[3] An extended discussion of "Sufism" is the subject of the next chapters, where I draw some comparisons between the way practitioners, visitors to the Fes Festival, and the ways that Sufi as a label has become associated with various local Moroccan musics.

King Hassan II first extended his support, and this support has been carried through during the reign of his successor King Mohammed VI. Images of the royal family attending various performances beam across millions of Moroccan television screens each year. These images of the royal family create a sense of nationhood and link every household in Morocco to the Fes Festival as a national diplomatic space in which Morocco interacts with and hosts the world community in a celebration of interfaith dialogue. More interesting than actual attendance on the part of the royal family, is the empty chair left on an edifice between the actual Fes Festival stage and the audience. The chair represents the Moroccan throne, its presence and its approval of the event, even its power to direct the festival towards its own ends.

**UNESCO and the Idea of the City as a Living Museum**

The city of Fes, designated by UNESCO as "a living museum" and world heritage site, is home to this festival that was designated in 2000 by the United Nations as one of the world's twelve events that most contributes to intercivilizational dialogue. Instead of focusing on a given cultural tradition, this festival assembles various world musical traditions not in the interest of preservation per se, but to create what its organizers have called "a new culture of living spirituality". While traditional festivals essentially preserve specific cultural identities and regional arts, the Fes Festival consciously mixes various world traditions in hopes of creating a new global civil society (An-Na'im) by using overlapping discourses of democracy, liberation theology, human rights, and multiculturalism. Music is conceived as a means to transcend conventional political discourse and to cultivate a climate of openness to new cultures and religions.

Organizers deliberately choose to invite performers from war-torn nations to evoke an appreciation of that nation's sacred traditions through performing arts to undermine hegemonic images of violence often broadcast in the mainstream media. During the course of the festival, which typically spans a nine or ten-day period each summer, its events constitute a web of nonstop performances throughout the city. Many events are organized directly by the festival, some for international tourists and some for Moroccans, while Moroccans not affiliated with the festival at all create other performance venues but yet recreate the festival's referential frame. The recreation, or miniaturization (Flores), of the festival is not seen as a competition by the festival organizers, but is seen as a success of the festival's format. Fes Festival organizers hope the festival's message of teaching tolerance through music will be contagious and that it will be adapted to suit local needs. In the same way that UNESCO world heritage sites are constituted around the globe, the Fes Festival actively maintains ties to a variety of performances and festivals. The festival's mission has taken on the status of an emulative philosophy that can be transported to any given context where groups of people seek to engage in peace building. While the festival's mission is not a religion in itself per se, its implicit belief in the power of sound resonates so deeply with those who attend the performances that it seems patterned on a fundamental human need to revere the divine in congregation through music and sound.


FIG 4: Audience of Moroccan and international spectators during one of the festival's afternoon performances at Museé Batha, a museum in the medina that is used as a performance space for afternoon concerts during the yearly festival. (Photograph taken by the author, 2003©).

## The Fes Message: An Invitation to Join a Community of Living Spirituality

It is impossible to talk about the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music without first discussing two important terms that are used widely in the festival organizer's discourse (Silverstein and Urban). The first is what founder Faouzi Skali has called "a community of living spirituality" and the second, "The Fes Message" is used collectively among organizers from Morocco, Europe and the United States. The Fes Festival presents a kind

of “new culture of living spirituality” specifically by making use of tourism, the Internet, and global markets to draw visitors from all over the world. This "new culture of living spirituality" is tied together by and mediated through the organizers’ conception of sacred music, and is part of what they call “The Fes Message”. This message appeals to a group of like-minded people interested in justice, an imagined community (Anderson) that transcends national borders but imagines itself tied to the city of Fes in some way. The city of Fes, particularly its medieval medina, is the imagined backdrop, the imagined home, a "space of hope” (Harvey) upon which is projected and from which this wish for justice emanates.

The festival is framed as a communion of sorts. International musical artists, some from war-torn countries, and an international listening audience converge on the city of Fes. There has been a sustained effort in bringing artists from nations that have experienced conflict in order to preserve and promote that country’s sacred musical traditions. More than merely helping to preserve musical traditions, the Fes Festival acts as a conduit for artists seeking to tell the world their story during times of war and struggle. Their appearance onstage is a symbolic representation of peace prevailing over conflict and alludes to the potential loss of various forms of cultural expression that occur during times of conflict. Examples include the National Symphony of Bosnia, Sufi musicians from Afghanistan, a women’s a Capella group from Chechnya, numerous musicians of various genres from Israel and Palestine, as well as from Iran, Iraq and Syria. Beyond the level of preservation, out of the Fes Festival has emerged a sympathetic frame through which "the vanishing world of the present" (Spivak 1999) is seen. One begins to guess what sort of performers might show up on a yearly program.

This year perhaps musicians from New Orleans, or Pakistan, or other places where the pulse of culture beats on through music despite political, religious, climatic, and economic odds.

While the Fes Festival organizers would like to think of the festival as creating a means for local Moroccans to generate income, it is opposed to staging anything that it deems "folkloric", and it refrains from mass marketing or mass producing any souvenirs other than CDs of past performances that can be purchased at the festival itself or in the world music sections of almost all major music stores. I attended weekly organizational meetings where it was clear that "folklore" was indeed considered a four-letter word. Something was deemed authentic if and only if it could be tied to some kind of living tradition still practiced by adherents of some Sufi order or individuals tied to a particular regional music. In some cases, the preservation of obscure musical genres linked to religious practice constituted authentic tradition. In other words, an ethnomusicological interest in preserving little known religious musical practice was nearly the same as religious practice.

The founder and former Director of the Fes Festival, Faouzi Skali, is not a musician, and his knowledge of music is somewhat more limited than others on staff who are musicians and at the same time very serious music lovers interested in preserving specifically Moroccan traditional music. Skali's training in anthropology has made him sensitive to an idea of what he and others on staff call living tradition. He left a great deal of the responsibility to others in choosing musical artists, particularly when it came to selecting Moroccan performers. He was what I came to think of as an antifolklorist, an interesting position considering his training as a cultural anthropologist in the French

ethnographic tradition that had been so closely tied to the protectorate regime's notion of preserving tradition, particularly their romanticized notion of tradition in a walled, medieval city. In the discourse of the festival, folklore became known as something that was superficial, that mimicked a living tradition unconvincingly without having a real link to it per se. Anything that seemed to be in keeping with a museum like preservation of extinct traditions was rejected. A living Moroccan culture was constructed through the texts for the festival brochure and the global stage of the Fes Festival.

Although the festival organizers were intent on featuring what they considered "nonfolklore", some tourists, music aficionados, and journalists deemed the performances unauthentic, or too modern. International tourists looking for authenticity usually found what they were looking for in the Sufi performances, and not in performances that were more meaningful for Moroccan audiences. Some Moroccans at the local level involved in tourism adopted a Fes Festival frame and had no qualms with filling that frame with music and performance that Fes Festival organizers would undoubtedly have called "folklore" in every negative sense of the term. During the Fes Festival, performances staging many versions of Moroccaness were testament to the fact that in any one place, multiple lived realities and understandings of authenticity and modernity live side by side (Taylor).

This same attention to a situated understanding of antifolkloristics was not so zealously enforced when it came to choosing the other international musicians. Most of these "other" sacred musical traditions were from different regions in Europe, and with a showing from other Muslim or Arab countries, as well as Christian and Jewish musical traditions outside Europe. Most of these artists were chosen, or proposed by Gérard

Kurdjian, the Artistic Director. As an ethnomusicologist, he had a different attachment to preserving older musical traditions that had been kept alive in musical conservatories and among world music fans with very specific interests. Furthermore, as the author of the texts about the musicians that appear in the yearly festival brochures, in his descriptions one detects a celebratory note with regard to the idea of contemporary sacred music being something of a postmodern pastiche. He acknowledges the often discordant, disjunctive elements within musical traditions and seems to see them as evidence of depth rather than a measure of authenticity. In no way is his view of music subtler than the Moroccan organizers, for any view of music and its meaning will certainly voice ambiguity and ambivalence. However, the two perspectives were at times very different with regard to their orientation towards the ideal of authenticity, and constituted two very different ideas about the direction of the festival.

**What is Sound Faith:**

Sugarman and Orlov describe the musical realm as one in which a person may suspend their everyday self and take on other roles or personalities. Music opens avenues of experience to listeners that they might otherwise never know in their daily lives. While each human being belongs to a certain family, class, gender, ethnicity, and linguistic and geographical space, music is a form of expression that has the capacity to psychologically transport an individual person into vastly different realms of experience. Very much aware of this, the festival organizers construct a certain notion of "the sacred" which they believe resonates with a world community. They reach this community through televised broadcasts of various performances in Morocco, by producing CDs of

the music played at the festival, by aligning their endeavors with various local and international travel agencies and journals and magazines that have a spiritual focus, and through the construction of an elaborate, ever-changing website and slick, highly artistic promotional brochures.

While some argue that mass-mediated forms of music and image production tend to harm traditional music (Barthes, Williams, Tomlinson), mass mediation is more often than not the means through which every human being on earth experiences culture (Appadurai, Erlmann, Feld, McLuhan). McLuhan predicted well before the advent of the Internet that technology would eventually "plug" every person into a shared imaginative world. Literature on globalization and tourism often stresses its impact on local traditions and how they lose authenticity instead of preserving it (McCannell). What we see at the Fes Festival and its impact on the commercialization of music is that once the label "traditional" is applied to almost anything, its value automatically increases. Rather than a global jukebox with a limited number of songs and genres, musical collection and listening expands, and consumers of world music are likely to find, acquire, and download into their IPods whatever mix of music even down the most obscure and remote genres.

Literature regarding the impact of globalization on indigenous music has two predominant views, one being that globalization inevitably empties local sacred music of its sacred potential, while the other view contends that globalization may also provide a context for the innovation of preexisting traditions. Arguing from a slightly different perspective, Appadurai (1996) says that more than ever before, the world shares the same imaginative symbols, and that transnational media flows are so connected that they

reinforce the same cultural ideas and modes of expression and reduce the variety of human creativity worldwide. Also, he is very careful to point out how globally circulated texts and symbols are understood depends on local imagination and symbols. Indeed, different audiences who attend the same musical performance see and understand mood, sound, and gesture in vastly different ways. Taking this point for granted then, what can we learn from a festival that draws an internationally mixed audience? How does a heterogeneous audience experience "the sacred"? What are the social conditions that produce an audience with potentially vastly different expectations who converge at a festival where they might speak a different language not only from the performers they are listening to, but also different from those other audience members sitting around them in the audience? Furthermore, can such an audience experience the sacred at the same time? Attali and other scholars interested in the role of sound say that it is by the way sound and music are produced and exchanged that we are to understand the ways that power dynamics work: "For twenty-five centuries Western knowledge has tried to look upon the world. It has failed to understand that the world is not for beholding. It is for hearing…Now we must learn to judge a society by its noise" (Attali).


FIG. 5 French journalist covering the Fes Festival in 2003. Minus the scarf, which would otherwise be worn as a turban, this man is wearing what a pious, working class Muslim man might wear to Friday prayers. Here, he is backstage before a performance, standing by the sound system brought in each year by a team of sound engineers from the UK. (Photograph taken by the author ©)

## Global Spirituality in the Public Sphere: Music and Private Publics

Crissell claims that music need not be a social event, that recording has enacted a privatization of our personal affinities:

Music [is] no longer a necessary public, communal experience, but could be heard at home, divorced from the settings in which it was originally produced. Sound recording, then, gave a powerful boost to the 'privatization' of experience, which may have held to be a fundamental aspect of twentieth-century culture. [26]

His comment does accurately describe our world of collecting music via the Internet and in listening in private through headphones even while out in public. How can we explain then the Fes Festival and the international crowd that it draws? What happens when music is played outdoors, where its volume can be heard over an entire city? Why do people who might otherwise listen to music in the privacy of their own homes go to such great lengths to attend concerts that may be performed in languages they do not understand? Adorno helps in answering these questions. He claimed that music "fills the gap left by the absence of any meaningful sense of the experienced social" […] However, it is specifically from Adorno's recognition of an 'unfulfilled' articulated through the auditory that a potentially active formation of agency and intentionally might be developed" (Bull:363).

Around these questions and ideas, I am interested in pursuing what Erlmann calls a "listening ethnography" with regard to the ethnographic study of sound. Sound travels much quicker than the theory that is written about it. Instances of musical performances and stories about globalized soundscapes in this dissertation are presented as case studies in listening to globalization and its sounds in a local place. Referencing Clifford's *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography* (1986:12) Erlmann's article (2004), and central question, "But what of the ethnographic ear?" thinks critically about the tendency within anthropology and the humanities in general to think of culture as "inscription", to liken the process of cultural meaning to that of textual translation and interpretation?

"Hearing culture" suggests that it is possible to conceptualize new ways of knowing a culture and of gaining a deepened understanding of how the members of a society know

each other. It is not only by accumulating a body of interrelated texts, signifiers, and symbols that we get a sense of the relationships and tensions making up a society. The ways in which people relate to each other through the sense of hearing also provides important insights into a wide range of issues confronting societies around the world as they grapple with the massive changes wrought by modernization, technologization, and globalization. [3]

Much has been made of thinking of anthropology as listening to voices, but generally in terms of noting those voices and collecting them, perhaps not so much focusing on the "grain of the voice" itself. While I am not so much interested in issues of authenticity and modernity in the way Barthes is, I am interested in Barthes' idea that the voice itself contains something of life, and when we have a notion about tracking that sound we learn something about meaning and we learn something about modernity and globalization, and the idea of musica practica (Chanon), music practiced at the amateur level for the sheer love of music, and how socially meaningful ways of music making unfold in a particular cultural context. Sound bears a certain materiality. It is both ethereal and manifest, fleeting and evidence of something that was and is.

I find it necessary to approach the Fes Festival from the perspective of "sound" first, and music second because the city of Fes itself is a myriad of soundscapes (Schafer) from which the festival emerges. The literature on music and globalization carries a certain nostalgia for music produced before industrialization. Schafer's work on soundscapes was the first to layout the term. Unlike his work where he argued premodern soundscapes should be preserved, I am interested in the idea of a soundscape insofar as it tells the story of the ways lives are connected. I will describe various soundscapes that indicate the pressure that sought after "tradition" through tourism enters into personal habitats and how this pressure is expressed across a given soundscape. In

some cases, tourism seems to stimulate an interest in preserving "the traditional", but the preservation process sometimes misconstrues local ways of life into something more fictionalized for consumption.

One need not attend the festival to experience it. If you live in the medina, you can hear everything. If you live close enough to one of the performance venues, you can sit on your rooftop and listen to a performance with your neighbors. In addition to soundscapes, the Fes Festival evokes various performancescapes. A woman I know who lived in Fes Jdid, near the primary site (Bab Makina) where the festival performances are held in the evenings, mentioned that the residents avidly listen to the music and look forward to the annual festival. Their neighborhood is the closest to the large concert venue with the greatest sonic domination so they hear everything they would have if they had formally attended the performance.

## THE MAKING OF THE FES FESTIVAL:

How the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, the Fes Encounters Colloquium, and other related events are brought to the attention of the world is nothing less than remarkable. This dissertation does not assume a historical approach to the documentation of the festival as an event with increasing recognition internationally. Instead, I am interested in painting social worlds through ethnographic stories in order to give a sense of the many different sets of expectations of the audience that the festival commands. I argue that the form of the festival is at once Moroccan and not, that the musics presented as Moroccan do not always have large local audiences.

One journalist with whom I spoke in 2002 during the festival was very skeptical about the intentions of the organizers. He purported that the Fes Festival more or less provided funding for some 200 journalists from around the world, paying for their airfare, hotel accommodations and food in some instances. He claimed that there was no other festival in the world that went to such great lengths to invite the press and cover their expenses like the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music does. In short, his understanding of how this large festival took place was underscored with a belief that some conspiracy on the part of the world music industry must really be at work. His response was an interesting one, and his sentiments echoed in those of others I spoke with as well. While some who attended the festival were drawn in uncritically by the beauty of the music and the medina of Fes, others were put off by the uncanny representations of "globalness" which they deemed unauthentic, as did this journalist.

During the year I did my fieldwork, I was volunteered to help organize the press just before the festival began. There was for the first time an added level of security because the festival was taking place in a post 9/11 context, just after the May 16, 2003 bombings that occurred in Casablanca, and in the wake of the monarchy and central government's aims to restrict the freedom of the press. ID badges were issued to control and track who entered the festival performances. I assisted other organizers in making badges and ID cards for gaining access to performance sites because there had been a few threatening calls from people who claimed to be associated with al-Qa'ida who did not support the festival's vision. We all suspected that the calls were just pranks to get attention, but they were taken seriously and it was decided that press badges would be

given only to some Moroccan journalists who were associated on a full time basis with syndicated national newspapers.

While the above-mentioned journalist touted a common theory that the festival manipulated the press to its own ends, I found this comment somewhat exaggerated. In fact, I found that after nine consecutive years, there was no established press file and everything was done on the fly at the last minute every year. Because I happened to have a stack of newspapers at my apartment that I had been scanning that year, I just happened to have an extensive pile of contact info for journalists. In a mad rush to get organized, a young internee and myself attacked the pile of newspapers I had accumulated and made a makeshift press file we used to call journalists to confirm their coming so that we could ready their badges. Without the need for badges in previous years, almost anyone showing up with a camera could present themselves at the doors of the festival and get a press pass with little effort. Local Fassis who fancied themselves journalists showed up with their cameras as proof of their trade. When asked to fill out applications for press badges, many were furious, and for the first time in the history of the festival, were not given badges, as they did not have regular working contracts with large "official" news agencies. Despite this, the largest segment of the press was Moroccan. When we eliminate the idea that the press alone draws mostly Western audiences to this festival, we are still left with the question of how the whole thing happens each year.

In 2003, there were a number of American and European journalists at the festival, but the vast majority of those present were Moroccan, with a very small number coming from the Arab world and North Africa. The product of most of the international press has been fairly consistent in its lack of area specialists. Vast collections of

adjectives are used by journalists who generally speak no Arabic, and often very little French. If we were hoping for a revolutionary response in terms of a deeper media representation of the Muslim world from international journalists, there may be something left to be desired here. While sympathetic portraits are painted, little in the international press is done except for a re-orientalizing of Morocco, reifying old stereotypes about the Middle East as a site of great mystery and spirituality.

Indeed, as some scholars point out, in our current political climate to be in the business of orientalizing is thought to be against the grain of the clash of civilizations model of culture, and an act of speaking from a position of alterity simply because of the hostility and sweeping generalizations about Islam that are part of our everyday media (Naamon). Perhaps our most enduring portrayal of authentic Arabs comes from the film Lawrence of Arabia. Caton[4] suggests that it is at once Orientalist and anticolonial, and it is only in thinking of it in such a way that the film's popularity among Arab viewers can be explained. The epic frame of the film inspired the Arab answer to the film, The Message, which is an account of the life of the Prophet Mohammed. Both were filmed in parts of Morocco, and the film scores for both were composed by Maurice Jarre. Because of Islamic prohibitions against representations of the Prophet Mohammed, Jarre was charged with recreating his onscreen presence through sound. The Prophet Mohammed's presence is a screen filled with sweeping vistas of southern Morocco, with layers of sound added meant to evoke a sense of mystery and grandeur. For Americans,

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[4] For more on the ambiguity Caton identifies as "anti-imperialist Orientalist" representations, see Caton pp. 172-199, pp. 200-238, Richon, Said 1985, and Silverman.

Arabs, and others who have viewed these films, the iconic representation of pious religiosity exists in the imagination in the wilds of the Moroccan Saharan backcountry. It is from familiar frames of reference such as these that people the world over imagine Morocco as a haven of uncontaminated spirituality, frozen in time. It is this frame of reference that the Fes Festival draws from; indeed Skali himself can scarcely mention Fes without using words like "mysterious". It is a frame that makes sense for westerners who might know little about contemporary Morocco, and it is a frame that makes sense to Moroccans when they think of an Islamic past. When regional Moroccan musics are put in this frame, Westerners and Moroccans begin to part ways on how the music is received and appreciated, but the frame itself is recognizable to all.

The most engaging work in the press seems to be coming from the Moroccan press coverage of the festival. Moroccan journalists attend the festival, grapple with what the music means in a Moroccan context, and absorb something from the festival and colloquium that distills in a meaningful way the questioning of the limits of human rights, governmental and bureaucratic transparency, and the importation of western democracy with regard to the current monarchy. It is simply impossible to represent Morocco as a place where all of these things exist in their idealized form, without reflecting on the state of the monarchy itself. To bring such a festival to Morocco almost necessarily begs an analysis of the monarchy, though the first intent of the festival was to reinforce the idea of Morocco as a tolerant Muslim country. In Mohammed VI's Morocco, a good number of individuals who were jailed during the last monarchy now run NGOs and organize various groups around new understandings of civil society (Howe). Both the discourses

the festival stirs up, and the King's more open policies inadvertently create an environment in which the Moroccan state of affairs is put into question.

**Invitation to Join the Fes Club**

While the festival framed its existence in terms of hospitality, welcoming foreign guests to take part in a multicultural and multifaith musical event, Moroccan citizens themselves have expressed an intense interest in wanting to be "invited" to the festival. Official Fes Festival concerts are usually more expensive than an average Moroccan family is able to afford. Criticism about ticket prices eventually led to the founding of what is called The Festival in the City, a free program set in outdoor plaza areas in the medina that feature musicians who perform at the paid festival events at other venues. This criticism represents a deep level of interest in the festival, as well as a desire to participate in the staging of Morocco, as well as the expectation that the festival should simultaneously be for all kinds of people on different levels. The Fes Festival at once controversial, highly cherished and roundly criticized. Different branches of the Fes Festival have emerged over time, each with its own organizational team, its own mission, and its own vision of what audience is being served.


Fig. 6 Organizers and Fes Festival staff members after the final concert, 2003

The program addenda for the festival represents very real differences of opinion among festival organizers at various local, national, and international levels, and internal struggles over the issue of the role of spirituality in Morocco today. The larger sponsors from Morocco are interested in a profitable bottom line more than preserving or promoting music. The World Bank, UNESCO, and Zeyba Rahman, the former North American Director of the Festival, have shown a greater interest in preserving local musics and in opening public spaces for Moroccans to more comfortably watch performances for free. This is an example of one of the ironies that Tsing identifies (208-209). She states that although large multinational groups impart discourse that does not always map evenly onto new local terrains, their presence is sometimes more responsive

to local needs than local political structures. The same discourse and logic of art in the public sphere and the democratic use of public space that drives public art sponsorship in the U.S. (Deutsch)[5] are carried over, and thanks to the work of Rahman and others who have worked to help secure funding for improving the use of public space, the festival caters to both foreign and local audiences.

Throughout the course of the festival, there have been organized photography and art exhibits, film screenings, an academic conference dealing with expressive religious culture and aesthetics in North Africa, a series of free concerts open to the public literary cafés, semiprivate Sufi musical soirées tucked away in various places in the old medina of Fes, a resurrected version of the first elements of the festival in the form of Sufi performances free and open to the public called "Sufi Nights" that take place in the gardens of FES-SAISS after the larger nightly performances in Bab Makina.

**Reviving an Andalusian Mediterranean**

The festival's rhetoric is steeped in nostalgia (Battaglia), both in a romanticized version of the multicultural history of Fes and its Andalusian heritage, and in a growing movement to reimagine the history of the Mediterranean[6] region as one that served as the cradle of a variety of cultures and religions that lived together more harmoniously than

[5] See chapter on Agoraphobia.

[6] I thank Dieter Haller for informative exchanges we had concerning the anthropological literature on the Mediterranean cosmopolitan. For more on this literature, see the following: Gilmore 1982, 1983; Goitein 1967-68; Haller 2004; Herzfeld 1985, 1989; Hobsbawm and Ranger 1973; Horden and Purcell, Nicholas 2000; Kaser 2001; Kenny and Kertzer 1983; Leontidou 1993; Massey 1994; Montanari 1988; Rémy 1990; Rotblat 1997; Said 1978

they do today (Haller 2004). Salvaging this aspect of something lost in terms of its materiality in music and onstage performance presents an interesting set of issues. How is something that is lost and then rediscovered recast in a believable, authentic, and contemporary form, and performed in the medium of music for international audiences?

As mentioned earlier, I learned while doing fieldwork and attending weekly organizational meetings that this idea of an authentic, contemporary living spirituality is created in opposition to what festival organizers call "folklore". "On ne fait pas de folklore ici", or "We don't do folklore here", became a sort of unofficial mantra. More than presenting strict categories of music in terms of the ethnicity or religious background of the performers, blends of "cultures" are framed within a diasporic frame that longs for a time before the emergence of the nation state[7]. Musical traditions are conceptualized within what Appadurai (1991) has called "the ethnoscape". It is then the promotion of the state of Morocco as a site upon which numerous cultural influences have mingled that a new image of the Moroccan state emerges; one that resists boundaries and whose imagined influences spill over its real territories.

The new authentic community the festival tries to cultivate is in opposition to folkloric categories that linger in tourist destinations and trace back to imposed colonial ethnic categorizations[8]. Ironically, the very area that most of the Fes Festival operates within is in a part of the medina that was developed by the French during the Protectorate

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[7] See Armstrong, and Barth (198-227). Also Beck 2000 and 2002.

[8] For an examination of how ethnicity became associated with specific parts of the urban landscape, see Miller, Petruccioli, and Bertagn.

era as an authentic venue for tourists, a precursor to the world fair exhibition of cultures aesthetic of the early 20th century (Benedict).

The Fes Festival is particularly interesting as an event that recreates the sovereign postcolonial nation of Morocco, and performances are often a kind of tug-of-war between different kinds of aesthetic expectations based on local understandings of class, ethnicity, and gender. Genres of Moroccan music often categorized as world music for Western audiences do not always have large audience bases in Morocco. Just as African American Gospel music might be appreciated and well liked by most Americans, they might not listen to it often unless they attend a church where such music is the norm. The same is true for Sufi "music". While the practice of Sufism is widespread in Morocco, one rarely finds Moroccans listening to Sufi music recreationally. The Fes Festival stage presents these highly varied musics not as recreation or entertainment but as spiritual events.

One might never determine what is real, authentic, or imagined, in the creation of "living spirituality" as it emerges on the many stages of the Fes Festival. I aim to trace out trajectories of the imagined more than unearthing a "real", wherein nostalgia plays the biggest role in the assembling of musical performances at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. What does this festival, and the revisionist history it creates, resolve in our contemporary global imagination (Erlmann 1999)? If we look at historical sources, we will find at least as many negative examples of cultural interaction in this Andalusian-Mediterranean ethnoscape as we will positive ones (Abitbol). In spite of this, the Fes Festival draws on a seemingly *existential* need to create a global myth in which all people once lived together in harmony, and it is quite effective in finding tourists from many

countries as well as Moroccan government agencies who want to believe in this imagined utopia and to experience it through sound.


FIG. 7 Ihsan R'Miki performs Andalusian music at an outdoor concert at Volubilis, 2003. The site is a former Roman city that predates the Arab presence in North Africa. It was at this site that Morocco was established as an Islamic territory before its capital was relocated to Fes.(Photograph taken by the author©)

Ironically, it is the current state of breakdown between "East" and "West" that gives currency to the idea of the Fes Festival in the first place. It is the ongoing war in Iraq, and the many examples of ethnic violence around the world that claim religion as carte blanche for all manner of atrocities, as well as the ever expanding rhetoric of the "War on Terror" that inspires western tourists to go to the Fes Festival. Oren states that,

The growing familiarity that Americans display toward the Middle East reflects the essential role that the region now occupies in their lives. The United States is extensively, profoundly, and perhaps even existentially involved in the Middle East. The war in Iraq, the terrorist threat, and the quest for dependable sources of fuel permeate the media and dominate the national agenda. A source of religious inspiration for millions of Americans, the Middle East has also become a fountainhead of American fears. Tellingly, the Asian greens that once camouflaged the fatigues of U.S. troops have burnished to Arabian browns and yellows, and Arabic has supplanted Russian as the *lingua sancta* of the intelligence services. More materially than South America, Africa, or Europe, more immediately that North Korea or even China, the Middle East impacts the security of the United States and the well being of all its citizens. [Oren: 9-10]

The festival was initiated after the first Gulf War as an attempt to counter negative stereotypes of Muslims and Islam in the media. Since September 11, Morocco has been forced to reexamine itself within a global community after it became evident that Moroccans might have been involved in the 9/11 terrorist attacks in the U.S as well as subsequent attacks in other places. This need for reevaluation only intensified after the bombings in Casablanca on May 16, 2003 and after the bombings in Madrid in March 2004. While the festival began as a Moroccan attempt to bring East and West together, the aim necessarily shifted after Morocco itself began defending a moderate Moroccan Islam in response to its own strains of local fundamentalism. Each of these events served to strengthen the resolve of all the organizers and some of the sponsors. The Boudshishi Sufi tariqa to which founder Faouzi Skali belongs has in recent years influenced the Moroccan state version of Islamic tolerance. Ahmed Kostas, an early participant in the Fes Festival and also a member of the tariqa, now works as an advisor to the King on religious matters. Ahmed Toufiq, an Islamic historian and the Minister of Religious Affairs. This is the branch of government that trains all the Imams throughout the country. It has also set into place the training of women Islamic scholars as well,

*murshidat*, who are appointed to mosques to interact with women, and one of their single most important responsibilities is reporting on possible pockets of fundamentalism. Skali's daughter, Layla Skali who grew up in the tariqa, also works for the Ministry of Religious Affairs in its branch that overseas the preservation of Islamic architecture. Whereas various brands of Sufism in the past have been seen as a threat to Morocco's central authority (Munson 1993, Burgat), when compared to radical Islamic groups who devise attacks aimed at harming the general public, Sufism is now seen as a sphere in which the monarchy might participate in shaping a more moderate Islam. While some local Fassis might object to the portrayal of an ecumenical Islam that comes across through the Fes Festival, the festival itself has become so large and so renowned that local critical voices are not so much heard.

The evolution of the festival has been intriguing, and the festival itself eludes description because it is always undergoing some kind of transformation. My year of fieldwork, 2002-2003, was a particularly interesting year in which to look for examples of the hope of music bringing different kinds of people together during the wake of the second war in Iraq. The Fes Festival began in what was, using Geertz' term, a "now moment". Geertz says,

> It is always very difficult to determine just when it was that 'now" began. Virginia Woolf thought it was 'on or about December 1, 1910', for W.H. Auden it was 'September 1, 1939', for many of us who worried our way through the balance of terror, it was 1989 and the Fall of the Wall. And now, having survived all that, there is September 11, 2001. [Geertz: 13].

For the Fes Festival organizers, it was the first Gulf War, Bosnia, then Afghanistan then the second Gulf War, then the bombings in Casablanca, then Madrid, and every new year offers its own new "now moments", and thus the festival grows with

a continued sense of momentum, a record of all these now moments performed in music from cultural traditions that are in some way about of the "now moment" that the ongoing war on terrorism helps create. As more "now moments" happen, the rhetoric of the festival is somehow strengthened. The festival inscribes something on the city of Fes, and in the consciousness of those who come.

Oren's work, draw our attention to the fine lines that separate nostalgia, fantasy, and power. When social violence erupts, almost immediately in the sphere of popular culture TV shows or other forms of mass entertainment emerge as if to try to understand the nature of the violence itself. The Fes Festival is one such response. Over and over again, we see this dynamic emerging in musical performances as styles and traditions are borrowed and appropriated, and the very ways that performances are both staged and emerge naturally without much planning. Today's catastrophic headlines are the makings of tomorrow's Fes Festival performances. These performances are unique however in their lack of script. Whereas other genres of entertainment usually follow a script and to some degree tell the audience what to take away from it, the Fes Festival performances are open to multiple interpretations.

Also, outside the festival we see tourists buying medina property and renovating crumbling homes with the idea of saving the medina from modernity. While some might argue that preservation à la UNESCO is a fine thing, we might also remember that it was this logic that launched the French Protectorate that sought to "protect" authentic Moroccan culture, to unearth progenitor ethnic categories in a museum curio referential

frame[9]. The history of French colonialism (J. Abu Lughod), and of colonialism in North Africa (Mitchell) in general, have taught us that to launch an imperial project at the level of the cultural is perhaps the most subtle, and perhaps the most lasting and permanent of all colonial endeavors. Some would suggest that this festivalization is linked to vestiges of the French colonial restructuring of ethnic categories (Porter 2000 and 2003, Wright), and some would suggest that Morocco is merely following the trend seen all over Africa in former postcolonial nations, that being the development of cultural tourism as an industry (Bruner 2005b).

The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music was perhaps the first globally recognized festival in Morocco, now we might say the same thing for the Rabat Jazz Festival, the Tangier Jazz Festival, the Essaouira Gnawa Festival, and the Marrakesh International Film Festival. These festivals both generate positive publicity for Morocco, and are in themselves tourist destinations that draw a significant number of attendees from outside Morocco. Nearly every large city in Morocco wants to have it own festival, and each one bears its own distinct character. While all of these festivals contribute in important cultural and economic ways to Morocco, the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music offers an annual colloquium, (The Fes Encounters Colloquium: Giving a Soul to Globalization) in which it creates an atmosphere of global spiritual diplomacy (Calmé ). Following this outgrowth, Faouzi Skali is now in the process of establishing a program of international diplomacy with the support of the monarchy.

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[9]For a discussion about the impact of UNESCO has on local preservation efforts, see Kirshenblatt-Gimblett 2006, Barthel, pp. 140-142, and Nas.

While the Fes Festival is based on the idea of Fes being a utopic multicultural space, the globalization that takes place in Fes is far from utopic. Tourists and foreign investors in the medina, while believing they are engaging in a project of patrimonial restoration, indelibly attract more people of a similar mind whose sheer numbers and the resources they bring with them have made Moroccans think differently about the ways they can take part in this marketing of the premodern. Porter argues that the layer of investment that claims to preserve the traditional character of the medina does little more than provide amenities that only western tourists will ever benefit from. He goes further in saying that the presence of foreign investment brings with it western lifestyles that establish little islands of tourism throughout the medina that actually bear little benefit for the medina and its residents on a larger scale. Rather, the tourism that develops is a "feel good" tourism, one in which wealthier tourists feel a sense of connection to "native" people and see tourist transactions as acts of generosity. This level of tourism is not seen as tourism by those who engage in it (Bruner 2005a, Ossman) as they assume that tourists are out doing something else less rare or exotic. The philanthropic discourse around this level of tourism obscures the impact it has on the reorganization of the medina itself. Perhaps his most controversial point in Porter's conclusions lies in his assertion that Fes is *losing* a sense of the Islamic character that it sells for tourists. In a similar study on Jewish pilgrimage to Fes, Kosansky comes to much the same conclusion. For some Moroccans, taking part in this premodern narrative with tourists has become a very lucrative business (Myers).

Tsing reminds us that globalization, while not an equal process that unfolds evenly to all those it encounters, does sometimes open up new opportunities for unlikely

possibilities, while although uncanny, they are not altogether negative. While these possibilities are not utopic, they do at least exemplify how globalization cannot only be considered a top down process. In some instances, local people do profit when globalization shows up at their doorstep.

**Sound and the Imagination**

It is through the idea of music as a repository of intercivilizational collaboration and the particular ways in which music is staged both on the Fes Festival program, and during unofficial performances throughout the city that visitors to Fes begin to reimagine their relationship with the world. The Fes Festival offers Moroccans the chance to rethink the importance of Andalusian civilization and what this might mean in terms of its entitlement to take part in global markets, and offers tourists the chance to think of Fes as a place where participating in tourism equates with participating in the revival of a lost culture of peaceful cohabitation. This is the Neoliberalism that Comaroff and Comaroff describe, one that works simultaneously at many different levels, borrows from many different constituencies, registers at every level from the global to the personal, and draws from multiple subjectivities and worlds of experience.

While some estimate that the Fes Festival draws about 3,000 to 5,000 tourists a year, I argue that counting the number of attendees is somewhat trickier. The festival has a number of different performances, some free and open to the public both in the medina and the new town, some in paid performances, and still other events in community centers in what it calls “The Festival in the City”. Open public squares near Bab Boujloud were enlarged and updated to accommodate larger crowds of mostly Moroccan

spectators prior to the festival in 2003. There are also the Festivals' offshoot tours in Europe and the U.S., as well as the CDs that are sold internationally, not to mention the national broadcasts of the festival as well as some satellite channels outside Morocco.

The style of performances organized by the festival shape the ways that local businesses (restaurateurs, hotels, music and cultural centers) in turn organize events where "Morocaness" is put on stage. Some tourists who might not attend a paid event of the festival may leave Fes having thought they did in fact attend, as the city is full of musical performances that mimic the Fes Festival is some way. Trying to attract revenue generated by the festival, local individuals and business owner's stage small-scale Fes Festival-style performances that cater specifically to tourists. To be in Fes during the time of the Fes Festival is often thought to be the equivalent of having attended an official performance. To be in Fes is to be at the Fes Festival, particularly if one is in the medina because the sound of the performances can be heard almost anywhere.

Festival organizers construct the festival in terms of its discursive appeal to non-Moroccan tourists where it is framed as a sort of pilgrimage, a site sacred for all those interested in the notion of peace building. The myth of the "old" medina is simultaneously co-constructed by people at all levels, both those that work at the festival and Moroccans not affiliated with the festival at all. Fes is a wonderland, a dream that everyone may take part in. The tourism that takes place in Fes requires suspending doubt, and believing in a depth beyond what one sees materially. One is asked to believe in all that one sees, and particularly, what one hears. What results is the marketing of globalized local cultures, and a globalized version of Moroccan culture(s) for tourist consumption.

While some Moroccans do profit in many ways from the presence of tourism, a larger question that lingers is what impact do these marketed versions of culture have on local culture? Do they merge into a master narrative of Moroccaness? Are cultural performances for tourists clearly distinguishable from those that Moroccans would organize for themselves? Does the loss of a cultural frame of reference to a globalized marketable version for tourists signify a larger loss than monetary profit? Are these questions about loss of tradition only relevant for Westerners who are nostalgic for an old Morocco, and do Moroccans think of the continuation of tradition in the same way as the tourists with whom they interact?

From its inception, there has been a tension rooted within the festival between promoting a global utopia through musical collaboration versus enjoying the rewards of global markets. This is precisely the tension out of which world music is created not only in Fes, but in other locales as well (Guilbault and Peter). I will approach a discussion of this tension by borrowing from postcolonial Moroccan theorists' notions of an emerging "third space" (Bhabha 1985 and 1990, Khatibi, Berrada, Amine) and the use of the term "*al-halqa*" (Schuyler, Amine, Kapchan) meaning "the circle", which is a type of indigenous Moroccan performance genre which we might think of metaphorically to describe the way globalization is conceptualized within the context of the Fes Festival. Instead of assuming a top down power dynamic, *al-halqa* assumes each member of "the circle" participates in a shared dialogic space, a conception much like that used in Tsing's work wherein globalization is not conceptualized at a specific time and place, but rather an ongoing push and pull that takes place between local actors and global forces. Here, tension is not something that requires resolution nor is it the result of a cataclysmic

process called “globalization”. Rather, tension is a productive state, one that has always been present.

**Importing World Spirituality to Morocco?**

Since its beginnings in 1994, the festival has steadily garnered support from entities such as the World Bank, the Moroccan Ministries of Tourism and Culture, Royal Air Maroc, The World Music Institute in New York, as well as the King of Morocco himself and many others. Its organizers claim that while global economic flows often erode local communities, putting spirituality into the discussion of globalization would ensure some means to both preserve the cultural integrity of local communities while offering them the opportunity to take part in global markets in ethical, and beneficial ways. Over time, the festival organizers who represent Morocco visually in marketing campaigns are more often than not, from some place other than Morocco. In 2003, a new graphic designer was employed in a media makeover of the festival. North American organizers felt that earlier years’ graphics were simply not “global” enough. While the festival organizers draw heavily from tropes of Moroccan spirituality, many of them are not Moroccan, but are European and American, and fill a Moroccan referential frame with elements from other contexts.


FIG. 8 Katherine Marshall, Advisor to the President of the World Bank on Ethics and Religion, wore a turban given to her by Swami Agnivesh, who has dedicated his life to abolishing modern forms of slavery and poverty in India, during the Fes Encounters Giving a Soul to Globalization Colloquium, 2003. (Photograph taken by the author©)

## Putting Andalusian-Mediterranean Spirituality to Work in Fes

Whereas "Morocco" has been presented as a silent, exotic backdrop in such films as Casablanca, Lawrence of Arabia, The Message, Star Wars, and The Scorpion King (to name but a few), this festival presents Morocco as an active site of world diplomacy

where music dissolves otherwise insurmountable political tensions. The Fes Festival is perhaps a softer, gentler version of the Fes Summit organized by the King Hassan II in the 1980s (Abu-Jawdeh, King Hassan II). As the discourse of Pan Arab nationalism has waned as North Africa and other Arab nation states have entered a new generation that is reorienting towards Europe and towards the idea of a Mediterranean mosaic, new discourses that bear terms like democracy, human rights, transparency, and Neoliberal economies require new conceptions of connectedness that the rhetoric of the nation state can not accommodate. To borrow from Starrett's "Putting Islam to Work" concept in contemporary discourses of religion in Egypt, The Fes Festival of Sacred Music puts *spirituality* to work at the service of a larger Andalusian-Mediterranean project and the reinvention of old traditions (Briggs). When we look at the first program of the festival, it does not expressly discuss Fes' Andalusian history. Skali discusses Fes as the city of Moulay Idriss II, and refers to him as the grand saint of Morocco to whom all religious orders turn and pay reverence in their own ways, according to the practice and the stylistics of particular Sufi tariqas. What he describes is Fes as a city of perpetual moussem, or celebration that takes place at a Muslim saint (*wali*) shrine. It is in the 1996 second edition of the Fes Festival that this image of Fes as a sacred city merges with the idea of a recapturing of an Andalusian past. This thread is woven from the early days of the festival until now in the welcoming texts of Skali and Kabbaj. Indeed the first Fes Festival in 1994 featured Andalusian music, "The Ustad Massano Tazzi, Music of Arab Andalusia" (22), however it was but one of many musics represented, and not featured as a focal point. The first Fes Festival seemed to mirror the interests of Skali and Kurdjian, Skali having completed a text that looked at the importance of Jesus in the Islamic

tradition, and Kurdjian's long-term interest in Indian music, which he had studied for fifteen years in Lucknow. Save for a reference to "Andalusian influence" in the last line of Skali's welcoming text, "Fes, the city of Moulay Idris", Fes is described as an urban center that attracted great thinkers of all faiths (Fes Festival program 1994:7). There is mention of the great Monothesitic religions in Kabbaj's short text from the first Fes Festival (1994:5), but it becomes the raison d'etre of the second festival, once it has been taken under the patronage of King Hassan II[10].

Moroccan viewers at home, although not likely to be able to afford the admissions fees to the festival's paid sites, might see their King shake hands with musicians and diplomats alike in a style, which simultaneously blends elements of Hollywood and the United Nations. Through examining the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, we might come to understand alternative conceptions of globalization, homogenization, and transnationality that typify discussions of the export of global aesthetics in late capitalism (Erlmann, Jameson). Localized discourses of the sacred, cosmopolitanism, neo-liberalism, and tourism in the organization of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music assert that something in the use of sound in Morocco helps frame the festival. The addenda activities that are added and subtracted each year to the festival's programming represent in many ways manifestations of different criticisms the festival has faced. As it has evolved, so too has its public image along with public criticism that draws on all of the idealistic discourses the festival claims to hold itself accountable to. When criticized,

[10] This information is taken from the first (1994) and second (1996) Fes Festival programs, available from the archives of the Fes Festival.

organizers have sought to remedy negative remarks by making addenda to the festival's itinerary in an effort to keep the public pleased.

This criticism is a very interesting one. The festival was first conceived as a way to reimagine east-west relationships and promote an image of Islam as different than what was seen in less than complementary ways in the mainstream media. It was without a doubt a tourist event, particularly after its 1996 incarnation, this we know from the glossy two-page spread in which white Western tourists are shown being paddled around on a small boat down the Bou Regreg by a Moroccan dressed in 18th century court attire who is standing up with a paddle at his side like a gondola boatman. The adjoining photo features another white western couple sitting far above the medina of Fes, clad in linen trousers, reading an ancient work of poetry while they "contemplate the past" (Fes Festival 1996 program: 52-53). The event needed to be drafted for tourists and western journalists, and there needed to be a monetary incentive for sponsors, so ticket prices were scaled to American and European budgets rather than to the Moroccan. The first Fes Festival too was organized with western tourists in mind, indeed it was to be something of a Moroccan version of other world music festivals already operating in "Salzbourg, Bayreuth [Beirut], and Aix-en-Province" (1994: 8). The manner in which the sacred was staged was also with the non Moroccan in mind, but Moroccan interest in the festival and criticism of its not being open to Moroccans eventually spawned new events which were more affordable and catered to Moroccan tastes. In this way, Moroccans have harnessed some of the festival's capacity to generate local and national social change.

**Entitlement in the Utopia of Fes?**

The tension between mercenary and utopian visions has played itself out in different ways throughout the history of the Fes Festival. While the persistence of high-priced, high profile performers has been a constant, other events in the festival's programming represent a desire to push it from the profit-making realm to that of the philanthropic. Most Moroccans cannot afford to take their families to the festival, and ask how a festival dedicated to promoting equality and goodwill could be so expensive that only a few, mostly foreign audience members, can afford to attend? The festival creates new events and endless advertising to reach Moroccan citizens as well as foreign visitors in acknowledgement of this criticism. In this way, the music of the festival and its implied plurality of voices allows local citizens to demand local equality and reject the idea that their country simply be used as an exotic backdrop for visiting musicians, tourists, foreign dignitaries, and the monarchy itself. The festival is at once a tourist attraction, and anti touristic in that it fuels a local desire for improved local quality of life. So the festival is about much more than music, it is a dialogic and self-conscious creation of space that generates its own behavioral codes. While the Fes Festival was originally conceived as a project that would draw foreigners in an attempt to make them rethink the connected history of "East" and "West", the discourses of human rights and transparency that the festival purports to espouse have been used as a rhetoric for local Moroccans to demand that the festival cater to a local audience base in an equitable manner. Furthermore, while the festival is sold as a national representation of a tolerant, Muslim kingdom, its citizens beg to differ.

The festival receives contributions from a number of philanthropic minded individuals and institutions, which comprise a sweet and savory mixture of players. The uncanny coexistence of World Bank types and radical environmentalists and the tension that grows out of their relation to one another is an example of what some Sufis consider a way of resolving inequality, that is, to quite literally put one self in the middle of what appears to be "the problem". The festival organizers have sought to put themselves at the heart of the problem by organizing the annual colloquium, entitled "Giving a Soul to Globalization". This colloquium, based on a WEF Davos Forum model (Marshall), seeks to add an intellectual dimension to the festival by addressing head on the problem of globalization and its impact on local communities. It draws heavily from the discourse the World Bank creates about poverty and helping bring it to an end (Wolfensohn[j]. Essentially the rhetoric oscillates between speakers who argue that rampant materialism is the cause for moral decline, while others claim that greater material comfort leads to greater spiritual well being.

During the 2002 session of the Fes Encounters Colloquium, Michael Moore, then President of the World Trade Organization was on a panel with Sulak Sivaraksa, a Thai Buddhist monk. Moore argued that the world was a better place today than thirty years ago because conspicuous consumption tells us that is so. His claim that material wealth was the equivalent of spiritual well being became the punching bag statement of the colloquium. All subsequent speakers oriented their comments to the left of his assertions and hinted that his comments were what was wrong with the world today. Festival lore has it that this experience changed Moore's perspective, and that his having attended the colloquium forever changed his views of the human condition, and subsequently the way

he approached his own work. Whether or not this is true, the excitement with which the story is told attests to the fact that this is what the Fes Encounters Colloquium attempts to do. The Fes Encounters Colloquium speaks at the intellectual level, while the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music attempts to change something more fundamentally human, which is an orientation to the divine through sound.

## The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music as a Third Space

Because the Fes Festival is connected in so many ways to different global sites and performers, questions like "where is the local and where is the global?", and "who is this festival for?" are particularly thorny. Reading the festival through the trope of "imperialism", whether colonial, cultural, economic, is simply too facile a model to describe the intense mixing and borrowing that takes place in Fes, both onstage and off. To make sense of the festival we might start with trying to understand how French colonialism has impacted the way the arts are contemporarily organized in Morocco, but we must also be prepared to encounter a "third space" where tropes of colonialism have been reinhabited by Moroccans who reinscribe a new sense self.

Many scholars often argue that understanding contemporary Moroccan identity must start with the French colonial establishment of the Berber Dahir (Hoisington 1978), a decree that redefined Moroccan society in a way that destabilized multiethnic and multireligious communities to make the process of colonization more effective, and attempted to unwrite approximately 1000 years of Berber-Arab cultural mingling. French Colonial General Lyautey sought a different brand of colonialism in Morocco after viewing what he considered to be disasters in Indochina, Madagascar, and Morocco's

neighbor, Algeria (Hoisington 1995). Morocco was to be a Colonial Protectorate, a colony whose ethnic identifies were separated from one another, catalogued, and then "preserved" by colonial ethnographers and bureaucrats. Under French colonial rule, ethnic differences played themselves out in new opportunities for representation in the government, and also in the realm of culture and the arts, and in the institutionalization of regional differences as they were showcased in the referential frame of the festival [11].

French attempts to erect a colonial capital in Fes, the site where Moulay Idris founded the country in 788 AD as an Islamic state, failed. The old medina of Fes represented an impenetrable, illogical space, one that could not be easily conquered because of its winding streets, often too small for cars to pass through, and its unpredictable maze of housing structures. Though the French established a new capital, Fes remains the symbol of the country's religious history and many claim, its religious soul. It is also the site where Morocco was signed over as it were to the French. So while Fes holds a great deal of importance in terms of its Islamic tradition, it is also thought of as the site where Morocco surrendered to colonial rule. If that were not contradictory enough, it is also from Fes and surrounding areas in Meknes that the first organized resistance to the Protectorate regime emerged, and it was from Fes that many wealthy Moroccans migrated to the newer colonial centers of trade, leaving their opulent medina homes and traditional life ways behind. Today in its capacity as a city that hosts the Fes Festival, it retains its historical role as the site from which Islam spread to other regions.

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[11] Both J. Abu Lughod and T. Mitchell address the level of cultural preservation and identification as a means for rationalizing colonization. Here I am referring to the practice of organizing regional festivals in general, as they are abundant in Morocco, not exclusively to the Fes Festival itself.

The city of Fes is understood to be the site of "ancient" Morocco, a site of great authenticity, unchanging, enduring in its ways, the site from which Morocco's national history can be most clearly read.

The city of Fes as it is conceived in all of its contemporary "ancientness" is to a large degree a vestige of the French colonial legacy during Morocco's Protectorate years. The "ancient" Moroccan aesthetic that is there today and is present in marketing campaigns drawing tourists is anything but a simple, taken for granted essence. It is the result of colonial and postcolonial agendas and ideas about organizing space and where people belong and how they should behave in that space (See Porter). There was a virtual policing of the medina during protectorate years to stamp out foreign influences and technology. Lyautey and his colonial administrators called this the preservation of tradition, while post colonial scholars often tend to think of it as unofficial apartheid (See J. Abu Lughod, Wright, Porter).

Since Independence in 1956 there has been a steady increase in festivalization throughout Morocco. In fact, in other postcolonial African nations, we see much the same production of the traditional as a means to generate tourism due to the lack of other economic opportunity (Bruner 2005b). Where Moroccans themselves draw lines between modernity and tradition, mimicry and minstrelsy, art and kitsch, cultural survival and loss, and cultural innovation become apparent in the festival frame, and the "onstage" perspective indicates what Morocco wants to tell about itself to the rest of the world. While world musicians are consistently invited to the Fes Festival, Moroccan musicians constitute a significant component of the programming and reflect contemporary Moroccan attitudes regarding issues like women performing in Islamic contexts usually

reserved to men, or Moroccan Islamic performers collaborating with Jewish performers during the most high-profile concerts of the festival.

The festival brings up important global, as well as national questions. An interesting tension between Moroccans and their national obsession with highbrow Andalusian music versus all of the "Sufi" musics that are the bearers of other ethnic and or marginal groups that lay well outside the frame of the Andalusian origin myths. The juxtaposition of these two spheres of music with regard to how they are bought through sponsoring and sold for national and international audiences, tell us a great deal about how "the native" is constructed among different members of the festival's audiences.

**A New South-North Mediterranean**

Both Moroccan and French citizens are starting to refer to themselves as members of the same Mediterranean ethnoscape. This notion of a new South/North Mediterranean continuum is at once infused with economic rhetoric, as well as appeals to embrace the idea of "Ahl al-Kitab", or "People of the Monotheistic Books" who have shared this cultural space for millennia. This effort to discuss Morocco's future and past through the trope of the Mediterranean is largely an academic endeavor that has the support of the monarchy.

A majority of the musicians who have performed at the Fes Festival over the years have represented Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. This celebration of Ahl al-Kitab is linked with Fes' unique history as a city that absorbed many who fled from Spain during the Inquisition after the collapse of Grenada. Efforts to resurrect this side of Fes' history are also linked to larger aims of the tourism industry that distance itself from

"Arab terrorists" and "dangerous" Middle East. In addition to reimagining an "East/West" relationship, the history of the relationship between Morocco and its European neighbors to the North, particularly Spain and France, amount to a justification for Morocco to participate as an equal partner in the economic markets of the European Union.

The flip side of the discourse of a reunited Mediterranean is a well-organized effort to secure new global economic spheres of influence for Morocco. In this instance, here we see tourism acting as a national story-telling machine, which rewrites history and generates a rationalization for equal trade relations. If this tourism narrative is successful, will tourism still continue to be a necessary industry? Is the business of generating narrative about "native" music a stand in until other industry less dependent on the imagination develops? These are some of the questions I will try to answer in tracking the category of tradition as it has evolved since independence up to the present.

During the 2002 festival, I spoke with a number of tourists and festival organizers who talked about a Mediterranean region whose boundaries were disappearing. This pan Mediterranean discourse also extends beyond the Moroccan stage; the Fes Festival has two sister festivals in France, and is trying to forge ties with the Baalebek Festival in Lebanon. Furthermore, in 2002 the Arab Music Festival in Cairo presented programming that was exclusively religious for the first time in its modern secular history. What is achieved by performing religion on a global stage? Why are we seeing this spread of religious music grow?

Who are the participants in this Mediterranean third space at the Fes Festival? Imagine a World Bank executive scanning the Fes medina spice merchants' wares in

search of a spice her great grandmother had once used. Imagine a Moroccan Prince or Princess whose presence marks the opening ceremony of the festival, which is then broadcast into every Moroccan household. Imagine a retired EU representative, the son of a colonial general, who was chased out of Morocco into exile in France by the same kids he had once played with in the street. Imagine a waiter in a restaurant near the festival's performance sites who sells pirated music to tourists, earning the equivalent of a day's wage in every transaction. Imagine a blind Egyptian Sheikh playing to crowds of westerners dressed in traditional Moroccan clothing. Imagine the Blind Boys of Alabama playing Gospel while jamming with the Gnawa to a crowd of young affluent Moroccans in sleek, sophisticated suits and miniskirts. Imagine wily itinerant, would be performers who sing "sacred" songs and dress like beggars while playing on the sympathies of tourists whose spare change is a fortune by Moroccan standards. Imagine an enraged Moroccan taxi driver trying to explain night tariffs to tourists who don't speak his language while Whitney Houston blares from his radio. Imagine musicians from around the world, some enjoying the opportunity of having their music showcased on a global stage, and others weary of the a cappella "sacred" frame they were requested to perform in. Imagine journalists that think of the festival as a yearly pilgrimage, some of who become Muslim through the Sufi texts late capitalism has made readily available through local and online booksellers. Imagine carpet sellers who plan their lives around the festival the way a fisherman plans his trade around high and low tides. Imagine local music studios pumping out every possible cassette to stock their shelves with what they anticipate tourists will consider worthy 'world music'. Imagine U2's Bono, asked to make a cameo appearance during one of the performances to recreate the U2-charist

church performances aimed to draw Episcopalians back to the Church. Imagine Sabah Fakhri, perhaps Syria's most well known singer, who refuses to incorporate more than a minimum of sacred songs into his three-hour plus performance, and then leaves his Sheraton hotel room in a huff because he can't stand the flies.

Perhaps in the spirit of the parable of the blind man, or men, if we recall the blind Sheikh from Egypt and the Blind Boys of Alabama, we might look past the apparent level of kitsch and see what lies beyond, a dialogic circle, a Moroccan "halqa", that sometimes adapts to and resists the tensions of globalization, and is sometimes subsumed by it. Looking at globalization through such a lens levels the playing field to a certain extent and presents local sites such as Fes as active rather than passive agents of change. These third spaces where the weight of capitalism laced with Neoliberalism weighs heavy in localized, post-colonial discourses is far from utopic. However, the music created in such spaces bears evidence to the subtleties of globalization, and reminds us that it is only through subtlety that we can ever hope to understand it.

This dissertation seeks to tell the story about the way sound is active, latent, fertile and generative in creating sociality. Perhaps my goal here is somewhat contrary to that of the organizers of the Fes Festival. Whereas they are interested in staging music to bring about "oneness", I am interested in looking at the way in which groups of people use sound and music as a way of situating themselves vis à vis others. I use the Fes Festival as a central case study in examining the way music and sound perform and embody globalization and affinities too subtle and too fleeting to capture otherwise.

FIG. 9 A crowd of international spectators at a performance of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music at Bab al-Makina occupies the space set aside for the monarchy, 2003. (Photograph taken by the author©)

The Fes Festival is important because it is a highly contested Moroccan national self-portrait. Each year Moroccan music is framed in new ways on a local stage that is crafted for national and international audiences. The international musical acts that are invited are part of the snapshot and tell a story about where Morocco sees itself with regard to other nation states. The give and take of compromising with sponsors and supporting entities is also captured in this snapshot. As the Fes Festival stage becomes more

permanent, more of an established place within the international performance sphere, other groups vie for a spot on this Moroccan stage. Rather than doing a microanalysis of each performance at the Fes Festival, I am more interested in describing the context out of which the festival itself emerges and the way that sound itself is framed, juxtaposed, performed in certain spaces, and exists in everyday life. I argue that the life sound lives in Fes is unique, and is an important feature that makes the Fes Festival successful in a number of ways.

## Chapter 2:

## New Recorded Histories:

## The Logic of Alterity and Difference in World Music

In this chapter, I would like to work through the category of "Sufi" as it is used with regard to music performed both at the Fes Festival and by various groups independently in Fes. I will argue that the term is one that has been co-created over time both by Moroccans and Westerners interested in spiritual musical traditions in Morocco. It has become a term that conveys something more than the term Sufi implies from a strictly Islamic perspective. The term Sufi music used throughout the history of the Fes Festival best represents the faith in sacred sound as a potential medium in which people who might never have thought they might connect with each other are able to because of music's universalness. I am not arguing here that music is universal – indeed I argue that it is not, and that even an audience of Moroccans would come away from a Moroccan musical performance with vastly different experiences. What I do mean here about sound faith and Sufi music is that both represent a common hope of both Moroccans and Westerners, that being that the shared musical space of the Fes Festival will somehow impart a greater sense of cultural appreciation for everything "other", while simultaneously reconstituting through staging practices "other" music. This hope as it is manifest in the Western audiences that attend the concerts is part of a long tradition in Western music that romanticizes music and sound as privileged spheres, spheres outside of everything else that promise some kind of transcendence. Arab musical tradition bears a vast lexicon that indicates a similar belief in music and its ability to initiate

transcendence, what Shannon (2003b) calls “tarab culture”, where audiences are expected to participate and actively show their enjoyment of a musical performance, or what Racy (1991) has called an “ecstatic feedback model” of performance. While the two respective histories of attachment to sound and music are not alike, there is enough in common with respect to the exalted role attributed to the power of sound itself that the two constitute a common space of faith in sound to transform the social, the spiritual, the public, and ultimately the private.

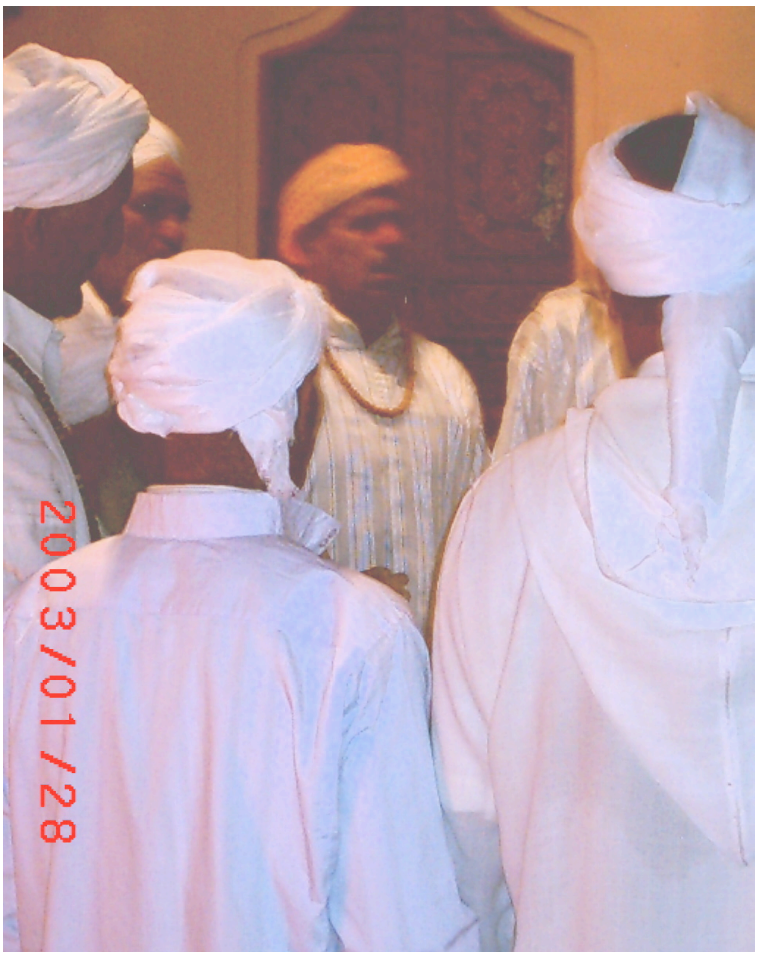


FIG. 10 Local Sufis from Fes performing the dhikr ceremony at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music’s Sufi Nights (*Saharat as-Sufiyya*) concert series, 2003. (Photo by the author ©.)

I argued in the introduction that the Fes Festival came about because all people enjoy difference, that difference is the main ingredient in crafting selfhood and identifiable traditions, while it is at the same time used in many destructive ways. Caillois has put forth the idea that festival itself is linked to conflict, is a mirror of it from a theatrical standpoint, and literature on festivals has always noted the festival's role in performing social categories that reflect larger social hierarchies (Acciaioli, Brandes, Duvignaud, Guss, Eliade, Handler and Linnekin, Hobsbawm and Ranger). The Fes Festival is built around the idea of difference and remedies to those instances of wide-scale violence we see every day on the evening news, violence itself predicated upon irreconcilable difference. In this chapter, I aim to provide a historical framework that tracks in some way the means by which the "space of hope" (Harvey), or this apparent sound faith held by festival organizers and audience members and the international crew of culture brokers who promote the event.

What is the relationship between the world music industry and the practice of Sufism? How has the relatively small category of world sacred music (Swedenberg 2001a) changed the way we think about religious tradition? The word "Sufism" is widely used and tends to blur some important nuances with regard to music, Islam, and the way Moroccans themselves think about and practice spirituality. Swedenberg (ibid) has suggested that when sacred musical traditions from the Islamic world meet larger world music markets, the religious tradition from which the music is a part is often overlooked. In this chapter, I try to explain how this might have happened within the context of the Fes Festival of world Sacred Music. I am not attempting to provide a historical account, but rather am moving between larger phenomena around different uses of music and

sound in what Erlmann has called "the global imagination" (1996 and 1999). While much of what I attempt to do here has already been covered in Schuyler's work, I would like to extend what he locates within what he calls the "Euro-American Imagination" to Erlmann's global framework. Here I am interested in the way that not only Euro-Americans create others in world music, but in this case, how Moroccans participate in this global imaginative act. I cast a wide net here not to perform the "schizophrenic mimesis" (Feld) that often characterizes the cross-pollination that takes place in globalized musical forms, but rather I am interested again in following Tsing's notion of cultural possibilities sprouting out of the friction of globalization.

While I delve here into some of the minutiae of the development of Islam in Morocco, my aim is not to exchange the festival's definition of "Sufi" for another or to offer a corrective to a misunderstood history. To the contrary, it is the circuitous nature of the term Sufi itself that interests me. That it travels across many registers and means many different things is the point. Rather, tracing out the ubiquitous use of the term "Sufi music" and the story it tells us about how westerners understand spirituality and authenticity in Morocco, gives insight into the nature of festivals and how they are at their core technologies of difference. While the rhetoric of the festival is about creating a kind of oneness built on emerging ideas of global spirituality for western consumption, its subtexts speak volumes about music, class, and identity in postcolonial Morocco. I follow Ebron's model of locating what she calls different and cohabitating realities, which is again linked to Erlmann's idea of the global imagination that take us to substantive discussions about what the real is, rather than casting a paranoid eye at what Adorno has called "the culture industry" (Cooper, Grayck, Paddison, and Thomas). Also, I go back

and forth between fieldwork, my own understandings of what Sufi music is and how I came to certain understandings over time from different points of view and different places. I do this not for the purpose of reflexivity, but use Stewart's (1991) notion of "contamination" as an analogy for the way knowledge tends to form around the layers of sites that make up multi-sited (Marcus) fieldwork.

The story of this dissertation, about music, globalization and the circulation and mixing together of cultural forms, and spirituality, begins and ends in Austin, Texas. It begins in 1997 with my somewhat unintentional encounter with Sufis in Austin, and ends with my participation as a volunteer for the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music when it concluded its first U.S. tour in Austin in 2004 under the name The Spirit of Fes. In my second semester as a graduate student in the spring of 1997, I met Faouzi Skali at the University of Texas at Austin. He had been invited to give talks on Sufism. Skali came to what was then the former Folklore Department, under the direction of Deborah Kapchan, who herself was engaged in research in the global circulation of Sufi forms of practice in Morocco, France, and the U.S. Skali is a French-trained cultural anthropologist and a longtime devoted Sufi practitioner. His lifework, the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, is the product of his academic and personal spiritual endeavors. Perhaps most importantly, he is a "Fassi", or someone born in the city of Fes, Morocco and was exposed to Sufism during his childhood in a Sufi zawiya that bears his family name.

FIG. 11 Dr. Faouzi Skali, Anthropologist and founder of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, Fes, Morocco. Photo taken during a panel discussion at the Fes Encounters Colloquium, 2003. (Photo by the author ©)

His trip to Austin then was two-fold, he spoke at the University in his capacity as an academic and a Sufi scholar, and he was accompanied by Ahmed Kostas, also a member of the Qadiriya Boutshishia Sufi tariqa to which he belongs and then later joined by a small group of Moroccans in the same tariqa. They were interested in what Kapchan called "seeding the tariqa", in an effort at finding new adherents in the U.S. Before describing the events of Skali's trip to Austin, which is part of the following chapter, I

would like to first sketch out what Fes represents as an Islamic site in Morocco and sketch out a brief historical framework of the development of Islam and Sufism.

If one wants to understand the way a living Sufi practitioner would approach the history of Fes and the development of Islam and Sufism, there is perhaps no better place to start than Skali's dissertation on the subject. Although he locates places within an architectural framework, he is interested in etching in that physical framework something of the felt and lived spirituality of what he calls the Fes medina's spiritual topography. Skali's dissertation (1990) is like a thousand page love letter written to the city of Fes. It is primarily historical in nature, grounded between historical anthropology and hagiography, or the historical writings about saints and the places the visited or lived in. He establishes in a quotation from the Hadith[12], an instance in which the Prophet Mohammed himself is supposed to have prophesized about the establishment of the city of Fes, where people would be morally upright, and firm in their prayers and in a sense of community and justice. In Fes, Allah himself would separate those who do good from those who do wrong, and he would protect them forever after and guarantee their eternal salvation. Skali's dissertation traces out the many saints who have either traveled to or

[12] The Hadith are the "sayings" and or actions attributed to the Prophet Mohammed. While they are not accorded the same level of holiness as the Qur'an, which is believed to be the word of Allah passed through the Archangel Gibra'il to the Prophet Mohammed through revelation, the Hadith were meticulously collected by Islamic scholars and categorized in terms of their likeliness to be true. Even Hadith that were sometimes not verifiable were still recorded. The Hadith were narrated by those who lived close to the Prophet or who heard him speak at various times. They are supposed to be a living record of how Islam is most perfectly lived, and Muslims often seek to emulate the Prophet's behavior in their daily lives by expanding their knowledge of the Hadith. Here, Skali quotes from Ad-Darras Ibn Isma'il who recounts a Hadith of the Prophet Mohammed, in which he is believed to have foretold the founding of Fes, see Skali pg. 68.

spent time in Fes. In the tradition of Islam, pilgrimage to holy sites as a form of spiritual traveling, or *ar-rihla* (Eickelman and Piscatori, Pandolfo), is highly privileged. When one reads Skali's work on this aspect of Fes' history as well as the fact that a great number of tourists who come to Fes think of their trip as a sort of sacred voyage, it seems that little had changed in terms of Fes' appeal as a sacred Islamic city. For millennia it has filled a hope for those who seek the divine. More than about music itself, Skali's project seems to be that of honoring Fes' spiritual tradition, and of creating some way to bring people there. Sacred music parallels Fes' sacred history, and in today's Fes where sacred tourists speak a variety of different languages, global sacred sound becomes a universal language in which all can partake.

The history of Fes is an interesting one, and unfolds across different sacred traditions. Within each one, there were struggles over the legitimation of different kinds of religious practice. In 804, 188 years after Islam emerged in the Arabian Peninsula, Moulay Idris I, the Prophet Mohammed's great great grandson (through his grandson Hassan), would found the first city in Morocco based on Islamic principles at the site of the former Roman capital of Volubilis, by then known as Oualili. His son Moulay Idris II later relocated his capital to what is now the old medina[13] of Fes in the year 829. Moulay Idris II, son of the Berber concubine Kanza an-Nafziyya (Cornell: 201), and the city he helped found is a living symbol of the blending of Islamic Arab and indigenous Berber influences that have come to make Moroccan culture what it is today. Rather than a

[13] What is now called the old medina of Fes is considered the first established Islamic city of Morocco. It drew refugees from Andalusia starting in the 12th century, and after the Reconquest of Spain in 1492 it absorbed more refugees who brought with them what remained of Andalusian culture.

smooth portrait of a religion unfolding over a new geographic plain, the story of Moroccan Islam, like any other history, comes in fits and starts, and surprising accidental moments that one might never have anticipated.

The emergence of a single monolithic understanding of Islam in Morocco was contested for some time, and in no other place might this be more apparent than in the continued presence of various Sufi orders that continue to make Islam meaningful in unique ways up to the present day. Moulay Idris I brought with him a form of Hasanid Shi'ism[14] in 804. After Moulay Idriss II's death, his mother Kanza an-Nafziyya sent his twelve sons throughout Morocco to propagate Hasanid Shi'ism, and the practice of this interpretation of Islam persisted particularly in rural areas well after 1286. It was not until 1286, under Sultan Abu Yusuf al-Marini and the era of Marinid rule, that an "official", state-sponsored version of Malikism[15] was promoted as a major ideological component of Sunni Islam in Morocco (Cornell: 200, 126).

Though Sunni Islam is now the official state-sponsored interpretation of Islam in Morocco, one very critical innovation emanating from a Shi'a interpretation framed the development of Moroccan Islam perhaps more than anything else. In 1250, an elite group of Sunni jurists trained in the Iraqi Basra tradition, borrowed the Fatimid Shiite practice of celebrating the birthdays of the Prophet Mohammed and his immediate family[16], initiating the celebration of the Prophet Mohammed's birthday for the first time among

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[14] Close to Zaydism, a form of Shi'ism that existed in Mecca.

[15] One of the four major schools, or *mathahib*, of Islamic jurisprudential practice and tradition.

[16] *al-Insan al-Kamil*, or the Immaculate Ones, and *al-khamsa al-ma'sumin*, the Five Impeccable Ones refers to the Prophet Mohammed, his daughter Fatima, her husband 'Ali, and their two sons al-Hassan and al-Hussein (Cornell: 203).

Sunnis. Between 1250 and 1492, waves of Muslims from cities taken by Christians fled to Morocco, most landing first in Sebta (now Spanish held Ceuta). Their North African counterparts were often dismayed by the degree to which the Andalusian Muslim refugees had been Christianized in their practice of Islam. The celebration of the Prophet Mohammed's birthday, (*al-Mawlid an-Nabawi*) was then instituted across Morocco, and celebrated at numerous zawiyas, or saint shrine complexes across the mostly rural Moroccan landscape under the Maliki concept of "*maslaha*" (Cornell: 203), or public interest, as a way to counter the Andalusian tradition of celebrating Christmas, Nawruz, and Mehrejan. The jurists composed songs and organized street parades with young children singing the praises of the Prophet Mohammed, and urban elites were dispatched to rural locales to help institute the practice and to enforce Sunni Islam, until 1286 when Morocco was officially declared Sunni. The celebration of this holiday has now spread to the rest of the Muslim world (perhaps with the exception of Saudi Arabia) and no one today asks from where this tradition came (Ferhat). In this instance, a festive celebration created to instill Islamic belief among a heterogeneous community was formed to counter Christian influence. Substituting songs of praise for the Prophet Mohammed for Christian-inspired sacred music, al-Mawlid an-Nabawi at once uses song as a medium for the preservation of sacred Islamic beliefs and traditions while specifically delineating Islam from other faith traditions. We see versions of this tradition now all over Morocco, and in the medina of Fes in particular.

Although Moulay Idris I and II were not concerned with their own direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed as a legitimation of their rule, the institutionalization of the celebration of the Prophet's birthday led to the logical next step in promoting the

celebration of the births of all the descendants of the Prophet. Although such a rationale was not the intention of either Moulay Idris I or Moulay Idris II in bringing Hasanid Shi'ism to Morocco, the celebration of the Prophet's birthday is celebrated at the zawiya of Moulay Idris in the medina of Fes as it represents Morocco's closest link to the Prophet Mohammed himself. The King of Morocco's official title, *al-Amir al-Mu'minin*, or the Commander of the Faithful, makes a symbolic journey to the zawiya of Moulay Idris, reasserting his own legitimacy as descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. During my fieldwork in Fes, the city all but shut down when King Mohammad VI came to visit the zawiya of Moulay Idris. Prior to his visit, the city planted new flowers around town, made road repairs and other preparations in anticipation of his visit.

FIG. 12 Here Mohammed VI (M6 as he is often called), rides to the center of the medina of Fes to mark the occasion of the celebration of the Prophet Mohammed. (Moroccan Press, 2003©.)

The occasion was particularly symbolic because King Mohammed VI had just announced the birth of his first son, Moulay Hassan, so his visit was a performance (Combs-Schilling) in the public sphere of the permanency and continuity of the monarchy. The year prior, he had publicly celebrated his marriage to Princess Lalla Salma Bennani, herself a Fassia with a last name indicating her family's once Jewish Andalusian ancestry, and incidentally the first Princess in Moroccan history to be photographed and to have a public persona. In 2003, as the King made his descent on horseback in his white robes to what has become understood as perhaps Morocco's most sacred place, its most direct link to the Prophet Mohammed, the country's first suicide bombings occurred in Casablanca, organized by a group of radicals who called themselves *a-Sirat al-Mustaqim* (The Straight Path).

What followed was one of the largest public demonstrations (Loconte) in the history of the Muslim world. More than one million people, 1,000 of whom were Moroccan Jews, organized a peaceful protest to reassert a national consensus of a moderate Islam. As their symbol, they chose the Hand of Fatima with the slogan "Ma Tqish Bladi", or "Don't Touch My Country".

FIG. 13

Although most Moroccans may be unaware that Shi'ism had taken root in a new form and persisted in key traditional celebrations in Morocco, they chose a key symbol, the hand of Fatima[17], which is iconically associated with Shi'ism[18] as a contemporary representation of Moroccan Islam. For Moroccans, the symbol represents the many strands of religious traditions that are brought together in Morocco. It has become the symbol of a heterogeneous population with varied and subtly different understandings of and orientations toward practicing Islam.

Prior to and after the expulsion of Jews and Muslims from al-Andalus, the Muslim civilization that flourished on the Iberian peninsula from 711 to 1492, waves of refugees settled in Fes, Tangier, Tetouan, Larache, and on the Atlantic coast near present day Rabat and Salé. An additional layer of Islamic civilization began to develop in Fes. The original site of the Fes medina, Fes al-Bali, and the newer side established by incoming refugees from Spain, al-Andalus, merged and grew into each other in much the same way local Fassi identity has developed over time. Fes has been the site of a number of various religious traditions, like al-Andalus itself, and bears a great sense of nostalgia in terms of symbolizing a sense of religious and ethnic cosmopolitanism. Today one will find in every music conservatory across Morocco a well-established program of training in the music of al-Andalus, called al-Ala. The site of Fes itself, the architecture that

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[17] Each finger on the hand signifies one of the Five Impeccable Ones, mentioned earlier. On almost any trip to either a museum or to the tourist-oriented sellers in any Moroccan market, one will find these, often with various combinations of Arabic, Berber and Hebrew inscriptions. The Hand of Fatima signifies a Moroccan space of the imagination in which almost any combination of ethnic and religious identity may be combined and inscribed.

[18] After the Israeli-Lebanese War in the summer of 2006, the Hand of Fatima was used as a contemporary symbol for the Hezbollah in Lebanon. This usage is completely different from its Moroccan counterpart, and signifies a politicized, orthodox Shi'ism.

mirrors the waves of immigrants who settled in the city, the mythical essence of a lost Andalusian cosmopolitan culture, and the music that emerged from that milieu, are an integral part of Morocco's national identity. The city's architecture, the mosques, its sounds, the ubiquitous craftwork, and the crowds of bodies that press through the narrow streets reinforce the imagined essence of medieval Andalusian culture on all of the senses.

Today, Fes is a prism of nostalgia, both for precolonial Morocco as well as for Andalusian culture, although Ibn Khaldun, whose time in Fes inspired some of his writings, and other well-known philosophers from Andalusia thought of Fes as a site of loss, claiming that only a very small portion of the mystical texts generated on the Iberian Peninsula (Burckhardt) were preserved there. Today the city is thought of as the repository of Andalusian art and culture. It is within this framework that the Fes Festival of Sacred Music tells the story of Morocco as a nation. The lines from the following poem convey the sense of loss felt by those who fled al-Andalus for Morocco:

"I will forget everything
except that morning
beside the Guadalquivir
when they were taken onto the ships
like the dead to their graves.

Jostling crowds lined both banks
to see them, precious pearls,
adrift on the foam of the river.

Young girls dropped their veils,
clawed their faces
and ripped their clothes.

The moment they left,
an endless commotion let loose

a clamorous outcry
of farewells and laments.

The departing ships were driven
along by sobs
as a lazy caravan is urged on
by the camel driver's song.

How many tears poured into the water!
How many broken hearts were borne away!
(Al-Mu'tamid and His Family Go Into Exile,
Ibn al-Labbanah, d. 1113, Denia)
[Franzen: pp.88-89]

Skali's dissertation illustrates the strength of the belief that the city of Fes was the first, and most enduring, Islamic center of Morocco, and how it remains Morocco's spiritual center in popular discourse. He documents every nook and cranny of this medieval[19] city's sacred spaces, a sort of topographical map of the city's religious heritage, a dedication to all those saints who walked through the city's cobbled streets leaving something of themselves behind. In his later writings a sense of Fes and the heavy cultural memory of the city as a spiritual center comes through. His articulation of spirituality and practicing it, seeing spirituality actively integrated into today's contemporary world, have much to do with his idea of what it means to be a Fassi as a bearer of that city's longstanding cultural and religious patrimony. His family name, Skali, sometimes written as Saqalli in literature on the city, means literally "the Sicilian". From this we understand that his family were related to those Muslims who left Sicily,

[19] Although the city was established in 829, most historians refer to it as a "medieval" city because it was in that period that the city really began to grow substantially. Most of the older parts of the medina have fallen into ruin or were built around and over as new immigrants came.

which at one time had thriving Arab communities that were later destroyed due to war and forced migration to al-Andalus and other areas of the greater Arab centers in the Mediterranean. His family traveled later to Fes along with other families after the Catholic Reconquest of the Iberian Peninsula. This family name is heard often among older Fassi families, and they were the bearers of Andalusian spiritual traditions, having zawiyas, or places where Sufis gather to practice, in the medina of Fes. Skali's grandfather was the sheikh of a zawiya, and he might have assumed the leadership of this zawiya had he been so inclined. Instead, he grew up in French schools, and learned classical Arabic later in life. He dabbled in various faith traditions, and as a student in Paris, he met the first person to translate Persian poet Jalal ad-Din ar-Rumi's (Grennan)[20] poetry into a European language, Eva De Vitray-Meyerovitch[21]. Skali had attended a book signing in her honor, and upon meeting him she encouraged him to go back to Morocco and to reclaim the spiritual tradition of Sufism there. This he did, but he joined another Sufi order, or tariqa, the Boutshishi order, rather than assuming the leadership of his familial zawiya in the medina of Fes. Skali's life has been something like that of Leo Africanus (Maalouf) in reverse. Allusions to Rumi are numerous in Fes Festival Literature. His welcoming creed, "Come, come as you are…" is used repeatedly in the welcoming texts written both by Skali and the President of the Festival, Mohammed Kabbaj. The 2007 edition of the Fes Festival was dedicated to Rumi, following UNESCO's designation of 2007 as the year of Rumi, commemorating the 800th year of

[20] He is known to most in the English-speaking world today as simply Rumi, and is the best selling poet in America.
[21]De Vitray-Meyerovitch has written numerous books on Rumi and Sufism in French. For an example of her work in English, see Rûmî and Sufism. Post Apollo Press.

his birth. Rumi himself was a refuge from Afghanistan who fled to Turkey with his family who were well known jurists in the region of Balkh. He was exposed to many different people in Konya, Turkey where he eventually settled, and became multilingual in his dealings with them. He is the founder of the Mevlevi Sufi order, often called the Whirling Dervishes in English. The Dervishes have appeared regularly in Fes and continue to represent what festival organizers see as part of their initial and continued goal in bringing many different kinds of people in contact with one another.

Come, come again, whoever you are, come!
Heathen, fire worshipper or idolatrous, come!
Come even if you broke your penitence a hundred times,
Ours is the portal of hope, come as you are [al-Din Rumi]

These kinds of family journeys such as that undertaken by Skali's ancestors are typical among Fassi families, and others in various cities that carry with them the memory of forced exile to Morocco. Although I have outlined a different Andalusian history here than what is celebrated in the popular discourse of the Fes Festival, it is worth noting that Morocco's spiritual identity has also been deeply rooted in its contact and confrontations with other religions. While one may be skeptical about celebrating forced exile in the form of a good story for tourists, one still has to recognize the very specific history of the development of Islam in Morocco. In this way, it is not surprising that the Fes Festival happened in Fes. Morocco's story of itself and its Islamic identity has always been one that emerged in relation to other religions. While the city of Fes is not representative of every region of Morocco in terms of historical development, nor is it always similar in terms of the types of practice of spirituality that are found in other

places, Fes remains the site where Moroccans imagine the beginnings of a national Islamic identity.

Other founding members of the festival have followed different but similar paths back to Sufism in Morocco. One couple for example who volunteered at the very first festival because they were part of a small circle of friends belonging to the Boutshishi order, have had a longstanding interest in the practice of yoga that led them to study with gurus in India. They traveled to India on several occasions and studied under several gurus there. When in India on one such trip, a spiritual teacher there suggested they investigate Sufism back in Morocco. Today they lead a studio for the practice of yoga in Casablanca, and are also devotees of the Boutshishi order, which they discovered after their trips to India. Today there seems to be a revival among well-educated Moroccans who have had considerable exposure to Western education to embrace traditional practices in Moroccan Sufism. The larger Sufi orders have multiple layers of individuals from various class and education levels in Morocco. The representation of Sufism expressed in the writings and thoughts of Skali are those of the most well educated, wealthy layer of Moroccan society. In addition to his capacity as the founder of the Fes Festival, and his academic background, he is also a muqadim in the Boutshishi order and advises other newer members in the tariqa. He holds conferences and seminars on the practice of Sufism and after formally retiring from the Fes Festival has turned mainly to organizing such events in the service of the tariqa both in Morocco, France and the U.S.

Sufism is a hard term to define due to the sheer variety of expressions that claim its name. The word comes from the root Sa-Fa which means literally “wool”. The early Muslims in Mecca and Medina were first *Hanaf*, or people who rejected what they

considered rampant materialism that was in Mecca before the coming of the Prophet Mohammed. They fasted, led frugal lives, and wore simple unadorned clothing made from plain wool. It is speculated that the term Sufi then comes from an allusion to the clothing worn by these ascetics who practiced piety prior to the coming of the Prophet Mohammed. They shared many of the same characteristics that we would associate with medieval monastic orders, including a preference for unadorned clothing and a tendency to reject materialism. Many scholars have argued that the overlapping histories of ascetic and mystical traditions among the *Ahl al-Kitab*, or the people of the three monotheistic books, is what explains Sufism's wide appeal across different faith traditions. Within a Muslim context, Sufism, or *at-tassawuf*, is thought of as an additional layer of Islamic worship, or *'aybada*. A practicing Sufi is dedicated to a path, *tariqa*, and to its leader, a *sheikh*. In addition to the five pillars of Islam which include prayer five times a day, ritual fasting during the month of Ramadan, performing the pilgrimage to Mecca, giving alms to the poor, and the acceptance of the idea that the Prophet Mohammed was the last and final messenger of faith, the Sufi generally does more prayers and other practices given as a *wird*, or spiritual program as it is designed on an individual basis for specific adherents by the sheikh, or in the case of very large tariqas where a sheikh might not be accessible to every adherent at all times, a *wird* may be prescribed by a *muqadim*, or an intermediary representative of the sheikh who assists other adherents. In Morocco, the prescribed *wird* is usually attending *dhikr* ceremonies that are focused on the recitation of some of the ninety-nine names of Allah, in addition to other optional prayers or recitations that one would recite at home on one's own. Out of such contexts musical traditions emerge, and although Islam strictly categorizes music as something used in

recreational contexts and *dhikr* as a sort of religious practice, both are lumped into the ambiguous category of "Sufi music" when we use English. The idea of "a" liturgical music tradition does not exist in Islam. Instead, "music" is something not offered as a means of worshipping Allah, whereas *dhikr*, *sama'a*, *qasa-id*, *medih*, *hadra*, *wadifa*, *muwashahat*, and many other terms are used to specifically designate the sort of vocalized worship one does for the sake of Allah.

The reassertion of an Islamic identity in a postcolonial context I describe here is quite different from what we have seen in Algeria. Upper-class Moroccans who return to traditional Islamic practice through Sufism would have much more in common with Westerners drawn to Sufism, but who may not practice it in the same way[22]. The two groups, although belonging to different trajectories, seems to be a parallel development along the same lines as what we might loosely call the New Age movement, or "emerging spiritualities" (Batstone) that seeks to rejuvenate the practice of world religions. While the New Age movement is a conscious blending of various practices from a number of religions, what we see in Morocco in terms of a flourishing of Sufism is quite different in that it is firmly rooted in Moroccan spiritual traditions and does not mix elements of different religious traditions.

Sufism is organized around the performance of dhikr ceremonies, and advice from spiritual advisors, either the sheikh himself, or one of his close associates. However, when westerners open to New Age philosophies travel to Morocco, they will find they

[22] Werbner writes on the many layers of Sufi practice within the diaspora that extends between Britain and Pakistan. She also points out the way different figures within the same Sufi orders have very different personas and appeal to different sorts of practitioners.

have much in common with devotees of the Boutshishi order, and other orders as well. The Sufi dhikr ceremony is congregational, and although it represents a more advanced program of worship in an Islamic context, Westerners unaware of the degrees of practice of Islam immediately identify with the communal aspects that on the surface look familiar to them. This to a large extent explains the rationale behind the initial festival itself, and the audience that was first imagined when the Fes Festival was launched.

Skali's life project, The Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, emerged as the result of a small group of friends trying to do something for Fes, and something to encourage efforts at interfaith dialogue in the wake of the first American war in Iraq. While Skali may not have been the only person to conceptualize the festival, he is credited with directly helping "put Fes back on the map", as one investor living in the city told me. Skali's relationship to the festival has changed over time, and I hope to demonstrate how his relationship to the festival before and after it was courted by the World Bank and other large sponsors tells part of the tale of how globalization "occurs" at the local level and how it impacts individuals.

After Skali's talk on the University of Texas at Austin campus during his 1997 visit, a group of then folklore students along with Professor Deborah Kapchan joined him for lunch at a nearby restaurant. During the course of our lunch, Skali invited fellow student David Lynch and myself to Fes. He understood we were at the beginning of our academic programs and that we were interested in doing fieldwork in Morocco but were still as yet undecided as to where to go and on what to focus. Lynch, a musician and music writer for the Austin Chronicle, was quick to decide to go, and he took up the subject of music right away. His Master's thesis (Lynch) was written on the Fes Festival

and problematized "sacred music" and what such a term might mean in an Islamic context where "music" is not necessarily the word used for Sufi devotional practices and the expressive venerative traditions from which they have emerged. At that time I was more interested in looking at the practice of religion itself and went on to do my MA research on saint veneration among women in Northern Morocco.

While doing my MA work, I came across a style of singing called 'Ayoua', which was sung exclusively by women. Some parts of the genre are religious in that they are sung for local saints, and the remainder of the genre is much like that described in Abu Lughod's work and in the same way constitutes what she calls a parallel discourse (Abu-Lughod, L. 1986), an expressive discursive sphere in which people can say what they may not be able to say in everyday contexts. 'Ayoua is the Moroccan answer to spoken word poetry, it is spontaneous, it is revolutionary, it is poetic, it registers social criticism and the poetry's rhetoric is enhanced by the recitor's mastery of the genre. Not ever intending to write about music, I began to gravitate in that direction after I understood its centrality to Moroccan spiritual traditions.

Women who made visits to saint shrines[23] seemed to be dwindling in number because most were moving to urban areas, and 'Ayoua as a genre was stigmatized as

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[23] The shrine I focused on was that of Moulay 'Abd as-Salam ibn Mashish, in the Rif Mountains of northern Morocco, near the small town of Chefchaouen. This saint is an ancestor of Moulay Idriss II whose father, al-Mizwar, fled Fes as a young man. His son, Sidi as-Salam, was welcomed by the tribes near his now sepulchral shrine in the village of as-Sukan. It is said that the tribes welcomed him and "wed" themselves to him metaphorically to show their allegiance to him, calling themselves Bani 'Arus, or Tribes of the Bridegroom. Bani 'Arus is still used today to refer loosely to the region between Chefchaouen and as-Sukan. See the following: al-'Afiya, 'Alami, Doutté, Ganun, Hanly, Lhioui,

something that only women from rural and isolated contexts might perform. Women were taking to new kinds of music as they moved to new places, some forgot the practice altogether and some, paradoxically perhaps in the way that Tsing reminds us of unlikely possibilities that present themselves through globalization, made a living out of performing in places like Paris and Brussels, and the stage of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, where their musical performances were categorized as "Moroccan" music within the larger sphere of world music. It is with non-Moroccans that an audience for this kind of music is found abroad, and among Moroccans it is appreciated generally by people living in very particular regions in the Rif Mountains, or who migrated from there to more urban areas. In this case, as with other somewhat obscure musical genres, it is the world music industry that tries to preserve the tradition, while Moroccans seem to be happy to forget it, as it no longer holds any real significance in the context of their daily lives. A good part of the transition from my Master's research on the regionally specific genre of 'Ayoua to my dissertation research on the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music is in trying to understand the complex phenomenon of musics and ways of life that disappear at the local level but later reappear in a somewhat different version at the transnational and global levels. I track some of the circulation of musical tradition and taste as they flow between different layers of dissemination. I offer the following story about Jajouka, a music promoted on the world music scene, and its relation to the musical practices I encountered while doing Master's research to demonstrate the different lives that music lives in different transnational contexts. I might have left the story out and simply said music is understood differently in different contexts, which is given.

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However, with the larger goal of demonstrating where westerners enter the picture of consuming world music and spirituality, and where local traditions either fade or live on in different contexts, I include this excerpt from earlier research to get at the uncanniness of the circulation of cultural practices and ideas about the presentation and performance of the "authentic". I am not trying to argue on behalf of something authentic here, nor to claim that there is something more authentic than world music, nor am I trying to defend authentic forms of music or religious beliefs as they encounter new audiences and later change. Instead I want to distinguish between what Kelty has called "articulated culture" versus "operationalized culture", the latter being the point at which a group of people uses some aspect of articulated culture for some larger cause. Kelty, drawing from Sahlins, argues that the premise behind such efforts is generally always based on the idea that a culture, or some aspect of it, is at risk of being "lost". Kelty argues that cultural claims are often imagined from a defensive position, and that people today

> have an increasing tendency to use (some variant of) the anthropological concept of culture to defend themselves, to agitate for rights or goods, to distribute blame and praise, to critique anthropology and even perhaps to explain themselves to themselves. Marshall Sahlins, for example, suggests, "this kind of cultural self-awareness is a worldwide phenomenon of the late 20th century. For ages, people have been speaking culture without knowing it: they were just living it. Yet now it has become an objectified value-and the object too of a life or death struggle…" (Sahlins 2000: 297). It is the specifically second-order or re-doubled use of "culture" by people I refer to here that justifies this comparison-and not any scale of oppression, imperialism, or entitlement. It is not the articulation of culture that I am interested in, it is its operationalization-the strategies by which various, overlapping, even contradictory, articulations of "culture" serve as strategies for changing particular, technically, legally, and corporeally embedded practices. […] While much of the discipline of anthropology, it seems, has busied itself with repudiating the need for a concept of culture or lamenting such widespread misinterpretations, a much larger and more diverse set of actors inside and outside of academia have filled the void and taken to incorporating it into their own speech and practices. The myriad theories of culture proposed by anthropologists in the 20th century are easily found littering the mental cities of people all over the world. In most cases I would offer, these theories are less articulated than operationalized. [548-550]

As I move into the next section, I am interested in locating various "operationalized" notions of culture as they draw on music and sound in so far as to highlight the role that nostalgia itself creates something of an unarticulated culture of the present. Nostalgia works to reconstitute a past while erasing the efforts to do so that exist in the present. Nostalgia around sound works not only at the level of the ideological, the cerebral, but at all other bodily levels as well. The full bodiedness of sound, and its capacity to reverberate simultaneously across so many different levels, is the stuff of which faith is made.

**Locating Jajouka: A 4,000-year old rock-n-roll band?**

Before ever doing fieldwork, I had heard a lot about the Jajouka music that William Burroughs and Paul Bowles and others like Brion Gysin, Brian Jones, and Bill Laswell, among others, had helped in preserving and bringing to the Western world's attention through recording. The story of Jajouka, or just following bits of the story illustrates the way in which different levels of discourse about music and modernity operate. The story of world music and why it is important is itself a story whose many parts are told by different groups of people with different expectations and different ends. When I went to Morocco to look at women's religious practices in the north of Morocco for MA research, I never imagined that I would somehow get tangled in the details of projects inspired by early expatriate Beatniks who had gone before me fifty years earlier to some of the same saint shrines. The story of Bou Jouloud (sometimes written Boujloud), the central character in Jajouka ritual, is interesting in the sense that so many different kinds of people have made so many different things out of it. I tell this story not

to emphasize the single importance of this one cultural thing, but to demonstrate the multiple reconstitutions of meaning that take place simultaneously around it, in this case a ritualized musical form that began in the Rif mountains and somehow ended up in American music stores as a 4,000 year-old rock'n'roll band. The story of Jajouka is, in some respects, the story of world music, as a local cultural form is somehow pulled centrifugally and centripetally back to its own culture center as something "newly" old.

Bou Jouloud, difficult to translate succinctly, is the central figure in a ritualized celebration, perhaps celebrated more in the past than it is today. "Bou" translates as "father" and "jouloud" is the plural of animal skins. The skins used during the performance of this ritual were usually goat skins, and Brion Gysin for one called Bou Jouloud "The Goat God" and saw him as Pan (from the Roman pantheon) as the ritual was explained by Edward Westermarck in early twentieth century ethnographic accounts. While this ritual can be seen in other parts of Morocco[24], what made the village of Jajouka famous was the local music that accompanied it. Gysin had been so taken in by the music that he opened a restaurant and bar in the Menebhi palace of the Marshan in Tangier in 1954 called The 1001 Nights specifically so that he could hear the music on an almost continuous basis. Gysin had read Westermark's theory (Burroughs) that the music associated with the ritual was a lingering pre-Islamic element disguised as the Islamic holiday 'Eid el-Kebir which commemorates the story in the Old Testament and the Qur'an in which Ibrahim (or Abraham) was asked to sacrifice his son. Instead God

[24] Hammoudi's study focuses on a Berber village south of Marrakech, but the ritual described is similar. Hammoudi's study deals with the ritual and its relation to a larger Islamic holiday, 'Eid el-Kbir, celebrated a few days prior. He criticizes others for separating the two and suggests that they cannot be understood outside one another (16-17).

allowed him to sacrifice a ram, and now the sacrifice continues today as Muslim families mark this sacred holiday.

In the town of Jajouka a character called Bou Jouloud apparently performed a ritual in which barren women who haphazardly came into contact with him as he ran through the streets would miraculously become fertile. This story is one well documented in colonial era ethnography, one of the many examples of anthropologists tracing the hybrid and syncretic elements present in a lived cultural form (Hammoudi). Tracking the use of hybridity, difference, and syncretism is taken up differently by different groups. Early ethnographers did this in an effort at historical particularism and in telling local stories that were not overlooked in larger discussions, in this case, about Islamic civilization. Colonial regimes used difference to divide and conquer, as a way of making way for new political agendas in which they were key players. Today Moroccans themselves cling to the idea of a hybrid Islam to differentiate themselves from new forms of radical Islam. Moroccan Leftists now look to indigenous ritual as early theatre and try to incorporate it among other postcolonial theatrical forms (Amine).

Legend has it that a local sheikh that had a hand in introducing Islam in the region near Jajouka promised the musicians who took part in this ritual that they would be able to perform this music professionally, and so would their ancestors. And so they did. The Master musicians of Jajouka as they are called, played for the Sultan in the palace until the time of colonialism and then found the beginnings of a new audience when Beatniks showed up interested in their music (Burroughs, Schuyler, Fuson). In 1950 Brion Gysin attended a moussem, or religious festival, with Paul Bowles in Asilah, Morocco. Burroughs writes about his conversation with Brion's experience there:

Amid the panoply of sounds to be heard in the carnival style tent city erected for the moussem were the musics of the Gnaoua and the Djebela brotherhoods, but one sound stood out for Brion, and he thought "Ah! That's my music. I just want to hear that music for the rest of my life." With the help of his Moroccan friend Hamri, he found the source of the music in the Ecstatic Brotherhood of Jajouka, a rural village south of Tangier in the Jibala hills [liner notes]

When Gysin's restaurant/bar failed, he moved to Paris, introducing other Beatniks, as they would later be called, to the music he had grown attached to. Musicians like Brion Gysin, and Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones who he later introduced to the Jajouka in 1973, seemed to find confirmation in shared humanity in the music they heard. These musicians were some of the first to incorporate "world music" sounds into western music, in such albums as Satanic Majesties[25]. It is at the strange and interesting juncture of expatriation and fading local cultures that we see a marriage of sorts in the making of what we now routinely call world music. Both parties in this unlikely marriage take part in the act of imagining that make it possible. While they might not always understand the other, there is a shared faith in the role of sound, in a sense of shared primordialism, some cosmic realignment of humanity that takes place through the use of music.

Paul Bowles seems to have had another kind of connection to Moroccan music. Trained as a musician and composer himself, he wanted to document as many forms of

[25] Here Satanic comes from in part a Islamic understanding of Satan, "shaytan". Rather than his pitchfork toting Christian counterpart Satan, shaytan (pl. shayatun) in the Islamic context represents a supernatural creature assigned to every human being to complicate one's way to the afterlife. In Moroccan folklore there are many examples of trickster shayatan that mislead people. This satan/shaytan duo got mixed up in Euro-American contexts, and then was re-appropriated during a brief and strange episode in Casablanca when teenagers playing western style hard rock music, then put in jail for being "Satanists". They were accused by a Casablanca judge who the media called a "fundamentalist". This Muslim fundamentalist looked an awful lot like the same Christian evangelicals that condemn the music of Marilyn Manson and other artists of the same genre today as well.

traditional Moroccan music as possible. Unlike Gysin who left Morocco, Bowles lived in Morocco until the end of his life and is credited with launching something of a new writing movement that led other Moroccans to write about daily life and to experiment in autobiography. He had made a 30,000-mile journey across Morocco in the 1950s, prior to and just after Moroccan independence, recording music as he went. His recordings constitute the largest single collection of Moroccan music, and are now part of the Library of Congress' holdings. His account of the journey as detailed in *Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue*, which is something of a travelogue detailing his interactions with local musicians. He voices a great deal of frustration in getting people to perform for him and is frustrated with what he calls Moroccan amnesia in the postcolonial period. At the height of pan-Arabism after Moroccan Independence from France in 1956, Moroccans were more inclined to find inspiration in music through everything Eastern, particularly everything Egyptian[26].

Bowles' novel, *The Spider's House,* is set in Fes in 1954 during uprisings that eventually lead to Moroccan Independence. More than a work of fiction, the work is an interesting document of the formation of postcolonial identity. It has something of the feel of Marx's Eighteenth Brumaire in which he criticizes the path taken by Moroccans after the hard road fought for independence (Marx). Twenty-six years after having

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[26] For more on the expression of Arab nationalism as expressed in music, see Danielson. Despite Egypt's role in inspiring postcolonial nationalism throughout the Arab world through media, the pendulum has begun to swing the other way and now Egypt's cassette culture and listening practices of pious, and sometimes-radical fundamentalist, interpretations of Islam now find their way to Morocco as well. See Hirschkind.

written the original text, Bowles later wrote a preface in which he describes the conditions under which he wrote The Spider's House.

> For more than two decades I had been waiting to see the end of French rule in Morocco. Ingenuously I had imagined that after Independence the old manner of life would be resumed and the country would return to being more or less what it had been before the French presence. The detestation on the part of the populace of all that was European seemed to guarantee such a result. What I failed to understand was that if Morocco was still a largely medieval land, it was because the French themselves, and not the Moroccans, wanted it that way.
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> The Nationalists were not interested in ridding Morocco of all traces of European civilization and restoring it to its pre-colonial state; on the contrary, their aim was to make it even more "European" than the French had made it. When France was no longer able to keep the governmental vehicle on the road, she abandoned it, leaving the motor running. The Moroccans climbed in and drove off in the same direction, but with even greater speed.
>
> I was embroiled in the controversy, at the same time finding it impossible to adopt either side's point of view. My subject [i.e. the writing of The Spider's House] was decomposing before my eyes, hour by hour; there was no alternative to recording the process of violent transformation. […]
>
> The city [of Fes] is still there. It is no longer the intellectual and cultural center of North Africa; it is merely one more city beset by the insoluble problems of the Third World. Not all the ravages caused by our merciless age are tangible ones. The subtler forms of destruction, those involving the human spirit, are the most to be dreaded. [Preface]

In the summer of 1998, I met Paul Bowles in his small Tangier apartment while traveling on the University of Texas at Austin Tracking Cultures program. We found him in his sitting room, nearly immobile, propped up in his straight back chair on our behalf by his assistant, and hooked to oxygen machines. His fascination with Morocco had outlived the Beatniks, and the Hippies and he had weathered all manner of criticism from Moroccans who had once been his friends. Our excitement at visiting someone such as Bowles came down a notch or two when we saw his condition. In the small room were shelves and shelves of rustic, handmade instruments that one would find in the Moroccan countryside or in museums. We asked him what he thought of Morocco today and how it

compared to what he had seen thirty years earlier. He was nostalgic for a Morocco that showed more of its Berber roots, and commented on a loss of tradition not in terms of precolonial versus postcolonial contexts, but rather regretted that so much of pan-Arabism through mass media subsumed local Arab-Berber expression. He spoke some about the recordings he had made of musical traditions that had disappeared due to waves of migration to urban centers and abroad. He criticized the idea of modernity as it had played out in postcolonial Morocco, that at its most crucial moment for building a future for itself, Morocco had somewhere taken a wrong turn, becoming a strange mixture of American and Eastern Arab modernities. When we left, it was a little like saying goodbye to someone in a nursing home, feeling a mixture of relief at escaping the loneliness of his existence as well as guilt for leaving him on his own.

I heard this sentiment of modernity gone wrong echoed again and again among western tourists who were world music fans in Fes. I heard rumors of a British convert to Islam that was obsessed with everything "traditional" and that he had had a hand in founding a festival of traditional musical instruments in Marrakech. He apparently did research on different sinew and the sounds it produced and bought old instruments to try to preserve them. There was apparently a countermovement afoot to restore the Moroccan 'oud, the precursor to the lute and acoustic guitar, to its traditional four-stringed Andalusian self. The fifth string had apparently tiptoed in while Egyptians were trying to make their 1950s mega-orchestras bigger and better than those in Europe. Finding and preserving Moroccan tradition was a thing that westerners did, it was an extension of their expatriate lifestyles and was often interwoven in their involvement in various forms of Sufi practice and informal and sometimes formal conversion to Islam.

For some faith and sound were one and the same, and preservation of authentic sound and acquiring instruments was something of a calling in which they became completely absorbed.

Such was the case, it would seem, as far as Jajouka was concerned. After listening to the Jajouka music for which Burroughs wrote a vivid, if perhaps misguided, description, I realized that it was essentially the masculine musical context linked to ‘Ayoua that I had been studying. While the female voice is privileged over the male voice in this genre, the men perform in accompaniment with a rhaita, or ghaita[27], an instrument something like an oboe, what Gysin came to call “the lost flutes of Pan”. As instrumentation becomes more sophisticated and small groups become small orchestras, women’s voices are heard less. It is what people in the north of Morocco call “a-sha’biyya”, or popular music. It is associated with everything rural, and for some, everything backward about Morocco. It is stigmatized in the same way that country music was before the Grand Ole Opry and Nashville brought it more into the mainstream. A little like Barbara Mandrel’s song “I was Country When Country Wasn’t Cool”, ‘Ayoua and “Jajouka”, also called at-Taqtouqa Jabliyya (loosely translated as “mountain rhythms”, or “mountain music”) is not particularly well known by most Moroccans, but is an important footnote in the development of the appropriation of “world” sounds by rock musicians from the 1960s and 1970s. Today we barely recognize these “other” sounds in Western pop music because there are simply so many. Moroccans have

[27] I write about this instrument in my MA report. It makes a sound something like a bagpipe, but with only the “pipe”, or the oboe itself. It is not an instrument common in all regions of Morocco, and ethnomusicologists speculate that it is somehow related to the zurna used in Ottoman military marching bands, Mehter, played exclusively by Janissaries, or the Yeniçeri as they are called in Turkish.

appropriated Western music too, as we will focus on later in the case of Moroccan Hard Rock.

The context in America that makes rural, obscure music "cool", or at least the content of music appreciation courses, independent film documentaries, and museum expositions, does not really exist in the same way in Morocco. Regional musics are showcased in festivals, but rarely taught with the use of traditional instruments. In some cases, musicians study in conservatories and the at-Taqtouqa genre they might learn informally becomes something closer to a recognizable standard Andalusian style, although each region in Morocco that absorbed refugees from Andalusia later put their own spin on the genre.

During my research I was hard pressed to find many people who actually liked 'Ayoua', in fact most people could not believe I was really writing about it, and in many cases, people did not even know what it was. In one instance, a woman I was interviewing, the very woman who had introduced me to the genre when we traveled to a celebration at a saint shrine together, thought that I was mocking her when I suggested we talk about 'Ayoua'. Although she was from the region where it was practiced and grew up knowing it intimately, she could not believe that I hade come from the U.S., and left my family behind to study a kind of expression that seemed even to her to be very marginal. Her reaction in part was also an internalization of how she herself felt marginalized in Tangier. She rarely left her own neighborhood that was almost completely inhabited by people like herself, *aj-jabliyya*, who had migrated from the mountains to Tangier.

When trying to locate locally recorded versions of the music, I found a vendor in the city center of Tangier, who traveled back and forth to the city bringing items that Jbala, or people from the mountains, would like. He had some popular, *sha'abiyya* music and once he understood my interests, he would add some cassettes to the wares he sold in Tangier. He allowed me to listen to cassettes before buying them, and like all Moroccans, he thought music was best when it was loud.

He would play the cassettes and crowds would begin to assemble. His small cart was located at something of a major thoroughfare, on a small street that was used as a cut through from the main post office down to the Tangier medina and the port. Some astonished passersby once asked, "Is that Chinese? What is that stuff?" A Jabli himself, the vendor would often get defensive and tell people it was *Taqtouqa Jabliyya*. To this people either listened and admired, or made fun of the music saying "*Iyeh, hedshi at-taqtouqa d' bsah, mashi musiqa*!" or "Yeah, that stuff really is just a bunch of noise, not music at all!" In the same way that Berber identity is denigrated as rural and backwards, so Jabli identity was too, and for some people the cultural "difference" that came through in the music reinforced negative social prejudices. This was a fact I myself realized as I traveled in other parts of Morocco. Most of the Moroccan Arabic I learned was from women from the north, and the regional accent I had learned was considered something marginal, peripheral, novel at best. The place where I met this vendor was in fact not very far from where Gysin had opened his bar, 1001 Nights, where Jajouka musicians used to perform regularly. We were listening to the same sort of music in the street alongside Moroccans who were unfamiliar with the genre and often found it funny. Today one can hear Jajouka musicians playing on American college campuses, and the small village

from which they draw their name has become a veritable genre among world music fans. Fuson writes about the interesting circuits through which these local musicians have become world musicians, or as guardians of "an auspicious renewal of a grand musical tradition":

> Like the Throat Singers of Tuva, the Bulgarian State Women's Choir, and the Qawwali singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, The Jajoukans have found a new gig bringing a local musical tradition to European and American ears hungry for music untainted by global pop. To satisfy that appetite, their music has found its way onto airwaves, into record shops, and even into dance clubs all over the world.
>
> By evidence of the current boom in the world music scene, the mass market is becoming one of the largest patrons of once local arts. Artists from East to West have long wrestled with the tension between artistic integrity and the demands of sponsors. As the Master Musicians of Jajouka enter the international market, will Boujeloud be asked to dance on cue to the tune of the global market? […]Boujeloud dancing on college campuses? Jajouka rhythms floating in the mix at the local club? Sidi Hamid Shikh told Attar and Rtobi that their descendants would always be able to live making music, but he didn't guarantee their world would stay the same. Boujeloud is now shaking his switches at hundreds each night rather than waiting all year to unleash his pandemonium. Through the baraka of the saint, the graces of Brian Jones and Brion Gysin, and the fecundity of the goat-god, this activity emerges as an auspicious renewal of a grand musical tradition. And it may seem stranger to us than it does to the Master Musicians of Jajouka.

I began looking for cassettes that featured women singing 'Ayoua, as I was almost forced to do because it was quite literally a dying tradition. Ironically, I learned that the tradition, although disappearing in the Moroccans Rif countryside, was alive and well in the local recording industry as well as on European stages, where it too was being performed as "an auspicious renewal of a grand musical tradition." Today, one will see Moroccan women performing local musics in local festivals in Morocco, the Fes Festival of World Music, and, as Fuson notes, as master musicians representing "an auspicious renewal of a grand musical tradition" in performances where audience members not only listen to the music but take on multiple roles, conscious about their role as a consumer of

a music that might not otherwise find patronage. World music rhetoric, particularly that of the Fes Festival that draws on religious and social activist tones, effectively produces audience members who are at once listeners as well as would-be philanthropic supporters of dying musical cultures and practitioners of faith. The Roudaniyats, a group of women percussionists from the region of Taroudant in southern Morocco, are an interesting example of the way the global market opened up by world music and specifically sacred world music as we see in the Fes Festival creates new spheres in which traditional performers find new audiences. Though different genres, the women practitioners of ‘Ayoua I spent time with in northern Morocco and the Roundaniyats I encountered in Fes, then later in Tucson and Austin, share some important characteristics. Both groups of women practiced music in daily contexts that were sometimes sacred and some not. They were not conservatory-trained musicians but rather represented regional forms of music that emerge in informal apprenticeship situations. Both forms of music would be considered *sha’biyya*, or popular music, denigrated by some and appreciated by others, but with no real opportunity for income in any straightforward sense. While the inheritors of the fading tradition of ‘Ayoua either went abroad, recorded in studio settings, or simply let go of the genre for a multitude of reasons associated with migration to urban centers, the Roudaniyats were well organized, had a multilingual manager and promoter, and were savvy in their knowledge of how to take a musical form from daily contexts in Morocco and then sacralize it for western audiences in search of off-the-beaten-path-style spirituality. While some might argue that the transformation from daily life in Morocco to the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music on an American stage for nearly exclusively American audience members would render the music “inauthentic”, or that the circulation

of the musical form reduces the practitioners of the music to mere vendors, I argue that this is not true. I witnessed a transformation in the Roudaniyats that signified another sense of purpose behind their musicianship, which I will discuss further in a later chapter. The point here is that in the encounter between western expectations of spirituality, a new kind of spirituality emerges around the idea of sound itself as the last possible sphere in which human beings might connect in some meaningful way. This external expectation from western audiences seems to spark an internal questioning of faith on the part of some of the musicians who interact with world music outlets, one such being the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. While so much of the schema of world music is focused on difference or on the sheer obscurity of certain musical forms, it is often some cross cultural dialogue through persons with radically different backgrounds and musical tastes that actually go into the creation of the seemingly fixed ethnic, regional, and religious categories we see represented in world music as a category itself.

Before beginning research in Fes, I realized my own impact on some Moroccans I met from whom I asked assistance in locating information about or samples of 'Ayoua'. In the course of collecting recorded samples, my requests for certain kinds of music sparked an interest in this Tangier vendor, and he began bringing more music from Chefchaouen, the largest town in the Rif mountains that is something of a hub for the surrounding villages (and incidentally Spanish tourists who came looking for hashish that grows abundantly in the region). According to the cassette labels the music was often recorded in Chefchaouen, and then packaged in Fes, and then sent back to Chefchaouen for sale or distribution. Over time, this vendor started a small collection of his own, and looked forward to my occasional visits to share the new recordings he had found. The

cassettes he helped me locate, and some I found in Chefchaouen and Fes myself, along with verses of ‘Ayoua recited to me by women in Tangier and villages in the north, became the backbone of my MA report. Without really having consciously deciding to do multi-sited research, the globalized, postcolonial context in which I found myself had required me to do so (Marcus 1999). Had I relied only on direct oral performances that take place at the saint shrine I first visited, I would only have seen one very narrow side of the picture. To tell a fuller story, or to understand the places in which a genre casts meaning, one is obliged to step outside the notion of tradition. Authenticity is no longer a site-specific phenomenon.

During the early summer of 1999, I presented a paper (Curtis 1999) and participated in a conference that was jointly organized by Deborah Kapchan and Faouzi Skali entitled Sacred Music and Aesthetics in North Africa, which was to be a part of the larger Fes Festival of World Sacred Music program. The conference brought together a wide range of scholars on North African religious expression. It was something of a rare event in terms of its scope and in that it brought together scholars from Morocco, Algeria, Libya, Egypt, Europe and the U.S. In attendance were musicians, scholars, poets, festival organizers and representatives of the Moroccan Ministry of Culture who are charged with preserving tradition today. Scholars from almost every North African country were present and brought in their own national perspectives, and it is the only time in my own short academic career that I met scholars from Algeria. I prepared a paper on some of the religious verses of ‘Ayoua I had found on recorded cassettes, along with some of those recited to me from several women I had been working with who either sang ‘Ayoua themselves at some point in their lives, or who spoke to me about how their mothers and

grandmothers had done so before migrating to Tangier. I presented some recorded examples and tied them together with some narrative about the genre itself. The response to my paper was positive. The Moroccans present were glad to hear a paper about ‘Ayoua; some of them remembered grandmothers who had sung in this way and the feminine sphere from which it emanates, such as filmmaker Farida Benlyazid of Tingitania Films, while still others had not heard it before.

The response from the three Algerian scholars in attendance was the most eye opening, and quite telling of all on a number of different levels, and absolutely changed the way that I thought about “local” venerative traditions and music thereafter. Their questions and responses to my paper made me reflect on the legacy of colonialism, postcolonial identity, and nation building with regard to artistic production and preservation. Though Algeria and Morocco are neighbors, and share perhaps the closest Arabic dialects, their colonial encounters, and their subsequent postcolonial national identities could not be more different (Berque). Algeria, and Algiers in particular, had long been a center for the famed Barbary pirates, who some suspect were paid by the British navy to make the Mediterranean waters a particularly difficult place to navigate (Oren: 21). When the French later colonized Algeria, their project was one of complete assimilation. Within just a short period after the French took over Algeria, it had become almost over night a tourist destination. It was at that time that General Lyautey, who would later become the colonial protectorate architect in Morocco, was stationed in Algeria. He found gawking tourists and what he thought was a loss of local Arab culture (Hoisington). He held regular social engagements with well-educated Algerians who were openly critical of the French, and their criticisms stayed with him. When he was

sent to Morocco, he preferred the term "Protectorate" as opposed to "colony". He claimed to aspire to find ways to "preserve" local culture (Wright), while importing French bureaucracy, and exporting other goods from Morocco both to France and to larger global markets.

Much of the Algerian postcolonial period has been characterized by large-scale loss of life, either as a result from clashes with the French and more recently as a result of an Islamicism that seeks to reverse European cultural influence even if it means doing so by exerting force on Algerians themselves. The radicalism that erupted in the postcolonial Algerian context was met with strong resistance by its Moroccan neighbor. Contact between the countries has been tense, and Morocco, while under the reign of Hassan II, led a totalitarian regime that aimed at preventing another Algeria, but subsequently bore down on the religious expression of its citizens (Slyomovics 2005). The kind of saint veneration that my Master's research addressed was less practiced in Morocco, because it was frowned on as being backward by those who were proponents of modernism that reflected technological and cultural change according to a European model, and some saint shrines were destroyed by individuals who had been influenced by ultra conservative Saudi Salafi Wahabism because the practice of saint veneration was outside the narrow definition of what constituted orthodox Islamic practice (Munson 1988, 1993 and Howe). History teaches us that rural Moroccan saint shrines have always been used to some end, whether in the 13$^{th}$ century by Baghdad-trained jurists living in Ceuta who thought of the countryside as a good place to dispatch orthodoxy and to instill the celebration of the Birth of the Prophet Mohammed through song, or in the colonial period when ethnographers set about to record any and all religious practices that strayed

from orthodoxy, to the postcolonial context where saint shrines evidenced everything old, or that which needed to be abandoned for the greater project of progress and modernity. Today the character of Boujloud lives on in the context of the Fes Festival. It is the name of the main entrance way (Bab Boujloud) that most foreign tourists take into the medina of Fes, and it is in the shadow of this doorway that the monarchy performs its own regionality and tolerance to world audiences during the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music.

Whereas a renewed interest among scholars focusing on specific, rural practices seems evidence of a tolerant development of religious expression in Morocco, I learned from the Algerian scholars at this conference that the rural saint shrine was the site for a very different postcolonial experience. They explained that it had been complicated even coming to Morocco in terms of getting visas for the conference. Their looking at rural, venerative practices was somewhat dangerous because it undermined the logic behind the conservative Islamic regime then in power. My presentation on ‘Ayoua was something on the order of an eleventh hour ethnography, documenting a tradition that was dying out as people migrated to urban areas, and only really opened up as a viable topic when I thought about it in a diasporic, transnational, and multi-sited way. If I looked at the ways the genre was still “alive”, it was performed at the moussem, or yearly gathering at shrine of Moulay ‘Abd as-Salam ibn Mashish in the Rif Mountains, and on European stages where the music appealed to a North African diaspora community as well as European audience members interested in “world music”. I began to wonder what these two very different contexts had to do with one another, and what people with such different lifestyles and backgrounds could find in the same music. How might a marginal, and

stigmatized local music become something meaningful in a transnational context and constitute a kind of "community of sentiment" (Appadurai 1990 and 1991) when the audiences had so little in common?

The fact that people were migrating to urban areas was very much symptomatic of the way that agricultural land had been apportioned and centers for distribution and trade had been established by the French (Abu Lughod, J.). Whereas my research presented a tradition whose fate was closely tied to people trying to move to urban areas in search for work, the Algerian case made the saint shrines centers for cultural preservation, and were counter-hegemonic with regard to the official state-issued version of conservative, orthodox Islam. While the Moroccan response to my paper had been positive, and even congratulatory, my findings presented at best a marginal "music", and with it a marginal practice of Islam. I had identified and recorded a rich genre that was but a footnote in the larger broader category called, *az-zajal*, which refers to various forms of Moroccan poetry recited or written in one of Morocco's varied regional dialects (Kapchan 2000, al-Jirari).

For the Algerians, my research was much more compelling. One scholar was interested in knowing about women's visitation at saint shrines. I explained that women went to the yearly moussem at the zawiya to see friends and relatives from neighboring villages, and that, in the past, when the tradition had been stronger, it had been a place where women sang in hopes of attracting potential husbands. There was also talk of women running away with men, having lovers, and engaging in prostitution at the site as well, although these seemed to be the more fantastic stories that people liked to tell because they were so outside the norm of their daily lives. They confirmed that the same

stories were told about saint shrines in Algeria too, and that they understood the mobility that women had in rural areas, outside the purview of conservative urban norms to be a very positive thing. Another scholar argued that the fact that these practices occurred in rural areas helped insure their survival, and also allowed for a more flexible version of Islam, one that preserved what he considered a more authentic, precolonial local understanding. The last scholar was utterly surprised to find out that the practice of ‘Ayoua existed in Morocco at all. The virtual separation of Algerians from Moroccans in the postcolonial period had served to erase the cultural memory, and the shared cultural practices that stretched across their fiercely guarded national borders. Today, as we see with the emergence of the Hand of Fatima as a national symbol of multiple interpretations of Islam in the wake of Islamic radicalism in Morocco, we might see Algeria and Morocco operationalizing, using Kelty’s term, rural religious expression yet again. While the emergence of this symbol does not point to resurgence in saint shrine visitation, it does signal an important act of re-imagining at the level of national consensus.

For most Moroccans, saint shrines are important in an historical sense, while for some people, like those I met while doing my master’s research, migration and the responsibilities of daily life prevented them from visiting saint shrines as they might have in the past. There is also the added dimension of economics and the financial cost of making a pilgrimage. In a country where unemployment hovers around 30%, education is an essential component to finding a good job. Immigrants from the countryside often get mired down in urban areas unable to return to their villages. Visits to saint shrines for

low-income families is something of a luxury. People may visit once a year, but their worldview lies well beyond that of the saint shrine.

The first time I visited the shrine of Moulay ‘Abd as-Salam ibn Mashish, I attended with a woman who had grown up in the region and who lived in Tangier at the subsistence level. She lived in a small apartment with her son, then unmarried and working as a taxi driver. She received financial support from him and from a married daughter who worked as an elementary school teacher. Neither her son nor daughter were particularly interested in the pilgrimage to the shrine so I made a convenient companion. Once there we were met by ladies she knew from her natal village, and we enjoyed a peaceful visit. A couple of years later, this woman’s nieces took me to the shrine for the last time before I was to leave to return home. Although no one knew I was not Moroccan, we were greeted with aggressive requests for money and were treated like wealthy tourists. The modicum of economic ease that separated these young women from their aunt was enough to register them in a completely different economic level according to those who lived in this remote village in the Rif Mountains whose only income was money spent by visitors to the shrine. So uncomfortable and bitter was the experience for the nieces, they vowed never to return. In the space of less than one generation, a way of life and orientation towards sacred veneration, an attachment to a genre of female poetic expression, an understanding of personal identity, in the events of one ill-fated pilgrimage seemed to vanish almost entirely. The woman I had first gone with had shielded me from this side of the shrine. During my year of fieldwork, three of the family of four sisters of this extended family, all in their late sixties and seventies, died. Their daughters, having

grown up in the city, and a good number of who had migrated to Europe, had very little attachment to the mountains at all.

For the Algerians with whom I spoke, saint shrines were the places that preserved a tolerant and flexible practice of Islam, and a place where one might have some idea of what life was like in the precolonial era. For people who felt a sense of cultural loss in Algeria, saint shrines were a nostalgic repository of all things from the past. In terms of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, ‘Ayoua would have been what was called a "living tradition" in the discourse of the festival organizers, and in fact was similar in genre to other regional musics performed by women from rural areas of Morocco. A great number of musicians who perform at the Fes Festival, actually live and perform in some kind of diasporic relation to where the musical tradition comes from. According to the logic of the festival, the fact that a particular tradition may morph into new varieties to suit the needs of a community in diaspora is a testament to the strength of the tradition itself, and not grounds to dismiss the genre as "inauthentic". In fact, a genre played throughout a diaspora would be considered much more authentic than music played somewhere in the medina of Fes that had become greatly commodified or fetishized for tourist consumption. The latter was disdainfully called "folklore", which bore a particularly negative meaning. It is interesting here that while anthropology took some time to think of the diaspora as a place to do multi-sited research because it had strong reservations about issues of authenticity, the model of authenticity set forth by the Fes Festival immediately recognized the lifeline of a tradition as it moves across time and space in diaspora.

In my research I had found that there were a great number of Spanish social scientists and linguists who had studied the north of Morocco, not surprising considering that the area had been under Spanish (and to some extent British) colonial rule, and some small territories, Ceuta and Mellila, are still Spanish-held territories today on Morocco's Mediterranean coast. In Spain there had been attempts to embrace the cultural legacy of Arab Berber influence, which led to the Andalucista political party (Partido Socialista Andaluz, later called Partido Andalucista). Under Franco the party was put down, and its most eloquent proponents, Blas Infante and Garcìa Lorca, were executed (Duran: 20, 22). The separate colonial encounter that this region of Morocco had encountered was but one more way that my research was further marginalized within the French colonial frame. In 1998-99 when I studied in the north, I never met another American scholar there. At the conference in Fes I met Phillip Schuyler whose long-term research interests had been in the north as well. His paper presented then, entitled "Joujouka/Jajouka/Zahjouka: Moroccan Music and Euro-American Imagination", dealt with the development of the multiple positions towards what tradition is in a similar way that I have tried to lay out here.

When I returned home, I bought some Jajouka music that I found in the world music section of Waterloo Records in Austin, and later purchased online from Amazon.com. Without actually listening to the music of "Jajouka", I assumed that it would be something familiar based on my conversations with Schuyler. He had heard the samples I played from 'Ayoua at the conference, and afterwards we had had an extended conversation about the way migration had impacted expressive culture in the region. I was surprised when I read the liner notes for the Jajouka CD, which described the music

as "the lost rites of Pan", and equated the belief systems and practice around the music as some kind of lost pagan practices passed down from antiquity among lost Roman tribes. The lost Greco-Roman poets and musicians of the classical era were apparently preserved in the small mountainside Moroccan hamlets in the Rif Mountains, or so we are told by Burroughs.

That the music is often played in weddings, during summer periods when village boys are circumcised, or to commemorate Islamic holidays, was left out of the CD's liner notes, and it was attributed exclusively to "an ancient pagan ritual". In fact, one of the CDs songs, *Tala'a al-Badru 'Alayna*[28], is one of the oldest songs associated with the establishment of Islam. It is thought to be the song sung by the *Ansar* residents of Yathrib[29], now Medina, as they welcomed the Prophet Mohammed after his *hijra*, or flight out of Mekka. They were the first community to become Muslims on a large scale, and when people sing the song today, the style of music is always different and reflects local musical variations, but the singing of the song ties local communities into a larger master narrative about the coming of the Prophet and the knowledge and power he

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[28] Translates as "The White Moon Rose Over Us". A good deal of thinking through this section of the dissertation was done as a student in Veit Erlmann's Music and Globalization seminar in the spring of 2000, in which I came across this version of this song while completing an assignment for his class in which we collected different versions of the same song. I collected approximately 40 versions of this song during a 3-month period. Some were found on Amazon, some by googling and scanning various MP3 files that were uploaded by Muslims from every corner of the globe, and some I found accidentally on some of my Muslim friend's bookshelves. G**ü**lsah Yildirim first mentioned the importance of this song to me, and led me to Ahmed Tijani's Caribbean-inspired version of the song, as well as Yusuf Islam's (formerly known as Cat Stephens) version, and an animated Turkish children's video that portrayed the takeover of Constantinople by Fatih Sultan Mehmet with this song playing in the background.

[29] Yathrib was the pre Islamic name for what is now the city of Medina. *Ansar* refers to its residents, and means "the helpers", as they welcomed and assisted the Prophet and his companions after they fled Mecca.

bestowed upon his new Muslim community. On this CD, this song and others like it are submerged under a discourse of lost Roman ancestry, part of the Euro-American imagination that Schuyler pointed to in the paper he presented.

It is certainly true that Morocco had absorbed much of Roman culture, and we know from archeological evidence that the Berbers traveled extensively in Europe, even introducing sheep and the production of wool as far away as present-day Ireland. On the other hand, this region also absorbed some of the medieval Islamic tenets propagated in the name of orthodox Islam. While the Fes Festival does market "Sufi" music and uproots ritual and plants it on a global stage in unconventional ways, it is at the same time a corrective to uninformed representations of the region's many highly varied expressions of religion such as this example of Jajouka. If we compare Burroughs' representation to some of the text that is carefully written for the various Fes Festival performers, we see that while both make use of global markets and global desires for nostalgic Sufis and Sufi music, the products of their endeavors are worlds apart.

While the context here is how a music is understood through globalizing world music rhetoric on the one hand, I also became interested in how local musical traditions, were morphed into reimagined archaic remnants of premodern western societies. When we follow the process of globalization around the world, we see a couple of trends happening. As communities rethink their identity with their encounter with globalization, there is at once a Neoliberal discourse of democracy that claims to allow everyone to participate in capital centered markets, and there is an intensification of the local, as if authentic local places that retain an element of distinct identity and difference somehow mask the potential change that globalization brings to local places. Smiling natives

portray the idea that globalization takes people as they are, offers economic opportunity, and leaves identities intact[30], what Mitchell (2002: 196-205) has called the fetishization of the peasant. With regard to the Muslim world, Mahmoud argues that current world politics and global economies create "good" and "bad" Muslims. In perhaps no other sphere are the Neoliberal "Good Muslims" more apparent than in the sphere of world music (Swedenburg 2001) and tourism (Lavie) where tourist representations of local culture are new versions of minstrelization. I assert that while the Fes Festival does make use of global markets, its aesthetic is successful because it aims at avoiding a very specific notion of "folklore". Using "east" and "west" here are somewhat awkward, as Greco-Roman territories alluded to in the Jajouka CD liner notes are indeed to the east of Morocco. However, this east-west dichotomy is one generally present in most world music rhetoric: The creation of difference has much to do with the marketability of some genres of music. The apparent unearthing of ancient ancestors in "others" local musics hints at some ill-conceived promise of democracy and multiculturalism while it successfully ignores cultural specificity of the tradition on its own terms, in its own historical context (Bader).

Both the Euro-American imagination that creates out of Jajouka the lost flutes of Pan as well as the Fes Festival's effort to emphasize the sacred aspects of a genre while not being particularly interested in the remaining aspects engage in operationalizing culture in the staging of music. Although operationalized in very different ways, with

[30] A number of works look at the ossification of "the native" at the intersection of capitalism, tourism, and rural or peasant groups. For example, see the following: Barthel, Bruner, Hale, Ong, Mitchell, 1988.

very different emphasis on the meaning of genre, the two seem to be trying to create some sense of community. Although somewhat awkward, the two endeavors attempt to reach each other, or at least imagine some kind of union.

There is plenty to critique when we look at the world music industry (Burnett), but beyond the obvious level of criticism, what creates a mystical other in the music an "other" that is generally thought of as some kind of primeval ancestor? The assumption seems to be that if we immerse ourselves in world musics, as westerners from industrialized spheres, that we will somehow reconnect to an older part of our humanity and somehow emerge whole, less fractured than before.

Following this line of thinking, after many detours, and unforeseen events, I eventually ended up at the Fes Festival of Sacred Music. Though the Fes context was quite different from the mountainside hamlets I had visited and those imagined ones I had read about, the question of what nostalgic Westerners and Moroccans eager to find more meaningful traditions in a contemporary world do with "tradition" had become a kind of obsession for me. Perhaps people like Bowles and Burroughs would never have wanted to have been the architects of the world music industry as it exists today since so much about their lifestyle and travels indicate their distaste for westernization, but their musings and longings about music certainly contributed and seem to have opened some kind of space in both the Western and Moroccan imagination where difference and cultural mingling occur. This experience has been captured in the film Hideous Kinky (Freud) wherein Freud's granddaughter, with all of the rationality and western psychoanalysis one might possibly have at one's command, throws off the mantle of European enlightenment and heads to Morocco in search of spirituality in Sufism. So

much has the idea of turning to "the East" for spiritual enlightenment that has been lost become embedded in western societies, even Homer Simpson accompanies the manager of the local Quickie Mart, Apu, back to India to consult with a Guru living on a distant mountaintop who has become used to seeing people like him.

Batstone (229) credits Burroughs and others of the Beat generation with paving the road for "emerging spiritualities", and claims that their writings were spiritual protests. Like McLuhan, they imagined a time when an electronic media, such as the Internet, would allow for an individual's spirituality to emerge outside the conventional parameters of organized religion. Hall says the following about music and imagination:

> The character of this displaced "homeward" journey "ends" not in Ethiopia but with Garvey's statue in front of the St. Ann Parish library in Jamaica: not with a traditional tribal chant but with music of Burning Spear and Bob Marley's Redemption Song. This is our long journey home. [Hall: 309]

Malkki (1997) suggests that we look for "accidental communities of memory". Perhaps this is what the process of globalization does to memory. But it is not enough to sink into what Wilk (2000) has called "Globobabble", the practice of substituting the word globalization for analysis in such away that we lose perspective of how it operates simultaneously at different levels. He says "In this globalized, global age, when everything has globated to the point where it is completely globulous, we obviously need some new vocabulary to describe the globish trends that are englobing us all".

In the following chapters I will look at the way "globalization" happens in Fes. I would like also to continue Ebron's idea of interruption in ethnographic narrative, as a means of locating what she calls multilayered ethnography generated from the multiple

imaginative projects that inhabit ethnographic spaces. In doing so, she claims that a place like Morocco comes to life as an object of its many interconnections (216).

Following Ebron's model for interrupted narrative as a way of understanding performing national identity, I move on to juxtaposing different stories in illustrating how musical genres are conceptualized in different contexts. This story also follows Tsing's idea that the trajectory of globalization is anything but predictable, and puts people together in situations they might never imagine. The next chapter deals with relics, imagined as modern and sometimes authentic, and notions of who exactly "natives" are as they are strewn across different places by the processes of globalization, and what songs they sing once they get there.

## Chapter 3:

## Locating Local Performances: An Interrupted, Interconnected Story

This chapter deals with finding locality, and the people to whom Neoliberal discourse tells us authenticity belongs. It comes in three parts, flowing between the settings in which I came to approach an understanding of the location of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music both within Morocco and in the U.S. in terms of the influence of both the world music industry and western tourists and travelers. I have chosen these three stories because in them we get a sense of how musical performances are structured and about how difference, or alterity, as it relates to locality is thought about across different fieldsites. Each constitutes an entry story, the genre used by anthropologists, as Ebron notes, to begin their ethnographic representations of place and how they got there. By grouping these together I hope to demonstrate the way in which the subject of research itself is created over time.

The thread that runs through these stories is the construction of authenticity in musical performance and the way cultural capital, marginality of cultural forms, and alterity converge. When I use the term alterity, I invoke Csordas' recent work on the subject in which he puts forth the idea that alterity is itself the kernel of religion (163). Drawing from Weiss, he suggests that the "ineffable," as he calls it, lies somewhere at the coming together of embodiment and "otherness," here defined as something outside ourselves, an isolated experience or sphere of experience we cannot quite explain to ourselves. While we cannot equate an isolated experience or even a sphere of experience with religion itself, the encounter with what Csordas calls the ineffable is the place to

which we seek to return after the experience ends. The alterity of the experience pushes one to revisit it over and over again, in search of the thing one did not understand. At each return, perhaps another such experience happens, which in turn sparks the desire to return yet again. Rather than documenting what religion is, his idea helps explain the link between alterity and what we experience as the ineffable. While perhaps not characteristic of his larger work on phenomenology and religion, this concept helps in part to explain the first story, one of westerners drawn to religious traditions, in this case, to Islam through Sufism[31]. Csordas extends his argument further when he says, "political alterity is a religious structure" (163). In other words, the attraction to the political other is something of a religious longing. The Fes Festival seems to operate according to this logic, and, despite its commercial packaging, the arrangement of difference in musical genres and religious traditions is appealing at a very fundamental human level, according to Csordas. The three stories I present here try to tease out this posited relationship between alterity and religious experience. I believe the term alterity takes us further than the term religion does, however, because it is not bound to a single religious tradition, but tries to get at the nature of the experience of the ineffable and the unexplainable.

I begin with "natives" in Austin, Texas, then move on to life in a Fassi family and the way sound matters in everyday contexts. From this picture of the everyday we get a sense of class that generates difference on a Moroccan scale. Regimes of difference and class shift from site to site. So do various understandings of Islamic practice and locations of the sacred, as well as layers of distinction as all of these things constitute

[31] Here I use Islam through Sufism because some westerners call themselves Sufi while choosing not to call themselves Muslim. The Fes Festival itself also draws on this distinction, as Shannon has noted (2003b), in its promotional materials.

different musical genres. Moroccan social strata and musical preferences are reformulated for a global audience, and sound and the social space it opens up are given new meaning. Formulations of difference here are contrasted intentionally. In the last chapter, I tried to convey the idea of multiple operationalized versions of a single tradition. Here, I want to juxtapose different operationalized versions, and to demonstrate the way that we all are aware of these different versions and how we switch back and forth between them. Rather than taking a more straightforward approach to the understanding of music or culture or an identifiable tradition, I want to get at the way we operationalize, where the process of operationalizing is the primary object in itself and how our searching for moments of alterity frame all of this. The academic fascination with multiculturalism and the American mode of constructing it is contrasted with alterity, or rather I try to contextualize it as but one version of alterity. I do the same with what I call the Moroccan everyday sphere that is often unapologetic about its own rigidity about difference and the sacred.

FIG. 14 Local day laborers from Fes helping erect the large tents used for free evening concerts offered by the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, Sufi Nights (Photo by the author, ©2003)

My first encounter with the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music began in Austin, Texas in the spring of 1997. Faouzi Skali traveled to the U.S. to give lectures on Sufism on the UT Austin campus as well as to make contacts with American Sufis who might be interested in joining the Boutshishi tariqa to which he not only belonged, but for which he served as a representative *muqadim*. In is role as *muqadim*, he represented his Sheikh, Sidi Hamza, as a member of the tariqa and answered questions about Islam and Sufism, and also helped in assisting new members on their spiritual journey into the tariqa. In

time, as I came to know Skali better, I realized that all of his many roles, academician, founder of the Fes Festival, and as a muqadim of the Boutshishi tariqa, all seem to radiate out from his faith. I relate the following story not to reveal ulterior motives in his visit to Austin, but rather to demonstrate the faith continuum from which he operates in all of his roles. Quite different from the model of the American academy, formed mostly along the lines of liberal secularism, Skali's many roles are not compartmentalized[32].

After his talks on campus, Skali invited those of us who had attended his lecture on Sufism to attend a Sufi *dhikr* ceremony he was to lead in Dripping Springs, on the outskirts of Austin. At the time I had very little idea what a *dhikr* was. I had read about *dhikr* ceremonies and understood that they were essentially chanting sessions, with the chants led by a Sheikh. The chanting would often begin with an opening recitation from the Qur'an. Then, the person leading the dhikr would draw from the ninety-nine names of Allah (*al-Asmaa al-Husna*), each with different meanings, or other phases like "*la ilaha il Allah*" (there is no deity but Allah), and then recite them in succession in varying lengths of time, the leader of the dhikr choosing whatever name or phrase might best suit the moment. It would be up to the leader to decide how many times something would be chanted by the group. Depending on the mood of the Sheikh, the adherents in attendance,

[32] I attended a conference in Chefchaouen, Morocco in 1999 that brought together different scholars of the Sufi mystic al-Shadhili from all over North Africa. In the audience were a mixture of local Sufis dressed in distinctive tariqa jellebas, members of the Moroccan Press, locals interested in the conference, and academics focusing on everything from Arabic literature and poetry to Islamic history and jurisprudence. Several times during the conference when a line was recited from a well-known Sufi poet, the audience would take over and continue to recite the poem or perhaps prayer from which a scholar had been referring. When completed, the mode of attention then switched back to that of academic conference. I say this not to reinforce Orientalized stereotypes about mystic Muslim lands, but rather to point out that knowledge in all its forms tends not to be compartmentalized as we would think of it in a western academic sense.

and other unknown factors, the span of time in which such an event might happen could be highly variable, ranging from an hour to several hours or more. This much I knew.

I remember fearing that I had gotten myself sucked into some weird New Age thing, and that the traditions Westerners were attempting to revitalize were somehow very separate from what we might actually see in Morocco. I now realize how unaware I was of just how much I myself subconsciously believed in the idea of cultural authenticity. Still, in spite of myself, I went to the *dhikr*. I went primarily because Skali had invited me, but it was also a beautiful Sunday and a nice day for a drive, and I wanted to satisfy my curiosity about what this was all about.

I drove down Mopac until it was no more, and then turned on to a not so smoothly paved road lined with low lying cedars. I saw a glint of gold on the horizon, and then passed a massive Hindu temple, something else I was suspicious about seeing in Dripping Springs, Texas. Next I passed The Salt Lick, a barbecue restaurant famous for its Texas-style meats topped with Korean sauces. I eventually made my way to the place where the *dhikr* was to be held, and as I approached the hay bale structure with white-washed walls, I wasn't sure anymore whether I was really a half-mile away from a barbecue restaurant, or someplace in a Santa Fe pueblo. My own stoic, mostly Roman Catholic upbringing (with more lighthearted sprinklings of Reformed Judaism from my mother's side and a healthy portion of Protestant work ethic on my father's side), had not prepared me for such an encounter. Although I had been exposed to a variety of religious expressions as a child, they were all organized religions, ones that required that you leave a part of yourself at home on Sundays, the part that hid in the confessional on Saturday, or sought

atonement in a prescribed manner, or cried a lot with the uttering of hallelujah at tent revivals on hot summer evenings during Homecoming.

The triple exposure to religion I had growing up had reinforced the idea that religion is about ritual, about predictability, about self-discipline, that it belonged to distinct groups of people in recognized community buildings on major thoroughfares, not off dirt roads near barbecue restaurants and Hindu temples. Religion for me was a frame outside of which a lot of meaningful human experience could not be accounted for. I was not accustomed to people who chose elements from different faith traditions for the ultimate goal of self-fulfillment; I had experienced discipline and the idea that through discipline one curbs self-fulfillment.

As I approached the group that had gathered at the *dhikr* ceremony that day, with each step I felt a bit more apprehensive. There was no apparent hierarchy, no structure, no formality, no prescribed ritual or sacred silence awash in holy water and frankincense, no place to light a candle for someone for whom you wanted to pray, no array of mysterious casseroles covered in saran wrap nor watered down, over sweetened tea, just friendly Americans excitedly interacting with Moroccans they had met just minutes earlier.

Before even speaking to anyone, I was very uneasy that I had come at all. The face of Pope John Paul II smiling down from my grandmother's bureau and watching him on tour in his Pope mobile with my extended family, or Passover at the Atlanta Jewish Progressive Club during high holidays, or the talks about hell fire and damnation between bites of Cream of Mushroom soup-laced, canned fried onion-topped green bean casserole – these were traditions that had a fixed shape and meaning. Moreover, when I was

present at such places, there was an implication that I believed and wanted to take part in what was going on. Meeting somewhere off the side of the road with people who knew nothing about each other, who could not communicate in a shared language, this was more than I could fully understand at that moment. So far I had participated in an American "parade of cultures" (Schechner), where each culture is isolated in its own space with fixed boundaries. Although I had inhabited all these boundaried religious spaces, I had never been in an unboundaried space such as this, in which anything seemed possible. My disappointment with not being able to be "more open to the experience" and the voices from my multilayered religious past rose up in criticism in my mind making it hard to look objectively at what was going on around me.

The *dhikr* ceremony proceeded somewhat as I had imagined it might. The white-haired man that led the dhikr (not Faouzi as I had expected, but another man), began with a short recitation from the Qur'an. At one point, it became obvious that we were all to join in with something like a chant. He initiated the word and the rhythm to be chanted, "*ar-Rahman*," one of the names of Allah that translates as "The Merciful One," then "*Hua Hu*," that translates as something like "He is the one." Using his *tesbih*, or his prayer beads, his fingers slipped over a new bead after each enunciation. A strand of prayer beads contains ninety-nine beads; sometimes we repeated a name ninety-nine times, sometimes more.

Eventually we came to "Allah." This we recited many times, and as time passed "Allah" transformed into a more ecstatic "Allah-ha" which was being enunciated with great concentration by both the Moroccans and the Americans. The last syllable "ha" was exhaled by the leader in such a way that he seemed to empty his body of every molecule

of breath. I expected him to faint at some point, but he remained composed and seemed indefatigable. He continued, as if at each turn he were deliberately ridding his body of something. His conviction was apparent, and everyone seemed somewhat focused on him. I wondered what made the Americans want to chant Allah. Were they Muslims? Were they American Sufis who were not concerned with calling themselves Muslims? They were not only comfortable with chanting Allah, but seemed to be getting something meaningful out of it. I chanted too and eventually stopped asking myself "why."

The chanting bounced off the packed mud walls, seeming to take on a life of its own. On the drive down, I had imagined a power dynamic wherein Moroccans would play the role of exotic guests, the exotic objects, whose otherness would punctuate the Texas countryside with some sense of authenticity. I was wrong – something else was going on here. Everyone was intent on producing this group chant, and the resonance of it all was overwhelming. There came a point when the air around us no longer felt like air, rather it was like trying to swallow sound. The reason for holding the dhikr at this site was to take advantage of the acoustics that the mud walls provided.

The leader of the dhikr and the other Moroccans around him possessed an unusual sense of composure, and their voices were so loud and so intense that their presence and the sound they created seemed to require a kind of submission on the part of those present. The sound itself structured the behavior of the group, what Henriques calls "sonic dominance." The dhikr ritual and the use of sound itself opened a new social space. Whether we spoke the same language or were from similar spiritual backgrounds was of little consequence. The use of sound allowed everyone some equal footing in taking part in what was going on. Rather than a shared theology, everyone shared the

intention of participating in the chanting – that is what held things together. Henriques defines sonic dominance, and the power that sound has on sociality in the following passage:

> Referring to our relationship with the world Merleau-Ponty deploys the term 'chiasm', which in physiology means the intertwining or criss-crossing of nerves. This contrasts with the normal visual assumption of the chasm between observer and observed. The sonic operates with the qualities of mood, colour, texture, timbre and affect, rather than the quantities of measured calculation. The particular spatiality attaching to the sonic has been described as 'acoustic space' [D.C. Williams]. This is a kind of space you are inside as well as outside and it is inside you as well as you being inside it. In fact with sound it simply does not make sense to think of having an inside and an outside in the way that the visual sensory modality, with its preoccupation with surfaces, restricts us. Sound is both surface and depth at once. As emphasized by sonic dominance, sound is everywhere, hardly even making the dualistic division between here and there. In fact, sonic dominance helps to generate a specific particular sense of place rather than a general abstract idea of space. It's unique, immediate and the place of tradition and ritual performance. [Henriques 458-459]

When it was over, there was a sense of having shared something among the participants. A communitas (Turner) or collective effervescence (Durkheim) seemed to have occurred at some point. I was fresh out of my first social theory course and still immersed in theory written in a time when Malinowskian "being there" was not at all about writing globalization and imperialism, not to mention the idea of third spaces, into the timelessness (Fabian), or the anthropological study of religion. Would a postcolonial theory help in understanding what this sense of communitas had been here that day? This was not exactly a postcolonial setting, but the subaltern (Spivak) did seem to speak that day, and then some.

The congregational nature of the event was familiar for both Americans and Moroccans. But what about the sound? Stoller's writings on the senses, in particular his essay on taste and meaning, seemed relevant in getting at a sense of the knowledge that

emerges through embodiment, in getting at the sensation I had experienced of feeling as if I was swallowing sound. Still, Stoller's "sauce" analogies, with their implications of inscribing meaning rather than being led to meaning through the senses, did not seem appropriate for what I had just witnessed.

But what had I just seen? The people who had gathered that day were not reinforcing a shared identity. They were creating something new. Their only means of communicating were group hugs on the part of the Americans, and vigorous nodding that involved almost the entire body or a gesture of putting the hand over the heart with a bow of the head on the part of the Moroccans. Both clearly enjoyed the experience, and were not set back by the lack of a common language. Both clearly seemed to get *something* out of this chanting. The sound of the chant, the *chiasm* that it produced, to again draw upon Henriques' reading of Merleau-Ponty, formed the basis of connection among the diverse group of people in attendance that day. Even I, with all my baggage and skepticism, had gotten something out of the chanting. At each step along the way the Americans' excitement for the dhikr increased and seemed to require from the leader of the dhikr that he deliver the next cycle of chanting in a more engaged and intense way. The atmosphere was one of implied participation. Whereas in the Euro-American tradition of liturgical music, one might participate with some restraint[33], the opposite was true here. Restraint signaled lack of interest, and my occasional holding back was met with encouraging glances from those around me.

I learned later that this give and take between the person leading the dhikr and the Americans in attendance that day was part of an aesthetic long present in Middle Eastern

[33] For a history of the silent Western audience, see Johnson.

and North African musical contexts[34], what Racy (1986, 1988, 1991) has called an "ecstatic feedback model" and what Shannon (2003b) has called "*tarab culture*." I perhaps use "tarab culture" in a more generalized way than Shannon would, as the term tarab is used normally with regard to Arab art music, and not generally for religious contexts in which *al-hal*, or for nonsacred contexts where *nashat*, as Kapchan (2002) defines it, might be more appropriate[35]. While the behavior in Western tradition of those listening to liturgy versus those listening to music vary (ranging from reserved silence to active participation), we do not find a lexicon relating to the different kinds of enjoyment or ecstasy one experiences within this spectrum. In Middle Eastern music, on the other hand, there are in some cases strictly designated forms of music, and a lexicon designating levels of enjoyment or pleasure that corresponds to a specific kind of music or sound. Shannon (2003b: 167) uses the term "tarab culture" to point out the fact that while there is a scale of religious music versus music for everyday, nonreligious events, the listeners do not necessarily change their behavior or response to whatever they are hearing. Showing response, or "ecstatic feedback," is generally the norm. While there are different words used for different kinds of enjoyment, the continuum between the sacred

[34] I refer to Middle Eastern and North African music because I am contextualizing the behavior of Moroccans at this dhikr ritual, but in fact one finds a variety of participatory musical models all over the world. Johnson's history of the silent audience leads us to believe that silence is only a normative behavior in some Western contexts, and it is an exceptional case when compared with other genres and other traditions worldwide. There is a large body of literature built around the notion of participation in musical events, which is approached quite differently among ethnomusicologists, musicologists, anthropologists, music educators, and from the literature around the sequence of ritual. For more on an anthropological-ethnomusicological perspective on participation in musical contexts, see Feld 1988, Keill, and Turino.)

[35] For more on the distinctions made between sacred, profane, and everyday contexts in which Arab music is played see Shiloah, al-Faruqi, and During).

and the everyday (ibid) bears a sense of connectivity rather than a compartmentalization of experiences. Here, I use tarab culture to indicate the expectation of response that is common in Middle Eastern music and the music of sacred contexts. *Tarab*, a hard word to define in a succinct way, but whose meaning is close to "ecstasy" or "enchantment," is thought to be co-created, a synergy from the circle of performers and the audience, wherein the participation of both blurred the lines of who is in control of the performance.

After the group began to dwindle that day in Dripping Springs, a very excited young woman rolled over close to me on the floor and said, "Wow!! I really like this chanting! It really struck something strong in me…*Al-lahhh, Al-lllahhhh.*" She began recounting the dhikr and closed her eyes, and rolled back over to the spot where she had left her purse. Still not able to "let go" as she had, I remembered Fernea and Malarkey's caricature of the anthropologist of the Muslim world showing up at a remote, long abandoned fieldsite no longer of relevance to the people who had built it. I again felt disappointed with the nagging criticisms that kept coming to mind. I tried to focus once more on the sound and what it had meant, but instead felt the proverbial pith helmet limiting my view of the whole thing. How could the willingness of the Moroccans and the seeming randomness of the place where this dhikr had taken place be explained? If the anthropological study of Islam itself is problematic (Asad 1986), it what ways would cultural phenomena like this be problematic? I somewhat dismissed the whole experience that day as something that could only happen in America, and still imagined a place out there, a place less confusing and ambivalent than this.

**Part 2: Fes**

This section signals something of a break in the larger text. It is written in a more literary style, and is a reworking of fieldnotes written during my first trip to Morocco in May of 1997. I rewind here with the intention of showing the ways Moroccans used music to orient themselves and to teach me about what they considered Moroccan traditions. Although not the most ancient place in Morocco, Fes is often the object of inquiries around Moroccan authenticity. In an effort again to explore the spaces of a global imagination, I include this story as a way of presenting an alternate view of Moroccan tradition with regard to what we might see on the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music's stage. I do this not to undermine the festival frame, but rather to show the arrangement of tradition that one might find in a Moroccan household. I also want to illustrate the ways that within a single household, each member might have their own private imaginary spheres between which they navigate.

This story is meant to be something of a dialogue with Paul Bowles' *Spider's House*. It is not meant as a tribute per se, or as a new version of his writing. It is simply that I find his style to be more evocative than a social science voice. In his later work *Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue: Scenes from the Non-Christian World*, he claimed that music is everywhere in Morocco. Following a quote from this work about the role of music in Morocco, I shift to a narrative in which I enter Morocco as a blank slate, and relate how at each turn Moroccans tried to teach me something via their attachment to and dislike of different kinds of sound.

> The most important single element in Morocco's folk culture is its music. […] Moroccans have a magnificent and highly evolved sense of rhythm which manifests itself in the twin arts of music and dance. […] The entire history and mythology of the

[Moroccan] people is clothed in song. Instrumentalists and singers have come into being in lieu of chroniclers and poets, and even during the most recent chapter in the country's evolution-the war of independence and the setting up of the present pre-democratic regime- each phase of the struggle has been celebrated in countless songs. [2006: 91-92]

After establishing the importance of music, some pages later, Bowles speaks of his experience with a government representative from Fes with whom he spoke about his project recording traditional Moroccan music funded by the Rockefeller Foundation, now housed in the Library of Congress. The representative shared a characteristic disdain for Bowles' fascination with everything traditional.

Few of them are as frank about their convictions as the official in Fez who told me, "I detest all folk music, and particularly ours here in Morocco. It sounds like the noises made by savages. Why should I help you to export a thing which we are trying to destroy? You are looking for tribal music. There are no more tribes. We have dissolved them. So the word means nothing. And there never was any tribal music anyway- only noise. *Non, monsieur*, I am not in accord with your project." In reality, the present government's policy is far less extreme than this man's opinion. The music itself has not been much tampered with-only the lyrics, which are now indoctrinated with patriotic sentiments. Practically all large official celebrations are attended by groups of folk musicians from all over the country; their travel and living expenses are paid by the government, and they perform before large audiences. As a result the performing style is becoming slick, and the extended forms are disappearing in favor of truncated versions which are devoid of musical sense. [ibid: 126-127]

Bowles' novel *The Spider's House* deals with postcolonial Morocco and its emerging sense of self as it develops in Fes. He sets up the interesting contradiction, that is Fes in terms of its medieval role as well as its role in the formation of the Protectorate and a site central Moroccan Independence. My second entry story starts along these lines. Rather than extending the metaphor of contradiction, I write at the level of the everyday to get at what Stewart (2007) has called "ordinary affects," or the experiences of the everyday that are sites of cultural politics.

…

A few months after the Dripping Springs dhikr experience, I was in Fes, where I had opted to study for the summer to learn some Arabic and to get some ideas for research. I showed up at the American Language Institute of Fes where I had made arrangements over the Internet to study Moroccan dialect while living with a family picked by the school according to my specifications. I thought that if I were placed with a English-speaking family, I would not learn much Arabic, so I had specifically asked to be placed with a family that spoke only Arabic if possible.

The school was housed in the new part of the city, *la ville nouvelle*, built during French colonial times, in what had once been a Jewish school. This was part of the school's lore that was described in the "about us" area of the website. I picked up on this as I noticed Hebrew inscriptions in the familiar stucco carvings where one would normally see words like "Allah." The building dated back to the 1930s, and had an interesting mixture of art deco, Hebrew inscriptions, traditional Fassi stucco carvings, and *zelij*, or colorful tiled mosaic work. The mixture of elements – art deco wrought iron, tiled areas that abruptly ended in linoleum, the conference room dripping with plaster that hung down in stalactite forms, the vaulted ceilings and semi-spiral staircases – seemed a bit schizophrenic[36].

I sat waiting to speak with the secretary, Houriya, who was swamped with other out-of-sorts Americans like myself, all wide-eyed and eager to get settled in and find a bed to sleep off some of the jet leg. Too tired to really move after a long journey by

[36] The mixture of architectural styles one sees in "les villes nouvelles" is a deliberate blend of styles of the French Modern aesthetic. What I saw that day in Fes was an example of the architecture one finds in Casablanca. See Cohen and Eleb.

plane(s), trains, and automobiles, I sat waiting for the secretary to get to me. She told me at one point that I would stay with a big family in the *medina*, or the medieval part of the city. She said apologetically, "But they have a lot of kids, and they are…well… *very* religious." Good, I thought to myself, I came to learn Arabic and it might as well be baptism by fire. "Well, that's fine, more people to practice with," I said. She nodded, and said, "I'll let you know when they are coming."

More time passed, and no one came. My blood sugar was at an all time low and I was exhausted. I was so tired that I started to imagine somewhat delusionally that no one would really notice if I went to sleep. I crouched in the corner, propped up by my two large suitcases, to try to look awake and hoped that I wouldn't drool or snore. Just as I started to doze off, the secretary click clacked over to me in her high heels. She told me again that she was not able to reach the family. She asked me if I could wait, and I said "O.K.," since it looked like I didn't really have much choice. A while later, she came over and started dragging my suitcases into a small office. I got up to follow her and she said, "Come with me, you are having lunch at my house today." This was my first real taste of Moroccan hospitality, and from the speed with which I jumped up from behind my suitcases it was understood how grateful I was to be joining her.

We got into her car and we drove a good distance from the new town. We passed the medina and I asked her something about the layout of the city. She explained that she lived with her mom and sister in a newer part of the city on the outskirts of the medina. From the look of things, this area was somewhat crowded but more residential than the new town. She told me that this is where most Fassis lived. She explained that it was quieter than the new town, and more comfortable and newer than the medina. We had a

nice lunch and towards the end of the meal another American student emerged from behind one of the closed doors off the center room of the house. She gave me the most minimal of greetings and then fixed a plate and retreated back to her room. Houriya told me, "That's another student from the school. She lives here with us. She'll be here the whole summer." Raising her eyebrows, she said, "She's American, she needs her "space,"" and she motioned the quotation marks with her hands and rolled her eyes sarcastically. Houriya was accustomed to dealing with aloof Americans and their concept of personal space, a concept I learned rather quickly did not bear an exact Moroccan equivalent.

Houriya's mother encouraged me to lie down on the banquettes where we had eaten and to take a nap. Houriya asked me if I wanted to take a shower or if I wanted anything, clean clothes, or a pillow from her room. I thanked her and before I knew it I was asleep. She woke me a little later, and said we should get back to the school. She wanted to call to check on the family I was supposed to stay with. She was very friendly, and vivacious and I was glad to be with her. I did not know what she was saying except when she was speaking English, but one need not speak Arabic to understand that she was something of a central decision maker at the school.

We sat in the garden of the school before it was to reopen after lunch hours. Houriya reached into her purse and offered me a cigarette. I said "no thanks," and she lit up. She yelled something across the garden to a man, Ba 'Abdullah, who ran a little snack bar. He apparently made lunch for students who wanted it, and practiced *derrija*, or Moroccan dialect, with even those who did not. The garden was quiet, except for the sounds of the birds in the tree above us, and the slow Oum Khoultoum tune that wafted

over to us from the Ba ‘Abdullah’s snack bar. He brought us some tea glasses stuffed full with mint. With a cigarette dangling from his weathered mouth, he cracked a smile as he offered me my glass. Stepping over a small family of kittens in the garden courtyard, he made his way back to the snack bar. The tune ended, the news came on, and the courtyard was crawling again with students.

Once we entered the school, I resumed waiting in my former spot and Houriya went back to dealing with the onslaught of students inquiring about classes, placement exams, where the closet post office was, and if there was any toilet paper to be had in the bathroom. Exhausted and heavy with a full stomach, I was daydreaming again about the Hebrew script and wondering how this place had become an Arabic school for mostly Americans and Europeans, and an English language school for local Moroccans. Into my daydreaming walked a tall blonde woman, with substantial platform heels and a miniskirt. She threw her long, silky hair to one side, put her hand on her hip and said in perfect English, “Are you Maria?”

“Yes,” I answered, somewhat surprised.

“Well, ok then. I’ve come to get you. Do you have bags?” as she glanced at my two large identical green suitcases.

“Yes…but I thought I was staying with a family …” I broke off, not really knowing how I was to explain that I was expecting a conservatively dressed mom with several children in tow. I wondered to myself how I would learn Arabic living with a family that had such a good command of English. I felt a bit disappointed but I was too tired to ask any questions.

"Houriya called my mom, she said you were nice and that you really needed a place to stay." I looked over at Houriya who gave me a wink. "It's better for you if you stay with us, we live close to here and you can walk to school everyday. The medina is far from here," she said with a certain amount of disdain. "It will be hard for you to take a taxi or a bus all the time. And we have a bathroom and a washing machine. And the medina is old, and too crowded anyway." Her argument made sense up to a point, but she was not entirely at ease. She furrowed her brow a little and then said, "You need to come quickly. My boyfriend is here to take your bags, but you can't tell my parents that he brought us, ok? My mom could not come today to get you, she is… busy. Please hurry, my parents will be home soon."

"Sure, ok…thank you for getting help with my bags," I said clumsily not really sure how Houriya had worked her magic, maybe she had made a call while I was asleep. Together we dragged my bags down the steps of the school and out of the garden and out to the curb. Sumeyra's boyfriend was waiting there for us in his dark blue Volkswagen Golf. He bounced out of the car and took care of my bags. He threw my bags on top of each other with great gusto. I was afraid he might have broken the glass oil candle I had contemplated at such great length as a gift for the family I would be staying with. Before arriving in Morocco, I had visited my relatives in the Netherlands. I asked a cousin to take me out shopping for a gift, as I knew I would be staying with a family and did not want to show up empty handed. My cousin recommended the oil lamp. I asked her if we hadn't better just get some kind of Blue Delft pottery, to which she laughed and implied was not the best choice. She was my namesake, which in my family meant I could not really say no to her. We looked for this lamp she had insisted on. We found one that had

a star and moon, reminiscent of the crescent moon of Islam, and had searched some more for some special midnight blue oil for the lamp, it seemed to go with the lamp my cousin had argued. I now imagined the blue oil oozing into my clothes and gulped.

Sumeyra's boyfriend, Yusuf, didn't speak English and did a lot of smiling and nodding his head as if to tell me "You're welcome here." Again, the full body nodding and the hand over the heart I had seen at the dhikr ceremony. I started to get in the backseat, and Sumeyra steered me to the front seat. At first I had understood this to be an act of hospitality, and then realized sometime later her crouching in the backseat was a result of the fact that her parents might see her with her boyfriend. My Americanness put me in another category in terms of what was ok and what wasn't. In the event that her parents had seen us with him, it could have been argued that I was just lost and confused and someone from the school volunteered to help me.

He pulled up close to the apartment building where she lived, quickly extracted my bags and in a heartbeat was gone. We pulled the suitcases through a line of café chairs that lined the sidewalk in front of the apartment building. The café closest to the doorway that led to the stairwell of the apartment was full of men smoking and drinking coffee and tea. We navigated a newspaper stand and a last empty table and entered the building. We lugged my bags upstairs. There was no elevator, and by the time we made it to the third floor, I was sure the glass oil lamp had been broken and that the blue oil had seeped into every layer of clothing. I cursed my cousin, and wished I had just gotten some Blue Delft pottery myself in the airport.

We passed a young, well-dressed woman who was descending the stairs as we were coming up. Sumeyra gave her a little sidelong glare and when she was out of

earshot, she told me, “Don’t ever talk to that woman. She is a prostitute. She lives alone, stays out late, and has many strange men coming here.”

We got to the door, somewhat breathless, and Sumeyra’s dad unlocked the many locks on the other side and welcomed us in. Again, the nod and the hand over the heart. I was relieved that someone would have to speak to me in Arabic here. Sumeyra told me that we would be sharing a room. We pulled my bags to the back of the apartment when Sumeyra disappeared. She came back a few minutes later in a white jelleba and the makeup she had been wearing was wiped off neatly, her hair was brushed and pulled back tightly in a clip. I commented that I liked her jelleba and tried to look closer at the embroidery on it. She rolled her eyes saying, “I don’t always dress like this. There was a death in our family today. I’m going with my family to make a visit. You can rest while we are gone. When we come back we can eat together and you can meet my family.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t know there was a death in your family. I hope I have not inconvenienced you. I could always try to find another place to stay if it is a bad time for you. Houriya said there was another family….”

“It’s ok. Houriya asked if we could help you. My mom was busy today with the funeral things, that’s why I came. It’s ok.”

“I see, thank you very much.” I almost nodded and put my hand over my heart but resisted somehow.

Sumeyra left and I closed the door to get a little sleep. I remembered the oil lamp and checked my bag. I was relieved to find it in tact, along with the blue oil, and happily went to sleep. Sometime later I was awakened by noises in the hall. Sumeyra came in and asked me to come out to meet her family.

I was introduced to her mom, Rabia and her sister Mouna with her niece 'Afaf, and a cousin Yasemine, who was also staying there with her small son Driss while her husband was away working in France. All were wearing white jellebas, in various tones ranging from light beige to almost diaphanous white. Everyone's morale seemed low, but despite that they made their best efforts to welcome me. They ushered me into the right half of a large salon area. The two halves of the salon were divided by a short wall. The windows and the walls and the flooring reminded me of contemporary French urban apartments I had seen when I was a student in France. A low dividing wall and the banquettes divided the room. The banquettes on this side of the room were tucked in neatly while the pillows from the other side were missing. The banquettes were very thick, and when I sat down, my feet no longer touched the floor. There were ornate chandeliers on both sides of the room, a large TV, and large Persian carpets that covered almost the entire area of the floor of this large room.

There was a vitrine directly across from where I sat that had a picture of Sumeyra's parents in their Hajj clothing. They looked almost like they did that day, in the same white jellebas, only happier then. The picture was taken on an airplane, and the couple's faces peered out from behind many layers of white fabric. I was glad I had gotten the lamp; I hoped they would like it. I wondered if it would one day end up in the vitrine. I decided not to give it to them just yet as a funeral had just taken place.

Rabia asked Sumeyra to tell me that she was sorry for the appearance of the salon. She hadn't known I was coming, and she had been making preparations to receive guests who would be coming to pay their respects for the passing of her aunt. The pillows and the fabric covering the banquettes were being cleaned for guests. She sat down in the

corner of the room, and Rabia called out in a loud voice. A muffled answer came back from what seemed to be the kitchen area. Rabia asked if I had had anything to eat. I said I had just slept but that I had had a large meal earlier in the day and that I was not hungry. Rabia was disappointed that Sumeyra had not prepared some food for me. It was the first time I saw Sumeyra look a little embarrassed, and she apologized that she had picked me up and dropped me off so quickly without offering me anything. Rabia said something else to Sumeyra, and Sumeyra responded somewhat upset. I tried to explain that I really was not hungry.

Both Mouna and Yasemine were eager to speak with me. Mouna had also studied English and announced that she was very happy I had come so we could practice English regularly. Yasemine spoke French, and asked me questions about myself and why I had come. She explained she was visiting her aunt's family while her husband was away, she said it was better than being alone. I said I wanted to learn some Arabic that summer and hopefully get some ideas for future research. I was expecting this to be strange, but instead understood that I was but one in a long line of students who had come to do just the same thing. "You want to learn Arabic? Good, we will teach you!" Mouna said. "Last year we hosted another American girl from your university. When she left she was speaking just like us. She always carried a notepad and asked us to repeat things. She took a lot of notes and she learned a lot. She was adventurous and just traveled everywhere by herself. I couldn't believe it. She saw more of Morocco than all of us, and she was never afraid to travel by herself." All agreed that she was brave, and had learned a lot of Arabic. "Do you like sports?" Mouna asked.

'"Well, yes. I like walking and hiking and things like that I guess," I said.

"Oh good! Would you like to go with me in the mornings for a walk? There is a place like a little forest nearby if you want to come, I can pick you up in the morning."

"Yes, that sounds nice, I would like that" I said.

About that time, the maid came in with a large silver tray with a very shiny teapot and small tea glasses. No one introduced me to her, but her name was called out several times as they scurried to find a small table to set the tea tray on. Fadeyla brought a large table from the other side of the room. She was very careful to remove her plastic shoes every time she entered the space where we were seated. This she managed with the table in her hands. She began to pour the tea when Rabia dismissed her. Fadeyla slipped her plastic shoes on again and disappeared, backing out of the room.

Sumeyra explained that Fadeyla had made a big mess that day with the pillows from the other side of the room, and that her mom was not happy about it. Visitors would be coming and things needed to look nice when they showed up. "She's from the countryside, she doesn't know a lot of things. Our houses here are different from over there." Without saying it directly, it was clear that "over there" was something undesirable. We had tea and continued to talk. They asked me about my family and how many brothers and sisters I had, what I was studying, and how long I planned on staying in Morocco. I told them that I planned to stay for three months. Rabia was a little surprised when she heard I was staying for three months, and there was some side conversation in Arabic, at which time Fadeyla came in and checked the tea pot to see if we needed more tea. She backed out again, slipping on her shoes and not making eye contact with anyone.

A little later, Sumeyra's paternal grandfather came over. He too was wearing a white jelleba and was fairly quiet. Sumeyra started towards the vitrine when Rabia stopped her. "I wanted to put some music for us, but my mom says it is not O.K. after a funeral, and that we should not have too much fun." The grandfather, Si 'Abdelatif, wore a jelleba that was almost diaphanous, with broad stripes of the same creamy color that looked satiny like ribbon, and with thin stripes in dark green, with it he wore matching cream colored leather *belgra*, or pointy toe slippers. He wore a couple of layers of white clothing under it, and I would see older men dressed in this way for Friday prayers as they walked to the large Tajmouati mosque not far from the apartment. It was the largest mosque in the ville nouvelle, and blended elements of Fassi architecture and contemporary Saudi design like what one might see in the Gulf. It was built by an old Fassi family[37] who donated to a large number of philanthropic projects in the city. I asked later about the fabric and if women had jellebas made from it to which everyone laughed. This was strictly used for men, and the fabric was very traditional and made in Fes. Interwoven between the sleek cafes and boutiques near the apartment there were also scores of tailors and young men who used fishing reel like machines for weaving the thread that made the trim and the tiny buttons for jellebas.

The grandfather, Si 'Abdelatif, sat on the banquette across from me and nodded my way. There was a conversation taking place at which point I was asked if I had ever had sweet couscous. I said I had not. Si 'Abdelatif, motioned to Fadeyla, and a few

[37] A member of this family, Naima Lahbil Tajmouati is now the Director of the Fes Festival.

minutes later, a large bowl of couscous piled in a conical shape, decorated with cinnamon and sliced and whole almonds, sitting in a milk base was placed before me.

It was a large amount, and I could not finish it. I was urged to do so, although no one else was eating, and to not be rude I continued eating until I could literally eat no more. I learned some time later that the tradition of hospitality in Morocco requires that hosts offer large amounts of food to guests, and that guests expect this. I also learned that guests are supposed to stand firm in refusing to eat past a certain point while rambling off a good number of formulaic phrases thanking the host or hostess, reciting a short prayer asking that Allah increase their wealth and give them health, and when this failed one could say emphatically that they were simply full, and swear by Allah that this was the case. After swearing by Allah, the host would be sufficiently trumped and would have to stop insisting. After all hospitality is one thing, but swearing by Allah is something else.

I didn't know this until after Sumeyra and Mouna laughingly told me sometime later that I didn't really have to eat everything anymore. They continued to insist, but after I said I was full I was allowed to stop for which I was relieved. I asked them if they had enjoyed watching me gorge myself, and they confessed that they had. On that first evening, I didn't know that, and so put quite a dent in the massive pile of couscous that had been placed before me. I must have looked uncomfortable. Sumeyra told me that after you eat couscous it swells in your stomach and makes you feel more full. I imagined the possibility that the couscous would continue to expand my already taut abdomen and cringed. Feeling uncomfortable and more tired than ever, I took my leave while Si 'Abdelatif continued to eat his couscous slowly, like someone who knew its potential after effects. Sumeyra showed me the bathroom again, after chewing Fadeyla out for

having left mounds of wet, sheep's wool from the salon pillows everywhere. There were several piles in large shallow tubs spread out all over the floor. She was washing them in sequence and moving them from tub to tub, along the way dripping water and little mounds of sopping wet wool all over the floor. Fadeyla moved them around so I could enter.

I had read in a travel guide that one's wealth could be guessed at by the thickness of one's salon pillows and mattresses. Judging from these, I guessed I had landed in Fes' first family. Some families opted for the more inexpensive foam mattresses, but not this family. All the pillows were stuffed with snow-white wool, which at that moment was clumped in piles, dripping wet in full view of everyone who walked down the hallway.

Sumeyra asked me to wait while she readied something in the bedroom. Fadeyla, now out of the scrutiny of the family, looked at me curiously. She was a young girl from a Berber village somewhere outside of Fes. I asked her later where she was from. She tried explaining to me, and everyone laughed. Sumeyra had joked, "Yeah, *she's* learning Arabic too!" She was young, maybe 13 years old. She smiled a crooked grin that evidenced a bad injury from having been kicked repeatedly in the face by a donkey. She smiled at me, and moved the large plastic tubs of wet fleece back into the bathroom.

On my way to my bed, Mouna reminded me that she would pick me up the next morning before school started to go for a walk. As I slipped into bed, Sumeyra made a quick appearance. She said it was very hot and that we would leave the windows open. She proceeded to spray a heavy cloud of what I thought was rose scented air freshener. Upon leaving she explained that it was insect repellent, and that it was really powerful and would kill all the bugs for the entire night. Under a thin blanket, and very thick cloud

of bug spray, I tried to get some sleep. I tried to focus on the scent, and not the toxicity of what I was inhaling.

Just after dozing off, I was awakened by a series of loud noises outside. There were a string of very upscale cafes and restaurants that lined the street, Hassan II, the main thoroughfare through town. If you continued on this road, away from the medina, you would end up in the very wealthy part of town where streets were lined with villas and a big Macro, a place where you could shop in bulk as if you were in the U.S. The area where Sumeyra's family lived was Fes' answer to Time Square, and one could see wealth and poverty and acts of desperation all around. Between rich and poor were not six degrees of separation, maybe just one or two. In just the few minutes I looked out the window I saw a wide segment of Moroccan society. A drunken homeless man was defecating under a palm tree, while a poor taxi driver seemed to be loosing an argument with the owner of a new Mercedes he had just run into when picking up a customer from the café. There were other people sleeping in the grassy pedestrian walk area that separated our side of the street from the other. The same homeless people showed up every night. Some had blankets and personal effects, and others only had their clothes and beneath them the ground they slept on. On the other side of the green area were bureaucratic offices, the main post office, and other expensive apartment buildings with shops lining the streets in some places. Sumeyra's father, Si Mehdi, worked in one of those buildings in the ministry of education, and the apartment we lived in was reserved for employees of his rank.

Sumeyra came in and was surprised to see me still up. I told her there had been a little car accident and some people were talking loudly, I just looked outside to see what

was going on. She said car accidents happened frequently there. I got back into bed and she sprayed the room once again with insect repellant. I dug out my Walkman to drown out some of the street noise outside. I set my little alarm clock so I wouldn't be late for Mouna.

Fadeyla woke me briskly the next morning telling me that Mouna was waiting for me downstairs, she motioned this excitedly with her hands. I threw on my clothes as quickly as I could, ran downstairs, out the main door of the apartment and emerged into a wall of newspapers that was set up for the morning café goers. I was disoriented and looked around and found her waiting in her car. I must not have heard my alarm, and I apologized for keeping her waiting. We went to a place just outside the city. It was lush and green, and it was nice to have some fresh air and a break from the diesel fuel that wafted up from the streets into the apartment.

We walked and talked for about an hour. I heard more about the American girl who had been there before me. She liked sports, and exercised several times a week. Mouna had taken her to this place before because people did not do sports, or jog in the streets like in America. Mouna jokingly said that sometimes American students jogged in the streets, which only reinforced stereotypes about them being crazy. Mouna asked me if I liked horseback riding. I said I had only ridden once and was not very good at it. She told me the family had horses and if I ever wanted that we could go riding together. I thanked her and said I would be in school five days a week. The other American girl had loved riding horses she said.

I saw men on the other side of the fence that separated us from what looked like some agricultural fields. They had large mounds of green bushels on their backs. I asked

Mouna what they were doing, and she told me they were collecting mint that they would sell in the markets for the ubiquitous tea that Morocco is famous for. We continued to walk around the track in laps. There were other people there too. They looked like professionals, all in their late twenties and early thirties. We all walked around and around while the farmers outside the track were bent over collecting mint. I realized it was getting a little late and that I needed to get back to start to get ready for classes. We left and decided to come to walk the next day too.

When I returned breakfast preparations were underway. Rabia asked me if I liked the walk and if I liked Fes. I said that the walk was nice and that Fes was greener than I imagined it would be. She ushered me into a sitting room off the kitchen that had a little TV in it. There were more banquettes and a very large round table. The room was small but the way things were arranged it looked like it would accommodate ten people easily. This was the room where the family ate meals, and the room where I had consumed the mountain of couscous the night before was across the hall in the large salon. The salon was generally reserved for special for guests. Si Mehdi, nodded in my direction in his quiet way, and sat down across from me. He was thumbing some dhikr with his prayer beads and blinked slowly, still sleepy.

Fadeyla brought in our breakfast in small porcelain dishes. She smiled her crooked grin, placed the small dishes on the table, and shook her head quickly then nodded to the breakfast she had prepared. Not knowing what to say, I nodded too and smiled approvingly. She raised her shoulders as if to say, "Yes, I made all of this by myself." One by one everyone sleepily made their way to the table. Sumeyra told me that she had to study for her final exams that were coming up soon, otherwise she wouldn't be

up this early. I asked her what she was studying. “International commerce” she said with a yawn. Yasemine and her son Driss came in from the salon. The large banquettes there doubled as beds for guests. Driss was still sleepy and the breakfast noises from the kitchen had woken him up. He brought a small car to the table and looked out the window, from which you could see all of the numerous paraboles, the satellite dishes, on the apartment building on the next building. Beside that was a minaret from the neighborhood mosque. The *mueddin*, the man who issued the call the prayer, began reciting something. It was very long, not the call to prayer. Through the open window it came into the room where we were sitting very loudly. The side of the window that was left closed rattled a little. I looked toward the window, and Si Mehdi told Sumeyra to tell me it was a recitation for a recent death. Then she added that it was not for their family member, but for someone else.

We shared the things from the dishes and did not eat from plates. There were salty black olives, white cheese, round loaves of warm fresh bread, honey, a piquant fermented butter, boiled eggs, and some very thin crepes, and a couple of different kinds of jam, mint tea for Si Mehdi and coffee with warmed milk for the rest of us. Si Mehdi took a crepe and drizzled some olive oil and some honey in the middle, then carefully rolled it up. I followed his lead, and he motioned to me to eat the olives. He pointed to the olives, and then put his fist down gently on the table “Hedda min *Fes*.” I did not understand exactly what he said, but I understood that the olives were from Fes, and that he was very proud of this. He put his fist down on the table again gently “*Fes*.” Sumeyra asked if I liked them. I said I did. I learned one of my first Arabic words, “*ldeed*,” delicious.

In the absence of better language skills and fear of hurting someone's feelings about not liking food, I used "ldeed" a lot. This, along with the fact that I had stuffed myself with couscous in front of the whole family earned me the reputation of being an avid eater. Si Mehdi passed the food my way at meal times before everyone else. He would say "*Haki a binti*," and Rabia would say "*Haki a bneeti*." I asked Sumeyra what this meant. She said it meant "take this my daughter." "*Binti*" was daughter and "*bneeti*" was the diminutive. I was touched to be called daughter, and after sometime realized that this was the next step in Moroccan hospitality, to be brought into the fold of a family by using kin terms. It was also convenient to use these terms when you forgot someone's name. I could say "*khalti*," my maternal aunt, to anyone my mom's age or older, and it was polite and people liked it. If you used it with someone who was not really old enough to be your aunt, it could have a negative effect however.

The white jellebbas worn during the funeral and subsequent mourning period when visitors had come, were out to be taken to the drycleaners. It had been several days, and all the visitors who would be coming to pay their respects had already come and gone. Between school and studying, I had spent a lot of time with grieving members of the extended family who came by. For each visitor, tea and coffee and homemade cookies were served. We spent a lot of time in the big salon. Except for the ongoing tension in dealings with Fadeyla who constantly did things to disappoint those around her, the family began to relax somewhat, and the sadness for the lost family member waned.

Mouna was almost always there. She liked to dance, and we would often drink tea and have some snacks around 5 pm in the afternoons, *l'ashwiyya*[38], when no guests were around. The music was kept low, and if there were a knock at the door, the cassette would be turned off. The further distant the funeral became, the more music and "fun" became a part of our lives.

The music and dancing did not seem to bother Si Mehdi who would read the Qur'an in the dining room every afternoon. He had his 'aswiyya there alone. He propped his knees up under a wooden frame that held his Qur'an. Every now and then he would say "*Sadaq Allahu al-'Athim*," take a break from his recitation, have a few sips of tea, then resume. He looked younger somehow when he read the Qur'an, the lines in his forehead that appeared as he listened to others disappeared. Sometimes he played with 'Afaf and Driss who ate at the table with him. He lovingly recited short *ayat*, or lines from the longer verses to the children. He made them sound fun, and played with the rhyming patterns. The children tried to copy him sometimes, but they were still small. Driss' favorite *surah*, or verse, from the Qur'an was *Surat an-Nas*. Each line of the *surah* ended with *an-nas*. Si Mehdi read each line slowly and patiently waiting for Driss to repeat. Driss picked up on *an-nas*. Si Mehdi would read "…*alathee yuwaswesu fi as-suduri an-nas*" to which Driss would shorten to just "*an-nas*." Si Mehdi would continue "*min a-jinati wa an-nas*", to which Driss would respond again with "*an-nas*." He knew when they had reached the end of the surah, and he would clap vigorously for himself in a congratulatory way. Si Mehdi never let on that the surah should be read otherwise. When the call to prayer sounded for *Maghrib* prayer, or evening prayer, the windows of

[38] Little afternoon snack.

the apartment would rattle. The nearby mosque was so close to the apartment that at times it felt as if the call were being sounded from the dining room itself. Little Driss was convinced that Allah lived in the adjoining wall and that when the window shook he would one day appear there. "*Allah ja! Allah ja 'andna*!," "Allah came, Allah came to see us!" he would cry out.

Fadeyla, Rabia, and Si Mehdi would stop what they were doing when the call to prayer sounded and mouth a small prayer silently to themselves. This is what one was supposed to do when the call to prayer was sounded. The prayer also signaled dinnertime, and Mouna would head home to join her husband who worked until around this time. The music and dancing stopped, and the cassettes were tucked back into their cases until the next day. Generally we did not go out after this time except in groups or under exceptional circumstances. The homeless would begin to gather in the greenbelt around this time, and men began drinking in the cafés below the apartment.

One day after our 5 pm snack and a little dancing, Mouna was thumbing through the cassettes and came across some "*al-Ala*," or Andalusian music. Sumeyra and especially Yasemine, who was particularly soft spoken and reserved, chimed in for Mouna to put on this music for me. I had heard a lot about it, but had not really listened to it. Yasemine began to explain that this was a very important music in Morocco. It had come from Spain when Spain was *al-Andalus*. Sumeyra explained that their family had lived in Fes for a long time, and that they had come from Spain after the Inquisition. "We are the *real* Fassis," she said. "Our ancestors brought the culture here, it is what made Fes like it is today." We sat and listened quietly to the music. It was orchestral, with a light quick tempo. Fadeyla, head lowered, brought in the tea.

The music was quite different from the music that Mouna liked for dancing. I asked why they were not dancing, and Sumeyra explained that this music was played at almost every wedding in Fes and that it was a transitional music, played while people were settling in and initiating conversations with other wedding guests and sometimes having refreshments while guests waited for the bride and groom to make their appearances in their traditional clothing. Yasemine, who was normally quiet and reserved during *l'ashwiyya* dancing took the lead in explaining this music to me. She explained that the structure of the music itself was unique; that people said it had come from Baghdad in the 9th century to Cordoba, where it took on some elements from Jewish and Christian music. She told me we could try to see a performance at the Instituto Cervantes sometime which was not far from the apartment. She mentioned a new festival, the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, and how there was usually at least one Andalusian music performance each year[39]. She said in Fes people loved this music and it would be easy to find a performance if we wanted to.

No one danced that day. We sat quietly listening to the music and the atmosphere was a bit more formal than it normally was. Yasemine explained that the lyrics were full of poetry, some so well known that when people heard a couple of lines, they could often join in the singing with the musicians. This was a listening music she said. "But sometimes you *can* dance too," Mouna added. Si Mehdi, who generally read Qur'an at this time of day, popped his head in the room. He addressed Sumeyra, smiling and

[39] Andalusian performances have figured in every edition of the festival. They have included The Ensemble Ustad Massano Tazzi (1994), Sammy al-Maghribi (1996), The BAAT Ensemble (1996), Francoise Atlan with the Mohamed Briuel Orchestra (2002), Ihsan R'Miki (2003), to name but a few.

shaking his head. “He wants to know why we are listening to this,” she laughed, “He likes it. He asked us if anyone here is getting married.” She winked, and everyone laughed. It was somewhat common knowledge that Sumeyra had a boyfriend although no one spoke about it openly. Si Mehdi’s comment was funny because it was not clear if he was kidding because he thought of *al-Ala* as wedding party music, or if this was his indirect way of inquiring about how Sumeyra was spending her free time. Everyone was laughing, and he asked again, at which point Sumeyra said, “Ya Baba, just come and have some tea!,” and the conversation stopped there.

Si Mehdi joined us during what was usually Mouna and Sumeyra’s dance time. Driss was tugging on his shirtsleeve saying “*an-nas! an-nas!*,” but both he and ‘Afaf were won over once they saw the cookies on the table. We all had some tea and cookies together and the music framed a different kind of atmosphere that day. We had mostly been listened to *a-sharqiyya*, or music from the east, mostly Lebanon, Egypt, and Syria. Mouna really wanted me to learn to dance with her. A family wedding was coming and she had appointed herself my official dance instructor. I was relieved that that day we were just sitting down and talking.

Rabia came home a little early that day. She came in carrying the newly dry cleaned jellebas, folded long and narrow, and wrapped inside a pinkish purplish paper. She was surprised to see us all together drinking tea listening to *al-Ala*. She heard the music and threw her one free hand in the air and nodded her head as if to say it must be nice to just sit around and drink tea and listen to music whenever one wanted. She also asked if someone was getting married, and again everyone laughed. I wondered if it were not for foreign visitors and weddings if people would listen to this music. I asked

Yasemine who said that it was mostly older people and people interested in music who listened to it. Si Mehdi apparently disagreed, he said everybody liked it, to which Mouna and Sumeyra confirmed by saying that it was a kind of prerequisite for almost every wedding so it must be very well liked.

Rabia called out for Fadeyla who emerged from the kitchen where she had been chopping vegetables for the evening meal. Rabia handed her the jellebas and asked her to put them away. I went to the kitchen to get a glass of water and saw Fadeyla open a door I had not taken much notice of before. It was a large walk in closet with what looked like all of the family's formal, traditional clothing. There were qaftans covered in plastic and other jellebas there. I noticed a foam mat stuffed to one corner and understood that this is where Fadeyla slept at night. I had wondered where she slept but had not asked.

Rabia joined us in the left part of the salon, now newly assembled after Fadeyla had washed and restuffed all the pillows. It was the first time we sat together and laughed since the funeral and the condolence visits had stopped. Rabia called out for some more tea. Fadeyla soon brought another pot, slipping off her plastic shoes, she bent down to replace the empty teapot with another full one. We continued to listen to *al-Ala* until the windows began to vibrate again when the call to prayer was sounded. Si Mehdi got up from the table to take his *wudu'u*, or prayer ablutions. Rabia followed him. We began to collect the dishes and tea glasses and prepare the evening meal. I was finally allowed in the kitchen to help out with things. The kitchen was very spartan. There were no frills there, just tiled surfaces, a stove and a large refrigerator with an array of large pots and pans and large round, jewel toned porcelain dishes from China for serving large crowds of guests. Rabia had also picked up some chopped beef on her way home, which lay open

in its wrapper, oozing some blood onto the bleached white tile surface of the counter. Sumeyra began chopping it into smaller pieces and asked me to chop some potatoes.

Rabia liked for things to be kept very orderly. She was constantly instructing Fadeyla on how to do things. How to properly cut meat, how to properly wash vegetables, how to properly sanitize the tiled surfaces, and how to *jfif* the floor, which she did by dragging a wet rag across the floor in such a way that she managed to get every speck of debris up. Fadeyla had been there just a month or so before I arrived. She was replacing a maid that had been with the family for eight years. The household was always in a bit of a crisis as Fadeyla seemed generally inexperienced, and the family seemed to miss the predictability of life with the former maid, Sultana. She had left because she got married. She too had come to the family when she was young from the countryside. She had adapted well and according to the family, particularly Rabia who seemed to miss her most, had become like part of the family. This maid had grown to like Fes and did not want to return to her village. A friend of the family who visited regularly and had liked the way she ran the household had suggested she marry an acquaintance. Rabia did some investigative work and found the man to be a good person, and gave the wedding her blessing. She invited Sultana's family and the prospective groom's to her home so they could meet.

Rabia later arranged to have qaftans made for her and helped in funding the wedding. Sometimes Sultana would visit and have tea with us. Rabia was very happy when she showed up. Sultana's marriage was going well and she was expecting her first child. Rabia explained the difficulties she was having with Fadeyla and asked Sultana to speak to her. They were from the same region and the same background. Fadeyla served

all of us tea. Afterwards Sultana went to speak with her in the kitchen, and emerged a while later, and for the next few days Fadeyla's morale had improved and she had gotten more serious in her work. During dinner preparations that evening Rabia asked Fadeyla if she would like to join the family in going to the *hammam*, the public bath, that Saturday. This was a symbolic gesture, and Fadeyla understood she had crossed a first hurdle. She smiled her crooked smile for the rest of the evening, and joined us for the first time at the dinner table. Sumeyra was not happy with this saying that Fadeyla smelled bad.

After dinner we all retired to the big salon again. Fes was getting hotter and we were looking for strategies for keeping cool. We opened all the windows in the salon and piled on the banquettes on the side around the TV. The *al-Ala* cassette was put back in the vitrine, on the shelf below the glass oil candle I had given to the family. After visitors had stopped coming so frequently, one evening before dinner I had given it to Rabia while we were having tea. I tried to explain that it was from Holland, that I had made the best of a bad itinerary by stopping in to see my family there before leaving from Amsterdam to travel to Casablanca. The Fassis had had a hard time understanding my family. Some were in Atlanta, some in the Netherlands, I was in Texas all alone making plans to go to Morocco. Some of my family were Roman Catholic, some had been Jewish, some were Protestant, and there were too many ethnicities to count.

"The Netherlands? Like, Holland? Is it true they like to smoke hashish there?," Sumeyra had asked. "Yes, it's true in the big cities, especially Amsterdam." Sumeyra said, "We saw on the French channel that you can just go into a café and order hashish like you are ordering a coffee, and you can order a woman like a pair of shoes. If you

have a drug problem, the government will take you to a special hotel and give you medicine until you are well. Is that *true*?" Sumeyra had asked.

"Well, I guess some of it is true, but I don't know about everything. My family lives in the south, in Maastricht near the Belgian and German borders. They don't like to go to Amsterdam, they speak a different dialect and the place where they live is very quiet, they don't like big cities. It's a Roman Catholic area, it was once under Spanish rule and the culture there is a little different. The rest of the country is protestant, and the other cities are less religious. The hashish is mostly popular with the American tourists."

Si Mehdi must have understood something of what we were saying…American tourists…Amsterdam…hashish. He told Sumeyra something. She turned to me and said, "Baba said to say that they come here to get the hashish too, then get mad at the Moroccans, then sell it to the Americans for tourism." She was disinterested, but Si Mehdi was still nodding vigorously and continued speaking although the translation stopped. Not having had the opportunity to air his views with a westerner about the apparent hypocrisy with which Morocco was treated for its role in the international hashish market, he continued. "He wants me to ask you this stuff because he never met a Dutch person before," Sumeyra offered. "Well, I am not really Dutch, just part Dutch…and other, well," I broke off. In this instance, and many later, the Moroccans I met had sifted through all of the incongruous parts of my hybrid American identity, trying to settle on just one. The Fassis had settled on my being Native American. I tried to tell them that I was only part Native American and that in the region of Georgia where I was from, everyone could say that. I did not have a tribal affiliation; I didn't grow up going to powwows. I just heard my grandfather talk about Appalachia and the mix of

native and mostly Irish communities there. They didn't buy it, I was Native American and that was that. It was more interesting that way, and avoided some political conversations about hashish. Sumeyra interrupted her dad, saying I wasn't really Dutch, but Indian. Si Mehdi raised his eyebrows and turned his attention back to the TV.

We talked about family histories a lot over the six weeks I stayed with them. Native Americans, Andalusia, exile, migration, we covered it all. I tried to anthopologize the conversation a bit about Native Americans, and explained that it was not until recently that it was "cool" to be Indian, and that not long ago the same rules of segregation that applied to African Americans also applied to Native Americans. Everyone was bored. Si Mehdi asked for a translation, Sumeyra impatiently muttered something to which Si Mehdi replied, "*Ya ad-demokratiya, ey wa*!," another example where democracy seemed to have little meaning. I stopped talking and uncomfortably left it at that. I felt fraudulent about saying I was Native American, I tried to calculate according to the 1/8 rule used to determine scholarships for university and realized I was less than 1/8, and how much less than 1/8, I was not even sure. Trying to calculate this in my head, Rabia asked before about a necklace I wore. I had gotten it from Albuquerque and she was very curious about it. She recognized it as "real" Indian jewelry. They sold versions of turquoise jewelry in some of the shops in Fes. It was made in India to look like Native American jewelry. I offered to give it to her but she refused to take it.

On that very hot evening, we channel surfed and laid waiting for a breeze to come in through the open windows. Sumeyra brought in the family's one oscillating fan and placed it so that we would all catch a little something from it. She turned the TV up so that we could all hear it over the fan. Si Mehdi found some Andalusian music and

explained to me that this is the music we had been listening to. He began to sing along, bobbing his head, waving his hand a little in the air, humming through the parts he didn't know, and singing loudly the parts he did. Then there was some talk of the upcoming family wedding and what kind of musicians they had hired. On my way back and forth to school, I passed a number of shops that had wedding attire proudly displayed in the windows. A little place near school always had a stream of musicians and large serving trays flowing in and out the door. I saw ladies emerging from small tailor shops with their new party clothes wrapped in the pinkish purplish paper, and passersby would call out to each other "*Bsaha*!" and "*lay 'atik a-saha*!," what people say to each other when they get something new. Wedding season was approaching.

Both Rabia and Sumeyra were excited about the wedding, so was Yasemine, and she wished her husband would be there. She said the wedding talk reminded her of her own wedding, and that she would like to invite me to Casablanca where her family lived to show me her wedding video sometime. She said there was nice al-Ala that we could watch. She said that Sumeyra, Mouna and Rabia had been planning to go on vacation there when Sumeyra finished her big exams. She asked me if I would like to come along too. I said I would like to but that I had already paid for school. Everyone got very quiet, and I understood that they were not sure what to do with me, that there had been an assumption I would just go with them. When Houriya had called to ask if I could stay there, I guess they had not considered the vacation because everyone was distracted after the death of Rabia's aunt. Mouna said, "We'll think of something, we will teach you Arabic, don't worry," and the conversation was dropped that day.

People's attention shifted again to the Andalusian music on TV, the female performers' kaftans, and what people would wear to the upcoming wedding. Fadeyla had just dropped off the evening tea, and was sliding on her shoes and backing out of the salon to go back to the kitchen when the lights flickered a little. Mouna announced she had a qaftan I could wear, and that she would take me to get my hair done the day she and Sumeyra went. She gathered her things and put on 'Afaf's sandals before heading to the door to undo its many locks. Si Mehdi went with her as he always did, to make sure she got to her car safely. There was talk about going to the tailor to get the new qaftans that the ladies would wear to the wedding, and Mouna was off until the next day.

A few minutes later Si Mehdi was channel surfing again. He laid his head in Rabia's lap, and she was fingering his hair absentmindedly. At that moment the power went out. We sat in the silence, all hoping the power would come back on. We waited. Nothing happened. Si Mehdi called out to Fadeyla who was alone in the kitchen. "*Na'am as-Sidi*," "Yes Sir," she replied. "*Aji a-binti*" "Come here my daughter," he said to her. We heard drawers in the kitchen opening and closing. She shuffled into the salon with her plastic shoes making the only sound in the apartment. In the dark she bumped her knee on the coffee table. " *'Andek a-binti*," "Be careful, my daughter," Si Mehdi said.

She had found some matches from the kitchen, and felt her way over to the vitrine. She felt around for the glass candle from the Netherlands. At some point, somebody had filled it will the midnight blue lamp oil. She removed it, and carefully put it on the table beside the tea glasses. She lit it and moved it away from the edge of the table to the center where Driss' little hands could not reach. She adjusted the wick to make the flame longer until we could see each other somewhat. The candle was pretty;

the light illuminated the blue oil so that the whole thing gave off a soft light. My cousin was right, it really was nice. We sat, all of us, for the first time all together drinking tea in the guest salon.

The power did not come back on that night. There had been blackouts in other parts of the city. People said it always happened when it got hot. Si Mehdi told us we should all go to bed, that it was getting late anyway. He helped move the table out of the way and carried in blankets for Yasemine and Driss. We held onto Driss who wanted to roam around free in the dark. He had been interested in the window in the other dining room and the vibrating glass that moved from the sound of the call to prayer. He thought Allah was there in the window and always wanted to look outside. He scurried away from us to find Allah in the window. We clumsily chased after him, fearing he might fall out. Yasemine closed and locked the window tightly and managed to help him wind down enough to lie down on the banquette.

Fadeyla tried to gather some dishes and Si Mehdi told her to stop and go to bed. As Sumeyra and I went to sleep under our nightly blanket of bug spray, the sounds from the street wafted up through all the open windows. Sumeyra had liked my idea of going to bed with music on to block out the street noise. She played music on a little cassette player she kept in her room. Our night music was different from the 5 pm tea dance music. Sumeyra only wanted to listen to romantic Egyptian music, the stuff that even her parents had liked when they were young, ‘Abdel Wahab and Oum Khoultoum. We usually talked until one of us dozed off. Sumeyra would sometimes translate the lyrics which were either very romantic, or very patriotic songs written for Nasser’s new

Egypt[40]. Even I learned to love Cairo in a short space of time after having listened to these songs. Sometimes when channel surfing, Sumeyra and her father would come across an Egyptian film from the fifties. We would pause there and generally watch the film regardless of how much had been missed. Sumeyra would point out the songs from the films and ask me if I remembered it from what we listened to at night. "*Wesh 'ajbetik hed-l musiqa de bsah*?," "Do you really like that kind of music?" Si Mehdi would ask. That night we had no electricity. We had no music, just the homeless, desperate men in the greenbelt three stories beneath our window, fighting, weeping, singing.

Everyone slept with all the doors open that night to help the air flow. I heard Fadeyla clear her throat and adjusting her mat in the closet, Si Mehdi snored lightly, and Yasemine sang a lullaby to Driss. The next day was Friday, and school ended at lunchtime. When I came back to the apartment for lunch Mouna was there with some qaftans for me to look at. The wedding was the following night, and she wanted me to pick one, so she could have it cleaned and pressed and ready. She thought a green one with lots of sequins was the best choice so I said ok. Rabia and Sumeyra asked Fadeyla to get theirs from the closet, they were new and I hadn't seen them yet. Fadeyla moved her mat out of the way, pulled them off the top shelf where they had been wrapped in a satin envelope shaped bag that buttoned shut under several rows of lace. She gave them to Mouna. Mouna scooped them up, and was gone, saying she'd be back in the morning. We were all supposed to go to the neighborhood hammam together after breakfast.

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[40] See Danielson.

Mouna's daughter 'Afaf was with her mother-in-law where her husband was waiting for her. They were having Friday couscous there.

Mouna showed up the next morning with a tired 'Afaf and a new puppy that she withdrew from her oversized purse. Si Mehdi swirled 'Afaf around and tried to disguise his dislike for the dog. Mouna's sister-in-law, home for the summer from Paris just in time for the wedding, had gotten a dog, so she had wanted one too. We were all going to the hammam, so Si Mehdi would have to watch the dog. This was apparently more than he could really handle, but nodded that it was O.K.. A sort of deflated poodle variety, the poor specimen looked mournfully around at all of the activity and cowered under the table. Mouna pushed us all to finish breakfast quickly. Mouna had already brought all the necessary items for the public bath, bathrobes, plastic flip-flops, shampoo, conditioner, brushes, little bowls for rinsing off, buckets for collecting water, and a clean set of clothes and scarves to wear over our wet hair afterwards. She had gotten some things for me too, and all of our things were color-coordinated and organized neatly. She must have been preparing this for days.

Fadeyla was beside herself with anticipation about going to the hammam. She had readied her things the night before after cleaning up after tea. She disappeared for a few minutes then came in breathless from downstairs. She had used her own money to buy us all a new *qis*, a rough kind of washcloth in the form of a thin glove used for exfoliation. This was another sort of rite of passage for her; she was taking another step into the family.

Rabia paid for our entrance to the hammam. Sumeyra looked a bit embarrassed to have Fadeyla along, and Fadeyla picked up on this a little. She lagged a little behind us

carrying things, but still smiling happily. Fadeyla understood that Rabia's word was the strongest in the house and that if Rabia were on her side, everything was ok. The ladies running the hammam had the radio on, more nostalgic Egyptian music lovers I supposed. Mouna bought some olive oil soap in the form of paste from the lady who rented out the buckets and other stuff. She explained to me that this soap was really good for the skin.

We all set about scrubbing ourselves, and there was a scurrying about to keep buckets filled with just the right water. Fadeyla made a mistake and put one of the family's personal buckets into the area where only hammam buckets were to be placed. This angered the hammam employees and embarrassed Sumeyra. The hammam buckets seemed to be made from something like recycled tires, they were black and thick, and somewhat soft. These were immersed in the scorching water that was heated from the heat given off by the bakery's oven just around the corner from the hammam, an element of the traditional medina that lived on in the ville nouvelle. There was another area where faucets were located for dispensing cold water. People filled their own buckets here, and added hot water to their desired temperature. Fadeyla had put something from the private realm of the family into the public area of the hammam. She was chastised for having contaminated things. Although we were essentially all taking a big bath together, these rituals of detail enforced the boundaries between public and private.

Sheepishly, Fadeyla brought the bucket back and apologized, looking down. Rabia was annoyed too, but had Fadeyla sit down so she could scrub her back. This was symbolic; Fadeyla sat still, obediently following Rabia's instructions for turning and bending so she could get every square inch of her. Rabia scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed. Fadeyla's skin started to come off in dark rolls. Sumeyra was disgusted and

said “Allah knows if she ever bathed before.” When Rabia was done with her, she turned to me. I had the largest pile of dead skin and the ladies surrounding us commented on how I must have needed a bath. It was embarrassing, and Fadeyla loved to watch layer after layer of my dead skin hit the hammam floor. Mouna was busy cleaning ‘Afaf, Yasemine was busy cleaning Driss, and Sumeyra rubbed her feet with the *qis* over and over again.

When Rabia was done with me, she covered herself with the olive oil paste soap and sat waiting for Sumeyra to scrub her. Fadeyla offered to scrub her too, and Sumeyra did not like it and insisted she be the one to scrub her mother. Fadeyla smiled and busied herself with keeping all of our buckets full of water. When Sumeyra was done with her mom, she asked me if I could scrub her back. I was afraid of hurting her but she said it didn’t hurt, that she was used to it. We all scrubbed and scrubbed some more, and the music changed to *a-sharqiyya*, something bouncy and synthesized from Lebanon. Mouna was excited about the wedding and the music almost made her dance until Rabia reminded her she had almost no clothes on. “*Wesh shufti hiya a Maria?! Hedd’lmuskhota kat-hmaq al al-musiqa!*” Rabia said, “Do you see this Maria? This crazy girl goes nuts for music!” It was funny, and we all laughed.

Later the music changed again, and Fadeyla began to clap a little and bop her head. Sumeyra rolled her eyes. Mouna said, “Oh no, this is a good hammam, why are they playing that?” “What is it?,” I asked. “It’s *a-sha’biyya*, music from the countryside,” Sumeyra said. Yasemine, Rabia, and Fadeyla clapped a little with some ladies in the corner across from us who were clearly enjoying it. Sumeyra began collecting her belongings, and then started to help pack up things for the rest of us. She and Fadeyla

rounded up as much as they could and they waited outside in the room we came in from. We all got dressed in our fresh, clean clothes. Mouna got ‘Afaf dressed, and then took great care in putting the scarf on my head just so. “You have to be very careful, you could get sick with wet hair outside, your body temperature changed a lot in here. Don’t take the scarf off until later, ok” “OK,” I said. “We are really going to have fun tonight at the wedding Maria!”

We collected all of our hammam equipment and toiletries then walked home. After being so hot we were all exhausted and thirsty. Once we had lugged all our stuff upstairs Fadeyla brought water to everyone in the salon. Everyone thanked her. We laid down on the banquettes to get some rest. She lingered there too for a while looking very happy. She announced that she would start lunch after putting our things away. She separated all the wet things from the cosmetics, and put them outside on the roof to dry. She began lunch and accomplished a great deal in a short period of time, more focused than ever. Rabia was happy with her and it looked like she had finally started to settle in.

After lunch, Mouna went to get our clothes. We watched ‘Afaf who played with Driss and the new puppy who pooped on the floor a few times. Fadeyla looked after him as best she could and Si Mehdi was eager for the dog to go home. Mouna returned in a flash and laid out all of our qaftans. She spread them out over the banquettes in the salon. Around teatime, we set off for the beauty parlor. Fadeyla’s father was supposed to pick her up so she could have a few days break at home in her village. He didn’t show up and didn’t call, and the family was a little annoyed. What would they do with her? There was a wedding that night and they would not be home. It was decided that she would stay home, and that they would lock the door to keep her inside. They decided it was best.

There was a man who dropped off newspapers downstairs at the café who had been eyeing her. They were afraid he would bother her if they weren't home, or maybe she would run away if given the chance. How would they explain something like that to her parents?

After we got back from the beauty parlor, Fadeyla was sitting in the dining room shelling fava beans while Si Mehdi read the Qur'an. She looked sad. Maybe she missed her parents, maybe she had wished she could go to the wedding, maybe she just needed a break. When she saw me, she smiled her crooked grin. I looked like something out of the 1950s, I had big hair, and way too much frosty eye shadow on. Everyone commented on how nice I looked, "Just like a Moroccan, a Fassia." Fadeyla helped me into the sequin qaftan and with the many tiny buttons that go down the front. We left and Si Mehdi carefully locked each lock one by one. She smiled as we closed the door and told us to have a good time. We could see her silhouette through the glass cube blocks that surrounded the entranceway to the apartment.

Mouna had prepared me well for the wedding. Nothing was a surprise except for the volume of the music and the fact that men and women were dancing in the same vicinity. Si Mehdi and Rabia looked very nice. It was the first time I had seen Si Mehdi without his Qur'an and prayer beads in the evening. I indeed did look like everyone else there. No one knew I was American until I was introduced as such. I had learned a little Arabic, which I repeated like a parrot over and over, I didn't eat too much upon the girls' instructions, and I knew how to dance a little. The night went fairly smoothly, and I met other members of the family who lived in different parts of the city. The restaurant where the wedding took place was near the part of town where the large villas were located.

Most of the family lived in this part of town. Sumeyra's family lived downtown so her parents could walk to work easily, and it was subsidized for employees in the ministry of education.

Just as they had told me, the evening began with Andalusian music, progressed more and more into *a-sharqiyya*, then came back down again to Andalusian when people got tired and needed refreshments and a little rest. The bride was spectacular, and changed gowns several times. The festivities went well into their wee hours of the morning. The musicians flowed effortlessly between different genres and filled in the wedding party's names in songs that are always sung on such occasions. The kids had just gone limp from fatigue at the wedding at a certain point and their parents had found some banquettes where other sleepy kids had migrated. The music was very loud, and the musicians very animated and kept things going until about 3 when everyone looked too tired to dance anymore.

I went outside just to get a little fresh air and was followed by some of Sumeyra's cousins. Their names were different that the ones I had been learning in my Arabic textbook. I learned later that there was an official name list that parents were supposed to chose names from for their kids. The names were all traditional and fairly religious. The enforcement of the name list had eased up and I had seen the result of that that evening. The girls had very dreamy, romantic names, like the words of the *sharqiyya* music they listened to. Their names were very different form their mother's and grandmother's which all sounded more like the names of the Prophet Mohammed's family or from those common during the early days of Islam.

We got home to find Fadeyla passed out on the banquettes with the windows open. The fact that she had fallen asleep there was not a problem, but she had apparently been into the fancy clothes in the closet where she slept, and into Sumeyra's makeup and music cassettes. She had had a little party of her own. Sumeyra was furious, and without a word Fadeyla went to sleep on her mat in the closet. I expected an argument the next day, but everyone just talked about how much fun they had had at the wedding. Fadeyla listened intently.

The next Monday when I went to school, I realized I had left my textbook at home and ran home between classes quickly to it. I found Fadeyla playing some of Sumeyra's music and experimenting with her makeup. She did not try to hide this from me, but posed as if to say, "How do I look?" I couldn't find the words to say, "be careful." I wanted to say, "But what if Sumeyra comes home" and instead said "Sumeyra is coming home," to which she panicked and set about trying to wipe off the makeup and clean up the cassettes that were scattered on the bedroom floor. I got my book and rushed back to school.

When I came back to the apartment, the house was in an uproar. I found Si Mehdi in the kitchen preparing lunch. In the six weeks I had lived there I had not seen him in the kitchen before, except to grab something from the refrigerator. Everyone was angry with Fadeyla. I had left the door unlocked when I went back to school. When the family came home, they found the door open and very little work done. Everyone wanted to know what she had done with herself and why her chores weren't done. Had she spent some time with the man downstairs? What had she been doing exactly? Why did Sumeyra's room smell like perfume? I tried to explain the door was my fault because I had come

home in a hurry to get my books that I had forgotten. This did not help the situation. Sumeyra explained that maids could not be trusted. They steal things, they fool around and get pregnant and claim it is from someone in the family so that the family is legally responsible for looking after them for the rest of their lives. I said I saw Fadeyla there when I was home, that she was not downstairs with the man. Again, this didn't help. Fadeyla was not living up to Sultana's record.

More than anyone, Sumeyra was angry. She was angry that Fadeyla meddled in her things, not just once, but twice, and particularly after her mother had been so kind to her the day we went to the hammam. "If she is fired" she said about Fadeyla, "the next day ten more just like her will show up. They know all about our lives, they say things about us. Did you notice those kids who roam the streets, the ones who go around sniffing glue after Maghrib prayer? They are the reason we don't go outside, they scare us, people like them. She is like them. She can bring bad things into our home. Their parents just have so many kids and then drop them off here and expect us to fix their problems." Si Mehdi said something to her, and she snapped back at him.

Sumeyra's anger grew each day, to the point that I dreaded going home. The environment was very tense. There was talk of sending her back to her father immediately, and with every mention of that Fadeyla seemed more and more ready to explode and got clumsy and broke things constantly. At nights I heard her cry in the closet. Our music and the homeless men outside could not drown out her sobbing.

By the end of the week I had decided to go see some friends in Tangier. I wanted to get away a little, and I had been invited to a *moussem* at a saint shrine in the Rif Mountains. The moussem was a celebration of the saint's birthday, and some friend's I

had met through a Moroccan friend from UT Austin invited me to go. People made a pilgrimage to this site once a year to this moussem. More than anything I was excited to be in an Arabic speaking context. It had become so easy not to speak Arabic I began to feel embarrassed about how much I had not learned.

Before going to the moussem, Yasemine cautioned me against going. "I don't know if it is a good idea. Some of the people there are uneducated, they could try to rob you. You don't know a lot of Arabic, how will you get around?" "I'll be with a friend's aunt," I explained. "But if you don't speak Arabic, and she doesn't speak French or English, how will you understand each other?" "I don't know" I smiled, "I guess we will manage somehow." "But what you will see there is *not* Islam. You came here to find out something about Islam, right?" Si Mehdi, who had been reading the Qur'an during our conversation, looked at me and smiled "*Hedda hua al-Islam a binti*," "*This* is Islam my child," he said, pointing gently to the page he was reading, the same way he had insisted on my understanding that the olives had come from Fes, "*Fes."* He went back to reading, thumbing his prayer beads at the same time. For Si Mehdi, everything a person could need he already had in Fes, in the Qur'an. I had picked up some of Faouzi Skali's books on Sufism in a bookstore on my way home one afternoon. Si Mehdi looked through them when he was done reading. He didn't read or speak much French, but he could read "Sufism." He looked at me and said, "*tassawwuf*." "It means "Sufism" in Arabic," Yasemine said. "You might not understand this," she said, "You need to know the basics of Islam before you can understand something about Sufism.

It was decided that day at lunch that no more dancing would take place before I left for this moussem. Afternoons from now on were to be spent giving me a crash course

in Moroccan Arabic. Mouna showed up that afternoon very determined to impart as much as she could. She and Sumeyra read all of the dialogs from my textbook and recorded them one by one, playing different roles. Yasemine jumped in to. They fought over what roles to read, and did an official version like in the text, and then acted out other versions they thought funny, or more like the way people really talk. Mouna proclaimed that I was to listen to them all the time. At night with my Walkman. When walking to school and anytime I heard too much French like in the evenings when the family would sometimes watch movies before going to bed. Si Mehdi was behind this effort, and in the afternoons when it seemed like we were having too much fun, he would feign some kind of need in the salon and glance our way to keep us on task. He took over answering the phone, which was usually Sumeyra's job. He did this so she could focus on helping me. He was the only person in the house who answered the phone saying "*as-Salam wa 'Alaykum*," "Peace be with you," he would say, drawing out vowels that are not normally heard in Moroccan dialect. He was the only person I ever knew in Morocco who answered the phone this way. He was a tall man, and when the phone rang he would lumber into the salon slowly, and lumber out again after carefully putting the phone back in its spot.

The whole family pitched in and for a brief time in teaching me Arabic, everyone forgot the problems with Fadeyla. With everyone yelling out words in Arabic to me, I really did start to learn. Sumeyra began writing words and taping them on little pieces of paper around the house. I came home from school the Friday I was to go to Tangier and found Fadeyla playing with my recorder. She wanted to record her voice and hear it. I said ok. She pretended to talk like Sumeyra, Mouna and Yasemine. She also added some lines from *musalsellat*, or soap operas. Most of them were in Modern Standard Arabic,

even the ones from Mexico had been dubbed. Apparently she liked Guadalupe the best. I had learned a little about the way Moroccan dialect differs from Standard Arabic. I understood she was trying to speak like the characters she watched on TV. This seemed to explain what she had been doing with her time in the mornings instead of doing her chores. She laughed really hard and couldn't believe that her voice sounded like it did. She rewound it many times and laughed hysterically each time.

This time my intensive Arabic lessons had paid off a little, I said, "What will you do if Sumeyra comes home?" She nodded in agreement, getting up to get back to work. She asked if she could keep the cassette with her voice on it. I gave it to her and she stuffed it under her mat in the closet. There must have been a character named "Maria" on Guadalupe. Fadeyla spoke in a low sounding male voice "Maria," "*Ya habibti Ma-ri-a*" "My darling Maria," cackling loudly every time. She added lots of vowels, sounding it out as it would sound in Standard Arabic. As I closed the door she waved to me dramatically, like a forlorn soap opera star, calling out my name and laughing herself silly.

I went to the moussem that weekend and had a great time. I was surrounded by all kinds of music and sound and was trying to make out what it all meant. There seemed to be pockets of sound expression everywhere, ranging from horsing around to rhythmic recitation of the Qur'an, in a style that was drastically different from what I had heard in Fes. I went with my friend's aunt, who knew a lot of ladies there. We sat with them on the side of the hill where the saint was buried, and they knocked on the ground and repeated "*baraka*" over and over, which meant "Allah's grace." They knocked on the ground with the same conviction that Si Mehdi did when he said Allah was only to be

found in the Qur'an. I understood that they thought that by sitting there in that spot that they would absorb *baraka*. We drank water from a sanctified well, and they said "*baraka*," another lady ran soil through her hands before collecting it to put in a plastic bag "*baraka*." They gave me a piece of candy made from flax seed and honey. Before eating it, I asked "*Baraka*?," to which they all erupted in laughter. "*La la, heddi haloua, mashi baraka*!" , "No, no, it's candy, *not* baraka!"

We sat around in the sun on the side of a hill that seemed to be the tallest for miles around. I had the feeling I might fall off into nothingness at some point it was so steep on one side. We saw a long line of midnight blue Mercedes rolling over the nearby hills. It was a delegation of ministers from Rabat. They had come to pay their respects to the saint, and also present the *sunduq*, or box of money as tribute to the ancestors of this saint. The ladies I was with told me to take pictures. I wasn't sure why, but I followed their suggestions. I must have taken pictures of every minister there. They were irritated by my picture-taking, and this also delighted the women I was with. Later in Tangier we looked at the photos while everyone laughed at the frowning ministers I had captured on film.

I had been invited to stay with a family in the mountains who were going there for a vacation. They went every year for a few days to make sure their little house there was ok and to see their friends and family who still lived in the village. I told them I needed to check with school in Fes to see if I could work something out. I had felt like the decision of what to do with me was a concern for Sumeyra's family and I didn't want them to go to trouble on my account. I still had a couple of weeks to figure out what to do and I thought I would see how things had worked out when I got back to Fes.

That evening when I got back to the apartment in Fes, I was locked out. There seemed to be a new maid locked in the apartment this time. I didn't know where anyone was so I just waited by the door. It was late enough that I knew the family should be home soon for dinner. The new maid sat on the other side of the glass trying to speak to me. A few minutes later the family came home. They had gone out to visit some friends for tea to congratulate them on the upcoming wedding of their daughter.

Fadeyla had been sent home, and the new maid, Duniya, was older and more experienced, though still a teenager. After dinner they asked me about the moussem. I tried to convey the crowds, the smells, the fights, the groups of people reciting the Qur'an, the heat, the difficulty in getting there, the wonderful women we met at the top of the summit who were extended relatives of the woman I had gone with, the sequence of paparazzi photos of ministers, other "performers" like Gnawa, and still other spiritual orders that performed sacred music in their own distinct way, that I could only call "Sufi music" for lack of a better word because the groups, although folkloric, appeared to be members of various tariqas. Lastly, I explained something else I had heard, called 'Ayoua'.

"What?" said Sumeyra. I tried to explain, "I don't know how to describe it, it was a kind of loud singing, and the women were singing to each other, like they were dueling or something." Sumeyra had no idea what I was talking about and she had never been to a moussem. She translated what I had said to Si Mehdi and Rabia. The new maid, Duniya, said " 'Aita." Rabia agreed that what I heard must have been something like 'Aita, a kind of singing that Berber women in the Middle Atlas mountains do. Sumeyra said, "You know when we see Moroccan ladies singing sometimes in a group on TV? Remember we

told you they were Berbers? Was it something like that?" "No," I said, "It was not like that. They were not singing at once, but taking turns, improvising."

I had purchased some music at the moussem and in the bus station. I was told it was "*al-musiqa jabliyya*," or "mountain music," and I thought I would see if I could find what I had heard there. Si Mehdi was confused. He wasn't sure how Sufi music had been used to describe what I saw at the moussem. When he heard the music I had purchased, which was not religious at all, he lost interest in the conversation. He had some errands to run and left soon afterwards.

Everyone else was curious about the cassettes I had gotten, so we moved to the salon and pulled out the cassettes. Everyone started laughing. "Where did you find that?" Rabia said wiping her eye, she had laughed so hard she began to cry. "At the moussem and at the bus station. This is not what I heard at the moussem though." Yasemine said, "Do you *like* that?" "Well, I don't understand it, but the lady I went to the moussem with said it was good, and when we got to her house later, everyone there really liked it." It was clear from their response that this was nothing like the Andalusian music they loved so much, and that class lines separated them from people who would go to moussems or like *sha'biyya* music. They thought it funny that I happened upon this music and that I had actually bought the cassettes.

In a matter of a few days, Duniya began having problems too. The tension was back in the house again. By the end of the following week she too was gone. They decided not to look for another maid for a while and made arrangements to leave for vacation. I felt it would be a good time to go, and decided to take my friends in Tangier up on their offer to go and spend time in the mountains. When I left they gave me some

Andalusian music cassettes and a persimmon colored jelleba with white flowers embroidered down the front. There were small handmade buttons that went all the way to the ground, several rows of thin trim around the hems and sleeves, other small details that indicated it had been made with great care. Yasemine and Mouna had already left for vacation when it came my time to go. I hated goodbyes and was glad I didn't have to face them; it made leaving a little easier.

They had arranged for Rabia's mother, Lalla Khadija, to stay with me in the apartment if I had decided to stay and study for the last month of my trip. She was there too when I left. She had just known me a couple of days but was sad when I left. I said goodbye to the family. I gave Rabia my "authentic Indian" necklace, and left a ring of mine for Sumeyra that she had commented on. Rabia dropped me off at the bus station. After I got my bags registered and loaded on the bus I had a couple of minutes to talk to her. "We never went to the medina. We were supposed to buy some presents for your family." "It's ok, I'll get them something in Tangier." She hugged me and said "*Thalai fik a-bniti*," "Take care of yourself my daughter."

**Part 3: To the Rif**

A week or so after leaving Fes, I arrived in my friend's family's natal village in the Rif mountains. It seemed a world away from Fes altogether. There seemed to be no young people there. When kids were old enough to walk, they were old enough to do chores and to help out the adults. The *Tanjawiyyet*, or the girls from Tangier, that I had come with, brought with them a space of youth from the city that girls their age in the village did not see very often. In the name of hospitality, chores and other mundane tasks

were postponed during our visit. Afternoon tea, which was usually a time to stop and rest before some other chore was done, began to resemble something like what Mouna, Sumeyra and Yasemine did in Fes at this time of day. There was a kind of struggle over the music to be played. The villages girls liked the *sharqiyya* music their city cousins had brought along, but only endured it out of politeness for a while, until they brought out their own *sha'abiyya* music, which the Fassis had found so funny.

In the village, some elements of modernity coexisted with very old cultural practices, and technology wherever it was found was woven into the context of daily life for the sake of efficiency or for entertainment. For instance, it was commonplace for homes to have no running water but there were TVs running from car batteries in nearly every home, with pirated satellite dishes everywhere. We would sit huddled on the whitewashed mud porches, watching Mexican Telenovelas drinking mint tea and eating *harsha*, a kind of cornbread like delicacy baked in a traditional tandoor ovens. Every now and then we would trek off in pairs with an oil lantern, to the bathroom, an area at the rear of the cow pasture that was secluded by oversized cacti. The weather was nice that year, so we sometimes slept outside under a cover of bright stars, listening to the pounding of hashish in the distance, and recitations from the Qur'an read over a loudspeaker from the village mosque. This must have been the hashish bound for Amsterdam I had heard about. I thought of Si Mehdi and smiled. He would have been saddened by this place I thought.

The family we stayed with was a family of women, the mother had long been widowed and her two daughters, one thirty five, the other forty, still lived at home and helped herding the animals each day. They bartered for what they needed, and sometimes

bought small things in the weekly market. They had not yet married because there weren't many men left in the village, most had either gone to live in the city and returned only periodically, while others were smuggled into Spain in cargo boats, or the back of vans, or whatever it took to make it across the Straits of Gibraltar. Most of those who made it to Spain never came back and were rarely heard of again. The year I was there, a school was left half built, a slab of concrete and cement down a steep hill close to a road that eventually led to a paved two-lane that went in one direction to Chefchaouen, and the other to Tetouan. There was debate about whether to finish the school, there weren't many children to send to it.

Some of the villagers had moved to Tangier or other urban areas, gotten education, and made prosperous lives for themselves. Their regular summer visits provided much needed income and a wide variety of material goods.

I returned the next year (1998) for my friend's wedding. Salima, the 40 year old shepherdess got married in the traditional Northern Moroccan village style and the wedding lasted for a full week. It felt like there were only a few fleeting moments when we didn't hear the ghraita, like an oboe, the Pipes of Pan as they had been called by the Beatniks who helped introduce this local music to the world. Their high-pitched notes punctuated each ritual moment, like a drum roll. The bridal shower was full of ghraita, and the henna party too, if you could call it that. Henna parties were somber occasions here, not the dance-a-thons that I had seen in Fes.

On her departure from her mother's house to the groom's house which was about a 10 minute walk down the dirt road in front of her home, Salima was carried away in a brightly painted carriage that was perched on the back of a large donkey, in a way that

utterly defied gravity. Her wedding kaftan was made from Channel silk fabric and her face was painted like a doll with Berber-like tattoo markings on her cheeks with Lancôme cosmetics, both gifts from a cousin who now lived in Brussels. With all these things in place, she was the mountainside picture of beauty. We followed the procession to the groom's house. His family's garden had been transformed into something like an outdoor discotheque, *Jabli* style. Chairs were lined up in two separate areas, one for the men and one for the women. There was no dancing, except among the men who danced, too vigorously as most of the women complained, with the hired musicians and the *sheikhat*, the women dancers who accompanied the musicians. The jabliyya women speculated about the sheikhat's character, implying that they were really prostitutes in disguise. One in particular had a very strong voice, she stepped up to the microphone on several occasions, defying all local gender rules each time to the shock of those in the audience. The men seemed to be enjoying themselves, while the women schemed about the many ways they would punish these men later.

The music was something on the order of a Jabli version of a popular northern Moroccan al-Ala orchestra. Their instrumentation was not highly varied, but they sang in something that was like a recognizable Andalusian style plus heavy feedback from the speakers that were placed too close to the microphones, that distorted the already loud ghraitas. Ghraitas are outdoor instruments, from a time before electricity provided for speakers and sound systems. The effect was frenzied, as if we had all been dropped inside a large beehive. Their set covered the expected wedding spectrum of genres. The bold female singer spent most of the evening singing sharqiyya songs with a Jabli twist. The Tanjawiyatts were happy, and when she finally got around to more local shabiyya music,

the village women's plans for revenge for their husbands' behavior began to wane a little. The next morning we were all engaged in washing the mountain of dishes from the night before. The Sheikhat were helping us, the bold one seemed not so bold now. The comment about prostitutes in disguise had not been far off the mark. Her smudged mascara and swollen lip suggested her night had gone terribly wrong. She continued to cry, and vowed to escape to Europe. She was determined to start a music career there. An older Jabliyya woman who had become my friend, Aisha, asked where her family was. The young girl told a story that made it clear that while performing as she had the night before might not have been her first choice, it was a step in the right direction with regard to breaking ties with her family. She said her only family were the musicians she worked with, and that sometimes they couldn't be counted on either. There was a silence, and the other sheikhat exchanged knowing glances. After the sheikhat left, the ladies of the village talked about them, how sad it was to not have the security of a family to protect them from the bad things in this world.

I visited the village again the next year hoping to attend the moussem again, the annual gathering at a saint shrine in honor of the saint's birthday. I had done a little research in the year I was away, and learned that not only had what I witnessed the previous year been a form of local Sufism although my Fassi family doubted that it was even very Islamic, the saint in question was Moulay 'Abdessalam Ibn Mashish, the 12th century saint who is the saint from which almost every Moroccan Sufi tariqa traces its spiritual lineage (Zouanat). Moulay 'Abdessalam is said to have been the sheikh, or spiritual guide of as-Shadhili, who then influenced Sufi thinking and practice in all of North Africa. It was at this shrine that I first heard women singing 'Ayoua, an experience

that instilled in me a fascination for the way that sound is in many ways woven into the very process of religious socialization. In one breath, the genre could make fun of one's husband, and in the next ask the Prophet Mohammed for guidance. Compartmentalizing ones emotions between sacred and profane, consciousness of high art and low popular tradition did not matter. To have a voice, and to put it to use was the point. Paul Bowles writes about having seen something like the 'Ayoua I had seen. When traveling in the north, he had made recordings of Berber women[41] who were instructed to sing for him by the regional *Qaid*, or govenor, who told them they would be performing at a "festival" (Bowles 2006: 106-107). He was not terribly impressed with the performance, primarily because gender conventions required them to be well covered, and some that day sang from beneath the layers of their clothing[42]. One wonders, however, if a woman had been in his shoes what she might have seen that day.

This saint shrine was one of the first to serve as an outpost for the Sunni jurists from Sebta who had wanted to export this interpretation of Islam throughout the countryside through the celebration of the birthday of the Prophet Mohammed, and later by celebrating the birthdays of other local saints who traced their lineage to the *shurafa*', the descendants of the Prophet. During the 15th and 16th centuries a string of zawiyas were constructed starting from this one in the Rif mountains, down through Fes, and then all the way down to Marrakesh. According to Cornell, Westerlund, Evers Rosander, and

[41] The Jabli are thought of as a separate ethnic group, different from Berbers and different from other Arab speaking tribes. Anthropologists believe that they were Berbers, but were later Arabized by urban jurists introducing Islam into rural areas.
[42] Bowles speaks of them singing from underneath "large Turkish towels". The large towel is a cheaper alternative to the traditional *handira*, normally a large blanket-sized, thinly woven wool garment worn as a cape over other layers of clothing, or the *haik*.

Werbner and Schimmel it was in this way that Islam was exported to new areas and it was often in the form of Sufism, not because it was particularly mystical but rather because it was done under the guidance of a sheikh trained in some jurisprudential school of thought, that local ways of understanding Islam emerged. Rather than being mystical expressions of a text-centered religion, these zawiyas offered arenas for community participation and the transmission of religious ideas. The zawiyas allowed for spaces where different indigenous beliefs merged within an Islamic frame. Spiritual masters led local congregations, not with the intention of being spiritual mystics per se, but rather to build an Islamic consensus. It was said that if one were to complete the journey from the beginning to the end of this chain of zawiyas, one could forgo the journey to Mekka, and this pilgrimage route was called "*Hajj al-Meskine*," or, "The Pilgrimage of the Poor." Over time, these practices became known as "Sufism," or using Eickelman's term "Moroccan Islam."

## Expressions of Difference through the Term Sufism: Has the Fes Festival Begun to Impact Other Moroccan Festivals?

A large part of the traditions practiced in zawiyas has included various forms of praise through sacred music, which today are recorded and marketed as "Sufi music," although one type can be greatly removed through geography, class, and venerative objectives from other kinds of expression categorized in the same way. While the ladies I had sat with at the moussem and the village in the Rif mountains were convinced that what they were doing was something spiritual, my Fassi host family did not. Regional

identity and class made the two orientations to spiritual practice look, feel, and sound worlds apart.

This diversity of expression that is lapsed under the category of Sufi music, might be called Sufi or might be called folklore, depending on the context in Morocco. At larger zawiyas and moussems, one will find a variety of religious musical expression with those performing clad in what they themselves call "folkloric" clothing. In the spirit of the tribe or a regional identity, groups show up at a moussem and voice praise in whatever way they normally would. If one scans the Moroccan Press, one finds reason to believe that the Fes Festival model of displaying difference to large crowds has become the logic according to which many local festivals attempting to draw Moroccans as well as tourists now operate. A festival to be held in Tafraout, Festival Tifawin, boasts the construction of the largest *babouche*, pointy-toed slipper, in the world, along with a program dedicated to Berber music featuring many artists (Raïss Haj Belaïd, Raïss M'Barek Ayssar, Moha Oulhoucine Achibane and the Ahidouss troupe, groups featuring the work of Raïs Haj Hmad Amantag. Other groups include Amarg Fusion, Ammouri M'Barek, Nass El Ghiwane and Izenzarne Chamkh. Closing night ceremonies featuring all women performers such as Tihihit Titrit, Taziri Firdaouss, Batoul Marouanie and Tounarouz Souad). This festival is intended to attract a Berber diaspora back to its native roots, via music new and old, troupes of folkloric dance, and some programs dedicated to cultivating an appreciation in the environment (Belkhayat). Indeed, in 2006 all moussems that would have been celebrated regionally were held in one common place by order of the monarchy "due to extreme drought" in many places in Morocco. This took place at what would normally be the Moussem Moulay 'Abd Allah Amghar in Ribat de Tit, eight

kilometers to the south of El-Jadida, celebrated for centuries, now bearing its own website in hopes of attracting not only Moroccans but foreign tourists as well, (www.moulayabdellah.com). An army of Qur'an recitors and other specialists in Islamic praise singing, surrounded the tomb of the saint for several days. The moussem attracted more than 350,000 people (as compared with the 3,000 to 5,000 that attend the Fes Festival). It combined indigenous theatrical forms such as *al-halqa*, and invited all tribes participating in Fantasia, or the display of Arabian horsemanship, with an estimated 25,000 tents for this aspect of the festival alone. There were a number of performers both in 2006 and 2007, some of whom performed previously at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music (2006: Kamal Abdi, Khadija El Margoume, Aabidate R'ma, Hajib, Aicha Tachinouite, Saffaj and Mhioual 2007: The Abdelmoumen Orchestra, Hajib, Abdelaziz Settati, Abidat Rma, Chaba Zina, Ouled Ben Akida, Mesnaoua, and comedians Fahid Abdelkhalek, Abdou Almasri as well as the duo Seffaj and Mhiouel.[43] ). These two festivals are only a drop in the proverbial bucket, as nearly every Moroccan city, and as we see here, now some remote villages, have their own festival.

One might question whether the diversity that appears on the Fes Festival of World stage in the form of various local music is the result of the influence of western categories of difference. I tend to think such an assertion needs perhaps the opposite take, instead, thinking of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music as an event patterned on the model of a Moroccan moussem, except organized specifically for drawing Westerners. What sets this festival apart from other religious events such as moussems, is not a

[43] There are some variations in spelling. I reproduced the names of performers as listed in the press.

diversity of sacred practices and musical traditions, but rather the global aesthetic that it recreates each year. The Fes Festival looks more like a moussem gone global than anything else. While we might critique the context of the Fes Festival's stage as something not altogether sacred, when we look at the history of moussems and the formatting of them today, we see that there have always been a variety of styles present at moussems, as well as other spheres of activity that are not necessarily acts of worship, but are rather entertainment and contexts of community building. Other larger festivals in Morocco, with the exception of the Essaouira Gnawa Festival, are typically not events in which framing the sacred is a goal. It does not appear that globalization or even the world music industry's operationalized version of the sacred have done away with Moroccan moussems. Instead, it appears the same level of what Benjamin called "hundred per cent image-space" (Erlmann 1999: 5), the process of an operationalization of culture from the panorama, to film, and then cyberspace, had happened at the very ancient site of the moussem. Its form and content now circulating and adapting to various audiences in numerous contexts, contained in real, lived sites, and in cyberspace too.

All of the diversity expressed in "Sufi music" throughout Morocco is projected back onto the stage of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. Every year it is the large sponsors in Morocco, like Royal Air Maroc and Maroc Telecom, for example, that are appealed to on the basis of attracting well known musicians from the Arab World, mostly Egypt and Syria. Moroccans also have an insatiable appetite for U.S. Gospel music, which has been funded through U.S. grants and efforts by the North American director of the festival, Zeyba Rahman. These are the kinds of groups most likely to draw support and ticket sales from wealthy Moroccans. It is European and American tourists who care

most about watching "Sufi" music, while for Moroccans this is something they could see anytime on TV or somewhere in the medina, not something they are likely to spend the equivalent of $30.00 on.

The festival's sacred rhetoric produces a spiritual prototype for Morocco's many Sufi groups to follow, but despite this, their appearance on the Fes stage helps preserve their regional traditions and I would argue, work to address classism among Moroccans themselves who may gain some appreciation for more marginal groups through contact with their, albeit often sanitized, onstage performances. It is really only with the tourists who use "Sufi" in a sweeping manner where issues surrounding regional, ethnic, and class identities are lost, but it seems like the internal process for performance selections for Moroccans prompts important local cultural realizations. The rhetoric of an early postcolonial Morocco, if we are to take Bowles' observations of those early Nationalists who were not supportive of his project, were that of doing away with tribes in the name of a greater nation that tool its lead from Egyptian style, secular Egypt. This seems to have reversed, however, and the monarchy clearly supports the festivalization of difference, whether on a small, well publicized global stage, or on the gigantic national stages built on centuries old saint shrines. The hand of Fatima with the motto "Don't Touch My Country" seems to be the most authentic, and most diverse symbol of Moroccaness today.

As musicians are selected each year, descriptions of the artists are drafted and sent to the Artistic Director, Gerard Kurdjian, who is both a musician and ethnomusicologist in France. He drafts all of the texts in French, which are sent back to Fes for review. Small changes are made, and then the texts are translated. During fieldwork I was asked

to translate the texts, which were then sent to the Fes Festival contacts in the US. The process was not always smooth, but the mutual interest in music, the U.S. and European interest in everything Sufi, and the Moroccan and European interest in Gospel music, created an atmosphere where a global setting did provide some instances that supported diverse music. The joint collaboration, and the wide range of global sponsors seemed to insure a wide range of performers, at whose core were always Moroccan musicians who got global attention and a global audience, either through attendees or through sales of the Festival CD, that they might otherwise never had. The Fes Festival has had a hand in stimulating interest in a wide array of Moroccan music, from everything orchestral Andalusian music, to very ecstatic ‘Aissawa music.

FIG. 15 Audience members from the medina at a staged Sufi dhikr during the Sufi Nights performances of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music (Photo by the author ©2003.)

In the frame of Sufi music that the Fes Festival constructs, certainly there are some local markers of regional Moroccan identity that are left out. However, I would argue that the Fes Festival makes marketable what might otherwise be submerged under a blanket of global media influence from the Arab East in the form of mostly Egyptian, Syrian, Iraqi, and Lebanese music and film, from the West in terms of US popular culture, the North in terms of news, media and trade from Europe, and the South in terms of Telenovelas from mostly Mexico. The Fes Festival celebrates a sort of "We Are the World" kind of aesthetic, which is somewhat misleading as a certain performance may draw a highly homogenous audience. Audiences shift dramatically from one evening's performances to another. Although anyone may attend a performance, certain artists only attract certain publics. The critique against globalization argues that locality is replaced with homogeneity, but in the case of the Fes Festival, the nightly performances seem to attract all manner of different music lovers of a variety of genres, and each festival sequence offers something for almost everyone. My experience living with the Fassi family showed me, along with the process of selection for the festival that globalization offers a substantially wide range of options, that people may chose what they like best.

Here, very specific musics meet specific audiences who do not require they water down their style. An interesting case in point relates to DouDou N'Dai Rose, a musician who has become a cultural ambassador of Senegal. He arranges and choreographs different styles of drumming from all over Senegal with troupes of sometimes up to 100 plus drummers. He composed the national anthem of Senegal that features drumming from different regions. While what has done in terms of the mixing of different elements is unconventional, the elements he chooses are all in their own rite traditional. While

Morocco, and particularly Fes, is busy constructing a discourse of Andalusian Mediterraneanness, performances such as this one remind Moroccans that they are also Africans, though few people think of themselves as such. Rose is an adherent of the Tijaniyya Sufi order that hails from Fes. In the summers, pilgrims from Mali, Senegal, Mauritania, and other sub-Saharan African countries come to Si Ahmed Tijani sepulchral mosque, also located in the medina of Fes. Interestingly, while much of the discourse around Fes relies on antiquity, the Tijani discourse relies on modernity and innovation.

When I was in Fes in 2002-2003, the Tijani mosque and zawiya were under renovation. The Tijani family in Fes insisted that the money come from donors, and not the World Bank or UNESCO because they wanted to maintain their own vision from beginning to end. Their vision was considerably more modern in its architectural representation, and not completely dependant on styles one might see in Fes. The photos below are of a live performance at the paid concert site, Bab al-Makina. The two photos below are of a Fes Festival employee who grew up in Senegal and who spoke to Rose because she responded very emotionally to it. The last photo is of a security guard from Fes who is also an adherent of the Tijani order. He was pleasantly surprised by the fact that the Tijanis would be represented in the festival, and asked that I take his photograph with Rose. The founder of the Tijani order, Si Ahmed Tijani, is credited with having introduced Islam into Sub-Saharan Africa. In a conversation with Rose after his performance, he explained to me that he saw the trip to Fes not as a performance, but paying homage to Fes and to Si Ahmed Tijani, claiming the trip was like a pilgrimage for the troupe that had accompanied him. I believe that bringing such performances to Fes has served to open up discussion about racism in Morocco.

While some may argue that this performance "suffers from" globalization, and that other groups like the Gnawa have become thoroughly commoditized, there is some evidence to believe that some Moroccans, particularly the younger generation, identify strongly with Morocco's African traditions. Some young, affluent university students who volunteered in the summers of 2002 and 2003 agreed they came to Fes to make potential career contacts because of the high profile nature of the festival. Most of them wealthy Fassis who consider themselves of Andalusian heritage, said that they felt "their" festival was the Essaouira Gnawa festival that features a "Sufi" tradition that mingles sub-Saharan elements with Islamic ones. How young affluent Fassis now identify more with Gnawas than their own local traditions is no less confounding than trying to explain why western tourists identify so strongly with a "Sufi" music from Fes.


FIG. 16 Senegalese drummers led by Rose in a performance at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music (Photo by the author, ©2003)


FIG. 17 Rose speaking with an employee of the Fes Festival after his performance, (Photo by the author, ©2003)

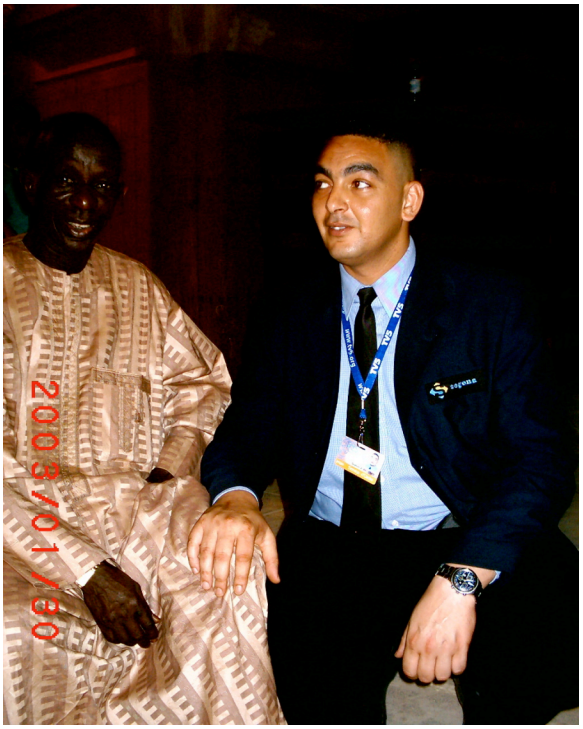


FIG. 18 Master percussionist and Cultural Ambassador of Senegal, Rose with a Morrocan fan, a security guard from a private security company from Fes. Both are adherents of the Tijani Sufi order. (Photo by the author, ©2003)

During my first trip to Morocco, it didn't take long to recognize that there were multiple ideas of what Islam is and how it should and should not be practiced. For some, Islam is lived in the mosque with the Qur'an, for others, it is lived through one of Morocco's many Sufi traditions which also embrace the mosque and the Qur'an in their own distinct ways. Sufism is often referred to as the "mystical" branch of Islam. While this may be true, Sufism in Morocco is everywhere, has many outward forms, and is often interwoven with orthodox Islamic practices. It is often difficult to separate Sufism from any given religious terrain and its presence has been so far reaching and long standing, that most would not try to separate Sufism from Islam in the first place, and some scholars simply typify Moroccan blending of orthodox Islamic practice and local practices as simply Moroccan Islam (Eickelman 1976). In the past, Sufi lodges, or *zawiyas*, served as places of worship, as sites where people would seek advise from learned and or charismatic figures, as well as providing a space in which to experience Islam communally. Not surprisingly, local Sufi lodges reflected different regional dialects, different ways of dress, and different ways of expressing spirituality through ritual. Today these regional differences are crystallized in the names of the particular saints to whom people once sought direct assistance. Today where communities are close to urban centers where schools and a variety of social services are provided through a municipality, Sufi practices become more attuned to the spiritual needs of those who visit. In areas where communities are far from urban centers, Sufi saint complexes may fill not only the spiritual needs of its visitors, but also more material ones as well.

A couple of years later, I was back in Morocco and had the chance to attend the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. It was interesting to see "traditional" Moroccan

music framed for a very public audience, in a very international setting. The same characteristics around heightened sensuality were there too, large masses bodies pressing into narrow spaces, the amplification of sound, the conscious construction of space and unspoken ways of knowing how to belong in that space. Again the presence of sound and its manipulation, its rendering the listening public somewhat passive, while the crowd seemed to actively resign to the effects of the music were all things that reminded me of this first moussem I attended, and the first dhikr ceremony I saw in Dripping Springs, Texas. The difference here was that the audience was mostly European, and the setting was a not some remote village, but the very accessible city of Fes. While the musical program for the festival was "sacred," the performance context was not exactly. There was also the fact that the participants presumably held a variety of religious convictions. These things aside, the organizers of the festival, as well as those tourists attending the events, saw it as nothing less than a ritual, a site for a kind of global pilgrimage. There was a shared belief among the organizers that once people occupied the same space and experienced the same sacred musics together, some kind of positive change would occur. There is a kind of blind faith in the potential for music to bridge gaps that language, cultural diplomacy and conventional diplomatic efforts could not achieve. This is a kind of *sound faith*, a belief that the properties of sound inform more affectively about the other and that sound invokes a kind of sympathy not found elsewhere.

FIG. 19 An organizer of the Sufi Nights performances dressed in traditional clothing (Photo by the author, ©2003)

In the world music context, we might find Naqshibandi Sufi music, or Gnawa music, or many other different interpretations of Islam haphazardly lumped together. These labels are accumulations of centuries of practices with traces of different regional identities and regional understandings of Islam through locally relevant symbols and personages in the form of local saints. One of the more distinguishing characteristics of how Islam is lived and experienced is in the expressive forms associated with various local groups of Sufi adherents. In other words, the hymns, the styles of Qur'anic recitation, the incorporation of certain musical instruments and the way people respond to them, the way people understand the role of celebrating religious holidays, the marking

of turning points in one's lives, the ways people engage and respond in public and private, all these things constitute a given facet of a local Muslim community that makes up the larger mosaic of Islam. In this regard, expressive forms, and more precisely, orientations to the role of sound, are central ways in which individuals make public statements about their affinities and how they see themselves in the world.

We might think of the staging of the Fes Festival, and the events around it as something like what Ong calls Neoliberalism as exception. The organizers do "sell out" in terms of their insistence against all things folkloric. This does not necessarily mean however that the version of Sufi music they sell for tourists is what they themselves begin to believe. In fact, on certain levels, the opposite seems to be true as the global music industry provides some measure of marketing local culture to local markets. When we walk thorough the medina, we will see a range of "folklorization" happening in the narratives sellers use with their customers. It appears that there is a separation between what people know tourists want to hear and what they themselves believe.

FIG. 20 Local Fassias attending the Sufi Nights performances (Photo by the author, ©2003)

## Chapter 4:

## Participatory Music, Tourists, and Hospitality:

## Experiencing Music through the Prism of the Fes Festival

*"[…] sonic dominance it can be suggested that this hard-to-define quality missing from the digital is to do with the particular sensual bodily pleasures of the materiality of the sonic. There are three of them. One is the pleasure of remembering – nostalgia. […] This is perhaps the rekindling the old flame of a past pleasure, a bodily remembering. […] A second kind of pleasure of the materiality of the medium is to do with the kinds of ambiguity associated with the either and both of medium and message, or noise and signal. (Moore's idea of either and both). […] It is as if as sensory beings we like to complete the picture of ourselves, to make our own Gestalt forms out of the material, to achieve the pleasure of closure for ourselves. […] The third type of pleasure is pure sensation. This is untranslatable, irreducible and an end in itself. Especially when sound is the dominant sensory modality it becomes pure sensory experience. […]'It is enjoyable to enjoy. It is exciting to be excited. It is terrorizing to be terrorized and angering to be angered. Affect is self-validating with or without any further referent'"(Henriques: 463).*

In this chapter I try to link concepts that I have used earlier in a slightly different way. I aim to connect Henriques' notion of sonic dominance with that of Csordas' claim of alterity being the kernel of religious experience. Here I want to get at why people enjoy music, and how it is thought of as sacred, in this pursuit of developing an idea of what sound faith is. So far I have argued that the organizers have shown a faith in sound, and that the sound emitted from each religious tradition represents one note along the spectrum of the divine. My treatment here is not a conventional anthropology of religion per se, because of the swirl of tourism, varied religious faiths and ethnic backgrounds, and complicated histories of traditions that have changed and continue to do so before our very eyes. I propose here and anthropology of sound faith, where the notion is a loose structure and represents to some degree the rationale for those coming to Fes as well as

those responsible for official festival programming, and that otherwise seen in independent endeavors at participating in cultural tourism (Bruner).

Much effort is put into staging performances in Fes so that audience members feel they are listening to music in the comfort of someone's home or garden. As much as possible, the feeling of the four walls of a western concert hall are erased, even when staging a western classical performance. I spoke earlier of tarab culture, one in which a musical tradition expects participation, and it is structured into the architectural setting of performance sites. This intentional element of informality is part of what makes the festival, as well as other independently organized endeavors, successful precisely because tourists who want to take part in cultural tourism want to feel they are taking part in something off the beatern path, more real than the diarama-static cultural representations one might expect to see elsewhere. Erlmann (1999:5-7) argues that this kind of "real" is indeed understood as such because the seams which bind lived experience at the ordinary, nonoperationalized level are not visible when that sphere becomes tourism.

This production of intimacy is indeed part of the Moroccan aesthetic for festivity making and it is projected onto any festivity no matter its scale. The same construction of space one would expect to find at a Moroccan wedding, a private affair for family and friends, or a Sufi dhikr gathering, a sacred context of initiates, are executed on a larger scale for the Fes Festival and the city at large as individual restaurant and hotel owners offer musical performances, Sufi tariqas operating independently of the festival cater to the tastes of visiting tourists. The Festival organizers' notion of an "encounter" is based on the principle that when people of diverse backgrounds meet face to face and share the same space for a period of time, they learn something from one another that they carry

with them afterwards. They believe that an opportunity for real encounter between people of different backgrounds allows for seeing a nation, or a culture, or a religion in some degree of greater depth than is often portrayed in the media. Herein lies the political aim of the festival, a subtle shifting of personal ideologies and perceptions. What better way to reshape perception than through the use of art and music? Music and performance are woven into patterns of hospitality and make opportunities for encounter between strangers possible. Music and performance are self-portraits that invite an audience. Without audience, without encounters, without the implied alterity of musical forms, music and performance have no meaning.

All performances take place outdoors outside the four walls of a traditional Western concert hall, and facilitate an atmosphere of participation between audience members and performers. A central characteristic of Middle Eastern music, tarab (see Shannon) describes a mood of positive interaction that exists between the musician and audience members. The musicians, particularly singers and those musicians whose instruments are featured prominently within the context of a supporting orchestra, are expected to perform in such a way as to erase the distance between the stage and the audience. It might be said that their role is to go even farther than that, to erase the stage as well as the other audience members to the extent that the performance feels like it has been a sort of communion between performer and individual audience members. This is what makes the sonic realm dominant, according to Henriques, when he ways that it is through an enjoyment of music that we reimagine ourselves.

Achieving this is what all good musicians do in any culture, and in any language. The important thing here is that tarab culture forms the base upon which discourse about

music unfolds. The root T-R-B in the Arabic language generates a number of verbs (Cowan: 649), to be moved, to be delighted, to be overjoyed, to be transported with joy, to delight, to fill with delight, to enrapture, to please, to gratify, to amuse, and so on. This three consonant root is the epicenter from which musical enjoyment emanates and reverberates on psychic, aural, and bodily levels. It is this three letter consonant from which all terms that enable individuals to describe their experience with music derives. It is also a synonym for playing music, and the word for musical instrument, *ala at-tarab*, is the instrument of tarab, or the key that unlocks the door to delight and rapture.

We might think of the formal concerts that take place in the Fes Festival's largest outdoor amphitheater, Bab al-Makina, and the feeling of distance the space projects as similar to the interaction we might expect to see in the formal salon of a wealthy household. Interactions between people are brief, and somewhat distanced. The attention given to attire there is not unlike what would be expected in a formal environment. Interestingly, Bab al-Makina has served a number of functions in the city. It once marked a kind of outer boundary of the medina itself and it was here that indigenous folk performances took place**.** During the colonial period, it housed munitions, where *makina* means gun. It is now a concert venue, but serves primarily as a stage for headliners at the Fes Festival, the most expensive of the festival venues thus drawing a more exclusive audience, as well as being the site where the monarchy is most likely to make an appearance, if any.

I have noticed a shift in audience behavior during some of the festival performances I attended between 1998 and 2003 in Fes, and 2004 when the Fes Festival toured the U.S.. There were what I would call cultural breeches that occur, but generally

speaking the behaviors one sees on a given night corresponds somehow with the expectations of the music and the musical audience in attendance. The featured music draws a very specific audience. On any given night, an audience may draw very different people than those attendees from a previous or subsequent performances. A Gospel group is most likely to draw a large group of Moroccans, Western and Eastern classical performances are most likely to draw international spectators from one of Rabat's many Consulates, who in many cases have helped in sponsoring the performance to represent their home country. Performances of exquisite but rare and relatively unknown Sufi texts, draws small crowds of most Western audiences, unless of course the performer is someone like Nusrat Ali Fateh Khan. The formality of the space and the fact that the cost of tickets is relatively high ensures an audience that is particularly interested in the music featured that evening. The Fes Festival provides something for almost everyone, but not everyone is listening at the same time.

Breeches of cultural codes of conduct are humorous and usually follow with some sort of negotiation between people from different backgrounds. For example, some western women, presumably having taken belly-dancing courses back home, are sometimes moved to dance to the music. Sometimes this might go unnoticed, but if the musical repertoire is heavy in religious content, the dancing does seem out of place to most Moroccans and is considered comical. Moroccans sometimes shake their heads in disbelief, and on one such occasion a man sitting next to me claimed the festival was doing an injustice to Islam as a religion. This gentleman as it would turn out, was a representative of the Tijaniya Sufi order, and while the Fes Festival was eye-opening for him in the sense that he understood immediately that he might draw new Muslims to his

tariqa through the use of music, the format itself was outside the bounds of what was normally acceptable for an Islamic context. His reaction and appreciation of what the Fes Festival could *do* with Islam (Starrett) prompted him to organize his own events that later coincided with the festival yet were well marked as outside of the festival program. Responding to the festival offered him an incentive to organize his own operationalized version of the proper way to experience Islam through Sufi ritual and music. This is perhaps one of the positive outcomes of the festival. Although relatively small and underattended by Moroccan standards, it seems to have become something of a starting point for Moroccans to discuss what their traditions are, and in what ways they should be recognized in festivals and otherwise.

Performances that are particularly Western and would normally be staged in a concert hall in the US or Europe draw mostly visiting foreigners and wealthy Moroccans who can afford to attend the performance but may be unfamiliar with conventional concert hall behavior. Although the festival asks the attendees to turn off their cell phones in three languages, many people do not. In these performances when audience members are expected to be restrained in demeanor and sit quietly watching the performance, it is most distracting when cell phones go off. In these situations you might see foreigners turning to scowl at the person on the phone, usually a Moroccan as most tourists do not invest in cell phones to use during their vacations. The one musical genre that has everyone on their feet is Gospel. Regardless of their background, all in attendance behave in a boisterous manner and the issue of cell phones is not important. Cell phone usage and loud conversation would go virtually unnoticed during a gospel concert. I offer these examples as a way of looking at the way different individual

intimacies collide at the Fes Festival, and as such, prompt individuals to stage their own versions.

Perhaps the most intimate of performance sites is the Batha Museum which houses archeological artifacts from different regions from Morocco, but thanks in part to the festival, it has become well known as a site where Sufi music is performed. At the Batha Museum, afternoon concerts take place under the shade of a 400-year-old tree in a former palace in the medina of Fes that is now a museum focusing on regional themes. Audience members sit on hand-woven rugs placed before the stage and are able to be very close to the musicians and to approach them after performances as they leave the stage to go to press conferences. In the same way a youngster might sit and listen to an elder recounting a story, attendees sit with crossed legs or lie down such that one has the feeling of being in a living room environment.

Volubilis, another site where performances take place, is now an archeological site of what used to be a Phoenician-Roman city. Afternoon concerts are staged here one time during the course of each festival. Music is enjoyed outdoors by a crowd almost entirely made up of foreigners. The Sufi Nights series, are now held after the main concert in Bab al-Makina at Dar Tazi, which is the site where Fes-SAISS was established. Each evening Moroccan Sufis perform a dhikr ceremony as it is practiced in their particular order. This is undoubtedly the most intimate of performance settings as the area where Sufi perform is only but a few feet away from where audience members are sitting. An interesting blend of local Moroccans and tourists show up in what is a very charged setting, very much like what I experienced in Dripping Springs. If looking only at the performers and the crowd, one might forget that they are at a "festival". It is

here that audience participation comes closest to looking like worship. One is reminded of the festival frame again when glancing at the snack bar or the enormous tents erected for people to sit and lounge in. At a dhikr ceremony, normally food would be provided afterwards, and there would be no area set aside for talking. One also finds the musicians from the festival here as well. I once spoke with Julien Weiss of the Al Kindi Orchestra, who has performed more times at the festival over the years than any one group, while sitting in the large tent having a cup of coffee. He had come with the intention of watching the Sufi perform sam'a and dhikr, not as a world-renowned musician, but as a Sufi.

During the Sufi Nights performances, the gardens of FES-SAISS, the NGO that oversees the festival and incidentally the location of the festival offices, are cleaned up and enormous tents are erected just as they would be for a wedding party in the countryside. I was perhaps more conscious of the deliberate construction of space here as it was the place where I went to work on a regular basis, and the shift from festival office to festival stage was quite dramatic. The performances are free and anyone may enter. Moroccans from the neighborhood who I had passed everyday in the streets during my year of fieldwork, along with die-hard world music lovers and those looking for Sufism, blended together and formed what might have been unexpected friendships over the course of the evening. Some festival organizers and volunteers also came, despite their heavy daily schedules. Zeyba Rahman, while the North American Director of the event, showed up at nearly every event on the schedule and sat alongside others in the audience. All in attendance were willing to attend a generally long ritual that begins at 11:00pm and continue until the wee hours of the morning. After the dhikr and the sacred music had

ended, many people linger afterwards talking and drinking tea and coffee under the big tents, with just enough sleep for the festival's concerts the next day.

As an audience member at these events in particular, I felt the difference between the organizing of the event and the actual musical experience itself. Working in the festival offices had been rather grueling, due to the realities of a cramped workspace, a large workload, and a generally underpaid but never under dedicated staff. Once the music began to play however, all of this faded away. Indeed, the festival can be approached from many levels, but the experience of it has a life of its own.

The following stories deal with the experience of sacred sound itself, broadly defined. The subtitle of this chapter draws up the notion of the Fes Festival as something of a prism through which people think about their relationship to sound, and how it operates at the individual level. In an effort to describe the many spheres linked together within this vast global imagination that the Fes Festival both relies on and stimulates, I offer these portraits of the ways that individuals relate to and feel attachment to sound. Here I employ "Sufi" at times not only as a distinct tradition among members of a single tariqa, but rather something people have in mind when they want to evoke the sacred. Music and sound, both religious and otherwise, are the threads that link these portraits together.

**Music and Pilgrimage with Faqirat from Fes**

Rather than calling themselves Sufis, most adherents to a Sufi order in Morocco call themselves "faqir" (a male adherent), or "faqira", (a femal adherent). The literal definition is of someone who is "poor", acknowledging the poverty of this world and the

abundance that Islam promises to those who stay on the straight path until the afterlife. A French friend who did call herself a "Sufi" invited me to go to the zawiya of her Sheikh, Sidi Hamza of the Boutshishi tariqa in Oujda near the Algerian border. We went with other Moroccan women from Fes from the same order, who called themselves "faquirat", the poor ones, as a symbolic act of submitting to their Sheikh's authority, as well as to Allah.

We woke up very early and went to the place where we were told to wait for a bus at a door of the medina that neither of us knew very well. We got there at five minutes after 7:00 am in the morning and saw no one so we thought they had left without us. We inquired at a bus station across the highway and were told the bus had already left. Disappointed, we walked back to the other side of the road, put down our belongings and tried to think of some other way we might get to this distant zawiya. Just when we had decided we had better give up, we found the *faqirat* who were just arriving and in no time, we were in the bus with 50 other women. There were maybe four or five buses all together, each one with as many people. The atmosphere was nice and everyone was in a festive mood. The pilgrimage coincided with the birthday of the Prophet Mohammed, and all the ladies were wearing their new, colorful jellebas.

On the bus for the first several hours of the trip most of the women sang *qasa'id*, spiritual hymns generally dedicated to the Prophet Mohammed, or other regional saints. I had been going with my friend every Wednesday to a group of foreign women either in this order, or interested in joining. We had a book of *qasa'id* that were numbered, and the woman who had led that group began singing each week by announcing the numbers. Prior to the qasa'id, we would recite surahs from the Qur'an, and then perform dhikr.

The book we used was specifically for new members of the tariqa, mostly Western converts who did not read Arabic. The text was transliterated according to the French style, and explanation for what the person leading the group should do over the course of many weeks. In the dhikr we performed, the central name of Allah was *al-Latif*, the gentle, the kind. According to our book, which we called the *wadifa*[44], which means something like profession or job, after the completion of seven weeks worth of performing the wadifa, we would have said the name al-Latif 116,487 times. Sufis believe that the performance of certain names of Allah opens up new corridors of knowledge in the supplicant. Adherents focus their journeys towards a better self in these ways, reciting the names in hopes that Allah will open their mind and clean their hearts.

We had grown accustomed to the comfort of our wadifa books. We followed in a predictable manner, generally going on for an hour and a half or so, in which time we covered just a few of the qasa'id in the book we used. The wadifa contained dhikr, short qasa'id that I had heard Moroccan women sometimes just singing at home among friends and family when the moment felt right, as well as longer formal poems that were more like classical Arabic that told stories of the Prophet's birth, his revelations, and a favorite that was a warning about putting one's *nafs*, the ego that drives one to do wrong, back in line. My French friend and I sometimes listened to a cassette she had that was a recording of French men converts in the south of France. We listened to this cassette and so did our neighbors because of lack of privacy. The sound of this music spilling out of the windows earned us a measure of respect, if not mystique.

[44] *Wadifa* was the name of the book we used during these sessions, and was the name of the practice itself.

Despite our excitement and the hours we had spent trying to learn something of this vast corpus of sacred songs, we struggled to keep up with the women around us when the bus left and the people aboard spontaneously burst into song. We tried to sing along with them, then resorted to trying to locate the qasa'id in our wadifa, and then realized it was no use. We sang when we could, and then just enjoyed the rest and clapped.

We had paid a nominal fee to go on this pilgrimage and the price included some food. We were served breakfast and lunch by the woman who was the lead *faqira* in Fes. She and her five sisters, all adherents to this order, had organized making sandwiches and other snacks for the large group of ladies. People were passing around different things they had made themselves and brought along. A lady behind us gave us some homemade cookies. A lady in front of us shared her café au lait with us. Other people gave us milk and other drinks. I had not brought anything and felt glad when someone finally asked me for some bottled water so I felt like I could reciprocate a little. The girl sitting next to me had a sister who had not been able to come so she and some other young girls sang some songs to her over their cell phone to try to cheer her up. They asked the ladies in the front of the bus to sing especially loud so she could hear them and feel like she was there too.

After a few hours of almost constant singing, things began to wind down, at which point the bus driver put on some CDs of the men's side of the tariqa who were singing the same songs that we had just heard. They were also doing a very ecstatic dhikr, which was interesting considering that most of the people around us were starting to nod off. This was the first time I had ever seen adherents of a Sufi order use ecstatic chanting as background music.

The trip was long, about eight hours all together. Along the way we stopped for food and a bathroom break. We stopped at a small restaurant, and everyone went in together. Everyone needed to pray, which meant that everyone needed to take wudu', ritual ablutions. We were all directed to an upstairs area for ladies where people might remove their scarves for ablutions without worrying about being seen without it. There was one sink, and one toilet, and one very long line of ladies who little by little filed back into another area reserved for prayer. The area was tiled with pick tiles that had spider web patterns on them. I asked a woman beside me why the spider web pattern. She explained the pink was just plain pretty, while the motif was like the story of the Qur'an in which the Prophet Mohammed was fleeing Mecca to go to Medina. When he had hidden in a cave with his companions, a group of spiders miraculously wove a dense web over the entrance of the cave, which led the people pursuing the Prophet's travel party to believe that the cave had not been entered in a long time. The spider web was a sacred sign, a good thing to have in a prayer area. Among the sounds of ladies talking and waiting in line, others were reciting their prayers, sighing as they went down to sejda, the point in prescribed prayers when one puts one's forehead on the ground in an act f submission to Allah. Someone had told me that the sighing that takes place in this position is like the sigh of a child who returns to its mother's arm for an embrace.

Downstairs people were ordering fast food, and incoming men were cautioned vigorously to not go upstairs where we were sitting. "But I need to go to the bathroom!", one desperate man said. "Look, you'll have to take it somewhere else, ok? There are a lot of women up there". The man left without a word. We all freshened up, filled our bellies, and were back on the bus. Everyone was pretty worn out and did their best to get

into comfortable positions to sleep for the rest of the trip. The seats seemed to get thinner as we went, I felt every bump in this unloved stretch of road. A woman behind me put a towel between herself and a spring, which had emerged, from the seat she was sitting on. The two girls next to us wrapped themselves around each other like a couple of cats, and somehow slept peacefully the rest of the way. We did not really know anyone on the bus and when we started getting closer to the final destination people started asking us whom we were going with or if we knew our way around the place where we were going. The ladies wanted to adopt us because they were afraid we would get lost in the big crowds and get separated from the bus. I was remembering the pilgrimage to the Rif with my friends in the North and thought we would be fine. We had no idea just how crowded this zawiya would be. We heard later after we got back to Fes that there had been 70,000 people there. We watched the throngs of people on TV and could not really believe we had been part of that large a crowd.

When we got off the bus, and into the first entrance to the zawiya, we tried really hard to find a bathroom and a place to sit down and rest but there was no such place. At about the moment I had found a little tiny place to sit a French woman came in and recognized my friend. She whisked us away to a place where other foreign women were. It was less crowded but still difficult to find a place to sit down. The women there were all converts to Islam, about thirty altogether. The woman who had come to meet us was a longstanding member of the tariqa, and she had worked previously at the Fes Festival as Faouzi's assistant in the festival's early years. She asked us about the festival and about Fes like someone who's been away from home for a long time.

We were taken up to sit and talk to one of the Sheikh's daughters. She gave us a kind of *halaqa*, or a religious lesson. She also lived in Fes too and made us promise to come back to visit her. We did visit her later in the area of town where the villas are. Her house was full of women who had dedicated themselves to the tariqa. They volunteered in her home helping out with cooking and cleaning so that they could be near her. Here at the zawiya she was also surrounded by young women who assisted her in a number of ways. After her lesson, we had some tea and a few cookies and changed into clean jellebas. Then we went into another room where we sat and the ladies sang more songs of praise for the Prophet Mohammed, and other women recited the Qur'an while people who had not seen each other since last year's gathering were excitedly talking together.

Those involved in some form of worship did so at their own pace. Some did dhikr alone, some sang in groups with others, some went to another area that functioned as a mosque for women. I remembered that I had heard the lady in the bus who gave us coffee talking to a younger woman beside her. She talked about being a *faqira* as a kind of work, or service. She was advising the young woman she had brought with her to the zawiya not to talk too much to others about her participation in all this, they might not understand, and she would get discouraged and perhaps abandon this service she had committed herself to, Allah forbid. I saw them now singing away in a crowded area. The older women raised her eyebrows and motioned for me to join her, I pointed to the mosque area. I wanted to go there to get a little fresh air.

In other Sufi orders I had heard an emphasis placed on being *sharif*, or a descendant of the Prophet. The rhetoric there was very different than what I heard here.

While being a sharif seemed to imply a sense of entitlement, the people here talked constantly about service and metaphorical poverty, about busying oneself with one kind of worship or another, to make the daily mundane things we do have a kind of spiritual component. Smile at someone who looks down, without being asked to do so, help someone, be patient in dealings with others. The Sheikh had not been feeling well that day, and someone else in the tariqa was giving a kind of *khutba*, sermon, over a microphone. He reiterated these ideas of service. I tried to understand what he said, but his voice became blurred by the other sounds around me. He spoke in brief telegraphic like sentences, and I understood he was imploring those there to acts of generosity, patience, and good. The women nodded. He broke out here in there in quoting the Qur'an. It was almost impossible to hear what he said, but if you could hear the last words at the end of the phrases, you could begin to guess what surah he was reciting, and then spontaneously join in recitation with him. That his voice was not altogether clear was not important. His voice represented a constant, uncompromising plea to stay on the path of Allah. Below the individual words, beneath the symbolic message of the surah he chose was his voice, constant, repetitive, calm, hypnotic. I could not quite get a sense of the place. There was layer upon layer of worship, each emitting its own sound. The cumulative effect made me want to sit and listen, to try to follow some piece in this myriad I was swimming in.

I met some of these ladies after our trip, and indeed they did live in very humble homes. Their rhetoric about poverty spoke to their material situation, and in their Qur'an

*tejwid*[45] and *tafsir*[46] lesson, they talked about the bounties they would find in *janat*, the paradise that awaited them after this difficult life in world of so few rewards and so much suffering.

Here at the zawiya that day, there were so many people and as the night went on more and more people came in. One very large woman squeezed herself into a space next to me. In fact, since the space was so small she was mostly sitting on my lap, which did not seem to bother her. Finally I escaped and found a place where I could at least stretch my legs out under a girl's wheelchair and then a little later another lady came along and literally sat on my back as if I were a chair. I moved a little and she tumbled off and then got scolded by someone she landed on.

This singing and squeezing went on for some time without an indication that it might end. Later my friend and I decided to go out for a walk to get some fresh air. We tried to go into the women's mosque but it too was so full that we left. The foreign convert women had been given a private area to rest and unpack. Some came from as far away London, and Montreal and were jetlagged. Around that time it was one-o'clock in the morning and it had been more than 12 hours since we had last eaten. Finally we decided that if we sat at some tables and looked hungry someone might finally bring us some food. Eventually it worked but the food had already been stretched thin. The

[45] The science of correct pronunciation while reading the Qur'an. It is generally believed that the Qur'an is so subtly composed in its rich poetic format that to mispronounce it is to misread it. Tejwid is at once a science as well as a form of worship, and it is believed that the greatest act of worship one can do is to correctly teach the recitation of the Qur'an to another person.

[46] Tafsir is an exegesis of the Qur'an.

women who were preparing food used enormous pots and pans, it took sometimes three of them to move a single pot of rice.

I was sitting at a table eating with an American from North Carolina. She was part of the American branch of the order. With her were several English ladies who had been in the order for a number of years. The greatest numbers were well-educated French women, and there was a Turkish architect who had grown up in France, and now worked in Montreal. She said she had been looking for a spiritual path, and also hoped to find a good Muslim husband. The woman whose wheelchair I had taken advantage of was there too. She explained that she was in the order in Paris. We vacated the tables where we were sitting so another crowd of people might come and eat. We went back to the area where we had been taken by the first French woman. She and her husband, also a French adherent to the order, had had a small home in the medina. After some time they decided to go back to France where they were still very active with the Sufi branch of the tariqa in Marseilles where they now lived.

A boisterous English woman began singing qasa'id again and she managed to wake all of us up despite the late hour. Too exhausted to enjoy anything, I curled up on a suitcase on the floor to rest a little. The women also seemed to know the songs by heart, and with each new song the level of excitement increased. Within a few minutes a group of Moroccans from across the hall came in. They were surprised to see that the ladies singing were not Moroccan. They asked if they could join, and the atmosphere grew more and more charged. The Moroccans on one side of the room began another song just as the one in progress ended. They sang louder, and when a song ended, the English

woman and another French woman would launch into yet another song, and it went on like this for another hour or so, until people were on their feet clapping and laughing.

I had seen something like this in the medina happen too. I joined a group of Tijanis, half of whom were from Fes, while the other half were students from Senegal. They sang the same songs but in a kind of friendly duel, each group sang in their own way, with their own regional accent and style of *tajwid*. The energy from both sides producing a kind of positive friction that encouraged the other to sing louder and with more feeling.

About this time the lady from the bus came in to find us. "It's 4'o-clock! We've been waiting for you in the bus", she said. "We were so worried about you, we thought you got lost". When she saw the enthusiastic group, she sang along a little too, and motioned for us to get our bags when another lady from our bus poked her head in and motioned vigorously. We were the last two people on the bus. The ladies said we must have had a good time if we had stayed that long. As we pulled away, the lady in front of us, who I just called "Khalid", my aunt, launched into qasida as we pulled away from the zawiya.

**Music and Colonial Hospitality**[47]

*"But nostalgia and memories do not have to relate to specific and easily explained, or rationalizable, connections. Connections, as they are lived and managed, do not have to be rationalizable, linguistically or otherwise. They are experienced as just one element, or aspect, of everyday life and ongoing identity creation. Here we can look at the notion of the creation of dynamic 'new ethnicities' (Gillespie 1995) […]" (in Tacchi: 284)*

A few months before the Fes Festival of 2003, a group of French travel agents and travel writers made a trip to Fes to learn more about the festival and about ways to promote it as a travel destination to their customers. I tagged along with some people from FES-SAISS, the NGO that housed the festival. I was asked to go to help guide them to a restaurant in the medina where they were to be treated to music and an elaborate Moroccan lunch. We went to the Palais Minebhi, on one of the main thoroughfares in the medina, which is the place where the paperwork for the French Protectorate was signed. We sat in the very room where General Lyautey signed the "Protectorate" documents, where Fassis were asked to sign over their country to the colonial protection of the French. The converted restaurant we were sitting in was once a lavish medina palace owned by one of Fes' prominent ruling families.

[47] Here I draw from Derrida's work on hospitality, which is the European answer to America's multiculturalism. Derrida articulates different kinds of hospitality, but never takes it simply at face value as an act of generosity. This literature grew out of a critique of the way guest workers are treated in Europe, thus the play on the word "hospitality". He specifies what he calls colonial hospitality when members of a group reenact certain power dynamics under certain circumstances. Very simply put, he says that discourses of hospitality and cosmopolitanism emerge under strain, and they actively work to dismiss real, lived tensions. The critique is like that launched at the academic notion of multiculturalism in the U.S. context. See Dufourmantelle and Derrida, and Derrida.

When we arrived we were taken to the Fes room. The tilework had been done by craftsmen from Fes, and across the entranceway was another large salon that had been decorated by craftsmen from neighboring Meknes. Later we listened to a talk given by Faouzi Skali's daughter, Leila Skali, who had just finished her studies on an architectural project on the medina of Fes. She had proposed several development projects that would honor the medina's architectural style, but would open it up enough to allow for better quality of life and would offer such services as dependable emergency care as well as escape routes when fires broke out (L. Skali). Equally passionate about the medina as her father, her vision was somewhat different. Like her father, she knew the medina inside and out, but whereas he saw beauty everywhere, she saw abject poverty and pockets of gentrification.

Her talk was somewhat apocalyptic, and I wondered if the travel agents would like it. They did. She spoke with all the fury of a person having just finished a large project that accompanied acquiring a degree. Still intimately attached to the details that made her project interesting, she spoke quickly, telegraphically, trying to impart the audience with everything she had seen. She spoke of the presence of UNESCO, and what it meant to try to launch preservation projects in a city that was called "A living museum" (Nas). Her talk was very provocative, and one could identify the irony of the prestige of having been named a living museum by UNESCO, and the recognition of patrimony coming from an outside entity with its own ideals. She also mentioned that the World Bank was the largest investor in the medina. It had invested primarily in areas designated as touristic, while the parts of the medina where Moroccans lived still suffered from unclean drinking water and reliable escape routes in the events of fire and health

emergencies. She cited a local medina preservation initiative, ADER[48], with carrying out projects with the World Bank's money. It was a fascinating story of a local place without much local interest or money for preservation that needed to look for financial support outside the public it was created to serve. The areas that are primarily touristic zones were in fact "opened up" by the French. So in the postcolonial era, the French goals for tourism continue to be realized in some way. A friend also engaged in preservation attempts in the medina told me that ADER did what it could, and that with the money it received from the World Bank and other sources, it merely tried to take on small, doable projects that had some immediate impact.

After it is all said and done, it is easier to sell Fes as it is rather than fix it. Fes can be sold as a medieval city, where people have lived as they have for many centuries. Tourists interested in preservation efforts could visit some of the projects Layla had mentioned. The sense of urgency in Layla's talk really lit a fire under the crowd of journalists and travel agents. This was not just cultural tourism, but philanthropic tourism. Tourism could help keep this place alive, they said.

After the talk we were escorted back down to the Fes room for lunch and music. I sat with a volunteer from the previous year. A Fassi, he had spent the better part of the time since I had last seen him in America. He had spent seven months there in fact and he was eager to practice his English with me. He told me that America was nothing like what he had expected. I asked him what he thought was different exactly and he did not really articulate one thing but kept saying "Everything… and people really practice Islam

[48] The current Fes Festival Director, Naima Lahbil Tajmouati, was the former Dirrctor of ADER.

there, I didn't know that". He said his sister was married to an African American Muslim convert and lived outside Philadelphia somewhere. He talked about the African American community and how for many of them, Morocco was a place they wanted to go. Many believed before they were taken into slavery that they had been Muslim. Morocco was like a lost homeland for them. Indeed there were students I had known who came to study Arabic and to study Islam with local sheikhs who had voiced the same things[49].

He said that his experience in the U.S. had changed him. He felt more passionate about his faith and that he hoped to start a project of his own, something like the Fes Festival that would reach out to people from the West. On a napkin, he sketched out a little plan. He wanted to have a place to have Sufi conferences, he too was in the Boutshishi tariqa. He sketched out a little building he said he would put outside of Fes where he would plant a grove of olive trees. In the middle of the grove, he would build a center, somewhat isolated from everything, where people could come for meditation and self-introspection. He was a young man, and having just finished the university, he was thinking of what to do with himself. He said that he would like to work with Faouzi, or just anything introducing Westerners to Islam. "They are really lucky, you know. New Muslims, they are like newborn babies, no sins. When you become a Muslim, all of your sins are erased. They are lucky, they come and find Islam, and we here just try to forget it…". He trailed off, concentrating again on his olive grove.

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[49] For more on this subject, see the following
(Aidi, Nance, and Gomez)

The music featured that day in the Fes room was Andalusian music. There was no real explanation of what that was, just that it was a music that bore Muslim, Christian and Jewish influences, a musical proof that religions could coexist and create something beautiful together. While the practice of Andalusian music in Fes has a long history, and is taught very seriously, among tourists, it takes on a sort of anthem of multiculturalism quality. When organized for Moroccans, a musical set is chosen, then practiced and at the event, a brochure with biographies of the musicians as well as the printed words of the songs that are performed. Fes SAISS in fact organized concerts around Andalusian themes throughout the course of the year, and I always wondered why they seemed to be organized so much differently than they were for tourists.

That day there was a small orchestra of five musicians; the leader of the group was a well-known Berber musician. After the set of Andalusian music, he moved into a livelier set of Berber music. The crowd here was reserved, not fully accustomed to participating in musical events, however, they left that day with a new determined interest in promoting Fes.

After their lunch, they were escorted by some of the staff from the bed and breakfast where they were staying to the *hammam*, the public baths. Lunch was wrapped up quickly so they would not be late for their scheduled departure. We were to meet them later where they were staying, another well known former palace cum tourist destination, Le Palais de Fes.

A few hours later we met them there in the lobby, also extravagantly decorated in what had become known as the Andalusian style. The owner of the bed and breakfast proposed a tour before dinner began. We were waiting for a couple of those who had

gone to the hammam. They were scrubbed bright red, evidence of their extended visit to the hammam. We went to several of the larger suites in the bed and breakfast. We were shown splendid rooms, where every detail, down to the tassels on the curtains were explained. Everything was antique in some rooms, the textiles, the carpets, the small adornments, all made in Fes before the Protectorate era.

We were treated again to another grand meal. A variety of salads, followed by soup, followed by three different dinner entrees, chicken with olives, lamb with prunes, and another dish with ground beef in a tomato sauce, and bastilla, a phyllo dough pastry stuffed with savory meat and spices topped with powdered sugar. The owner of the bed and breakfast dined with us. He spent the course of dinner explaining Andalusian history while listening to Andalusian music on a CD player that he occasionally checked on when it hit a small scratch. His understanding went far beyond that usually discussed within normal tourist interactions. He explained that Andalusian music was composed in noubas, something unique in the musical world. Each *nouba* was said to evoke different moods and different states of mind. Speaking with tourists about the details of Andalusian history was clearly something he really enjoyed.

At a certain point he slipped into the more typical explanations of Andalusian cosmopolitanisms and bemoaned a loss of tolerance in our contemporary world. He alluded to the war that everyone was sure would happen again in Iraq. His argument against the war was connected to his discourse on Andalusian cosmopolitans. There had once been Jews, Christians, and Muslims living side by side in Andalusia. Why couldn't we do the same today? Everyone agreed, and the conversation became a critique of the current American administration. Wine was poured and sipped all around and people

were enjoying themselves, still talking politics. They were to leave early the next morning, and the owner of the bed and breakfast suggested that people turn in early so they would have time for their Moroccan breakfast before they were taken back to the airport.

The travel agents were overwhelmed with the displays of hospitality they had seen in their short three-day visit. They agreed that Fes had it all, hospitality, luxury, history, a sophisticated Andalusian culture, beautiful hotels, delicious food, local craftsmen who gave tours of their ateliers, and of course music. For some of the travel agents, this may well have been the nicest trip they had ever taken in their lives, a level of comfort they might not have been able to afford on their own dime. They thanked the Fes Festival associate from France who had helped in organizing their trip and were discussing different kinds of package deals they might arrange that included tours of the medina and attending the Fes Festival.

My roommate and I who lived on the other side of the medina were escorted to a taxi stand by two employees of the bed and breakfast. As he closed the door, the owner whispered to us, "Be very careful, they streets here at not safe at night! Thank you for coming, come again!"

**Preservation Efforts at the Local Level**

NIDA Fes, an organization that was run by both foreign and Moroccan homeowners in the old medina, served as a resource group for mostly European investors and homeowners in the old medina of Fes. There are several other small groups of investors who organize as well, sometimes under the auspices of an organized group,

some more informally to share information about local craftsmen who do authentic work and who are accustomed to working on a structured nine to five schedule. Many Moroccans have chosen to leave the medina and live in one of Fes' suburbs. The demographic makeup of those still living in the medina varies considerably, but one finds very wealthy Moroccans who have centuries' old homes there, middle class Moroccans, as well as very poor Moroccans who are renters or squatters in what used to be larger single family homes. There is an increase in American and European homeowners in the medina as well. A number of old medina homes have been converted into bed and breakfast type hotels whose traditional architecture appeal to foreign guests, and whose surrounding poor families reinforce notions of authenticity, people still living as they had in medieval times.

NIDA Fes[50], one preservation group, has encouraged investment in the old medina and organized different "clean up" projects to attract new investors. They try to focus on small projects that will both serve some important function for other residents, like organizing regular trash collection, or replanting small public gardens and green spaces, repairing broken fountains, as well as making the medina look nicer for potential would-be investors. This group sees themselves as philanthropic investors in the sense that not only are they engaged in restoring their own homes, but in doing so, they also take part in preserving part of the world's largest medina.

[50] I include this small story about NIDA Fes because of the connection to the Fes Festival that comes about in the story. During my time in Fes, it had more or less fizzled out as a group. As each foreigner buys new property, new associations are made. The new Director of the Fes Festival, Tajmouati, is a trained restoration architect. One of the main goals of the festival seems now to have become preservation of the medina through cultural tourism. Whereas that was always the plan, it is stated very explicitly. The new festival motto is "Promoting Our Heritage is What's Sacred".

In the past few years, leadership within NIDA Fes, and other individuals trying to promote cultural tourism in the medina, has overlapped to a certain degree with the objectives of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. Investing in the old medina now also means creating new bed and breakfasts for the many tourists who come to the festival, promoting new "clean up" projects, and maintaining standards for vendors who interact with tourists. There has been a tension in NIDA Fes over the issue of making it the organization's priority to work directly with the aims of the Fes Festival, i.e. investing funds exclusively related to festival related events to draw tourists, or whether to engage in projects that improve the lives of the inhabitants of the medina itself.

During my year of fieldwork, NIDA Fes seemed to play a marginal role in terms of festival organization, but the continuation of the festival draws foreign guests who inevitably meet other foreign home owners, and thereby the trend to invest in a medina home continues whether the festival and groups like NIDA Fes have formal working relationships or not. Their efforts, while often conflictual, do strengthen the others' position and both serve to draw tourists. It was with a former active member in NIDA Fes from whom I rented my first room in the medina in the summer of 2002. I decided to stay in the medina so I could be close to the festival offices. The following story is taken from my fieldnotes from that summer.

**Meeting Pieds-noirs[51] Tourists in the Medina of Fes**

The riad homes are being bought up and refurbished at an increasing rate by foreign buyers. Many of those involved in this effort are non-Moroccans who have an interest in preserving the beauty and architecture of the old medina of Fes, as well as generating income from their investments through cultural tourism. Because of its proximity to the Fes Festival office, I rented a room in one such riad.

The home was owned by a Moroccan man who was married to a Belgian woman. They had named their riad after their young son, and offered accommodations and cooking seminars there from time to time. I was staying in a separate section of the house, that at one time had actually been a stable (a fact I learned after arriving), which still had its own separate entrance, and I would not have met the others staying inside the house if the owner had not invited us all to musical soirées he had organized in the garden of his home.

Before leaving for Morocco in 2002, I had contacted the Arabic Language Institute of Fes (ALIF) to ask for help in locating a place to stay, as I was to be a student there while doing fieldwork. I requested assistance in finding a small, one person accommodation for the summer in the old part of the city, the medina, as I needed a place to live that would be close to where I would be conducting fieldwork. I was given the name of the owner of a riad where many students had lodged previously. I

[51] Pieds noirs (The Black Feet) is a derogative term for French who lived in the French colonies in North Africa. It is a term that emerged after the outbreak of World War II and is doubly offensive. First, it type cast the French living in the colonies as traitors because they generally lived well compared to their countrymen who suffered deprivations during the war. Secondly, it is a racialized term that implies that those living in colonies became like the indigenous people.

communicated with the owner through email, and we came to an agreement on the length of time I would stay and a price. I was told that I had my choice of rooms, one in a small apartment on the roof of the house and one separate apartment that had its own private entrance that was not actually inside the house, but beside the main house. I was told it was two floors, with nice medina views, with private bath and kitchen, and furnished. It sounded too good to be true, and I accepted that it probably was, but decided to take it anyway and to hope for the best thinking that at the very least it would be cooler than the apartment on the roof.

I had taken down the address and phone number of the homeowner and was instructed to call him when I arrived. When I arrived I called his mobile number and he arranged to have an employee meet me at the bus station to help with showing me the house and in moving in my belongings. It was then that I realized that I was staying in a renovated stable. A friend from UT told me that it might be so, that it sounded like the place where a friend of his had stayed before, but I had not wanted to believe him. It was not quite as it had been advertised, it was not bad either, and it did offer privacy and convenience in terms of where I needed to spend most of my time. Built to house animals, it was surprising cool despite the warm temperatures outside. I slept at night with a thick blanket in the middle of the summer in Fes. Despite the mice, bugs, and the straw bed, it had its charm.

I learned later that the house where I stayed was really something of an informal hotel. In fact if one owns a riad, it is almost always implied that there are rooms for rent there. There were constantly people moving in and out and staying for varied periods of time. Students, artists, and all manner of tourists, occupied the home at any one given

time. Run by a Moroccan business man from an old Fassi family, and his wife, a Belgian who now was a permanent resident of the medina, and whose father also owned another more luxurious, and "traditional" riad home not too far away, the riad was just off a well beaten tourist path and after a couple of weeks I got accustomed to hearing the sound of Moroccan tour guides describing the craftsmanship of what had become my front door. I had a Moroccan friend that had worked at the other riad nearby owned by the Belgian. He eventually quit when the owner forced him to wear traditional clothes and bow for guests. He swore that the stress of the experience and the dampness of the medina was the reason for his sudden onset of asthma. This friend was a musician who incorporated rai, rap, and Moroccan Melhoun with hard rock. He was an avid fan of Bob Dylan, and swore that he sang just like the old melhoun performers had. Not the same genre, but the same passion he said. He was twice Berber, his father from the Sahara and his mom from the Rif mountains. He could never really adjust to the tourism version of Moroccan music and history, particularly when he was dressed like a servant of the precolonial court listening to music that was performed for people who could not understand the words they were hearing. With no other source of employment, despite his multilingual talents, he ended up in the Fes medina in cultural tourism. He had also been a volunteer at the Fes Festival where he earned 50 dirham[52] a day to escort musicians to where they needed to go, and translating for them. He had wanted to save his money to go to the Gnaoua Festival in Essaouira, also called Morocco's Woodstock. I met him a couple of times, and coincidence would have it that we ended up sitting near one another at a

[52] At the time of my research, 50 dirham was worth about $5.00 USD. He was also given free entry to the performances of the festival.

couple of concerts in 2002. He ended up knowing more about the Negro Spirituals performed by Barbara Hendricks. He had gotten interested in American Gospel and the Blues by doing research on Bob Dylan. He knew something about Rai having been influenced by Reggae, and his Berber identity overlapped with his interest in the Blues and African American music. I ended up knowing more about Wadih Safi, the great Arab-Lebanese composer of more than 3,000 songs, because I had seen him perform on TV and the Moroccans I had rented from in Fes and in Tangier liked this sort of classical Arabic style music.

At the time I arrived to stay in this riad there was a cooking seminar being held in the main home. A number of people from France and Belgium had come to spend a week or so learning about Moroccan cuisine. Their days were not spent like those of typical tourists. They passed the majority of their time strolling through markets looking for various vegetables and hard to find spices. They went out of their way to speak with vegetable and spice merchants in the broken Arabic they were trying very hard to pick up, and to locate unusual cooking items that would unlock the mysteries of Moroccan traditional cooking. Each evening, two or three people from the group were responsible for preparing the meal for the others in the group. They worked closely with an employee of the riad, a young Moroccan girl who had a pretty good command of several languages. She was dynamic and articulate and had been raised in a traditional household and knew a lot about Moroccan cuisine. She was a sort of a young, Moroccan Martha Stewart, and had the guests well organized in their trips into the medina.

Dinner was supposed to be served at nine, and it was obvious from conversation and the shared looks of exhaustion that enormous energy had been put into every detail of

the meal, from buying the ingredients, to the step-by-step preparation and technique, to the presentation itself. Dinner was never served at nine, but the wait gave those sitting around before the commencement of the musical soirees and dinner a good opportunity to talk. It was here that I met a couple from France. We spoke that night and later accompanied each other on the walk to the colloquium talks and concerts.

They were not the typical vacationers one would expect to find at peak summer travel season, but were instead having long and difficult conversations about injustices in the world with the others in their group, and Morocco seemed to be a site in which they became introspective rather than focusing on shopping or getting a suntan. Their conversations and their willingness to implicate themselves in what they saw as "part of the problem" reminded me somehow Franciscan monks who spent hours whipping themselves until they bled as a part of punishing the darker sides of their human nature. Their introspection seemed somehow out of place in the brightly colored sitting room.

One of the participants in the trip rushed in from an afternoon of shopping in the medina. I had expected her to pull out a carpet. Instead she pulled out some thick translucent green glasses used for tea in the older, less touristy cafes and restaurants in the medina. They were not to be seen in most Moroccan households that were now filled with sparkly tea glasses with Arabic inscriptions in metallic gold, mostly imported from Korea and China. These glasses were made in Morocco. They were solid, with a thick lip, easy to handle so one would not burn their fingertips while sipping hot tea. She held them up to the light, and the others from the trip admired their simplicity and their authenticity. The glasses were passed around and admired. Others vowed to buy the same ones and asked about what sizes they were available in. Theirs was not a vacation

where one simply relaxed, and overslept and overate, this was not a kind of tourism based on a leisure model. This was something else.

I introduced myself to some of the people waiting in the salon before dinner. I was invited to sit near another middle aged French couple, Marie France and Paul. They were very welcoming and curious about what I was doing there by myself, as I was the only person present not formally part of their culinary group. As our conversation got started, the music began. We and the others from the group chatted quietly and made eye contact with the musicians. It was a bit awkward because normally in western contexts when music is present conversation stops, but that is not always the case in Morocco. Sometimes music is performed to put people at ease rather than transform people into listeners. Not quite knowing if our first purpose was to speak about the food that so much effort had put into or the apparent professional quality of the musicians before us, people tried to manage both complimenting those who prepared the meal as well as responding positively to the music.

Both I and Paul perched our recorders side by side in an attempt to catch as much of the evening's performance as possible on tape, away from the chatter where dinner was being served. Just before pressing our record buttons, we vowed to speak with each other at a latter date about our reasons for being in Fes. His wife, Marie France, was interested in the fact that I was writing my dissertation on the topic of the music festival and wanted to know more about it. I began to give a synopsis of the research I intended to carry out at which point I was officially shushed by someone to my right. I was expecting it to be one of the French culinary tourists, and was surprised to realize that it was Si Hamidi, the riad owner who just a few hours earlier had left me with a bow and a

traditional Hindu expression, *Namaste*, that he translated as "Peace to you". His bright red, thin, wire framed glasses, bright pastel green sports blazer, along with his apparent knowledge of how Hindus greeted and parted, somehow did not match the image of him I had had in mind as the owner of a "traditional riad" home in the medina.

Now here he was again, this time in traditional Moroccan clothing, looking our way with a stern expression on his face. His jaw muscles flinched, and he tried to make his tight lipped expression look a bit more like a smile when I made eye contact with him. Never before, nor after, had I witnessed so stern a shooshing from a Moroccan in the context of good food and music. I assumed he must have been joking and chuckled a little to myself. Chatting continued in the rear of the room as one of the older ladies on the trip motioned to her daughter to keep an eye on her poodle. She was trying to get up and chase after him, but the many layers of the qaftan she was wearing pinned her down to the low banquette where she was sitting. Once free from the layers she cleared from her feet, she shuffled after her poodle, now hovering around with its leg hiked, looking for the best place to shower the rose bushes in the central garden. Shuffling after him, "Bijoux, viens ici! Bijoux!!" "Bijoux, come back here!"

Si Hamidi could contain his irritation no longer. He briskly stood up and walked to the front of the room and waiting for the piece we were listening to to come to an end. Normally the music would have simply turned into another song in a similar *maqam*, or in this case nouba as it was Andalusian music, but his presence was enough to let the musicians know that he wanted to speak. He began by saying that "We Moroccans are *true* mélomanes (music lovers), and in the presence of artistic music, a certain attention, a certain acknowledgement of the musicians and their art should be observed". Adjusting

his red framed wire glasses, he finished with a "Humph", and marched back to his seat, where he crossed his legs and sat very upright, scanning the group for any dissenters.

I was shocked; I had never been instructed on how to behave in such a setting. Normally rules were unspoken, subtle. When people talked too much, hosts normally redirected the conversation back to food to keep busy mouths occupied, or just did nothing at all but let the guests be guests. By that point in my time spent in Morocco, I had gone to perhaps more than twenty weddings and maybe more than that in terms of concerts and various religious gatherings where people sang praise songs together. On every other occasion, I had been nudged to get up and to dance or to clap or had taken part in conversations with other guests without any fear of reprisal. If I or any other guest showed any signs of shyness, or lack of interest in the event, musicians themselves often came over and invited participation. On other occasions, performers actually become acrobatic if it meant engaging the interest of the audience. If there was no audience participation when the music began, acrobatics and charm would produce something. There had been the expectation that the musicians had to work for the audiences' attention, rather than expect quiet, passive and submissive spectatorship of the musical event.

I was confused and wanted to continue talking to see what might happen, but was also impressed and astounded by the way the French crowd so quickly fell in line and became the sort of spectators Si Hamidi required. They were an obedient group, and sat still until Si Hamidi began to relax a little. Frustrated after a bad experience of working with the Fes Festival the previous year, Si Hamidi began organizing his own soirées in

his riad. Not about to let the occasion go unnoticed, he insisted the guests pay attention to the group he had assembled for their listening pleasure that evening.

The musicians were local Fassis who were conservatory-trained musicians, which in some way explained Si Hamidi's request for us to sit quietly. The leader of the group was a woman who expertly played the rebab, a four-stringed instrument, something of a precursor to the violin. One of the singers, a young woman, I had seen at FES SAISS practicing with other Andalusian musicians. She was preparing for a concert there, not for the Fes Festival, but before the festival for local Fassis. The Fes Festival, with all of its Hollywood glare, was a strange stepchild in the NGO where it was housed. In one corner, space was used for teaching illiterate women to read, another was dedicated to liberating poor women through teaching them to be seamstresses, another area took recycled wheelchairs and other equipment for the handicapped and distributed it to locals. The corner closest to the festival was another salon used for Fes Festival meetings, and for various musicians practicing for upcoming concerts.

These concerts were not organized by the Fes Festival, and it was only by chance that I met musicians there. They organized small concerts from time to time, which featured children who lived in the ville nouvelle and were learning western classical music. The NGO produced slick brochures advertising the many culturally enriching events it organized for the citizens of Fes, and its NGO status was intriguing considering that one of the King's advisors was its President. The Fes Festival was located in the rear of the NGO, housed in a crumbling medina palace, and rarely had contact with the other branches of the NGO, with exception of those individuals taking part in other musical events.

That night at the riad, there were three other musicians accompanying the lead rebab player, and they were accompanied by a couple of drummers that turned out to be adherents to the ‘Aissawa Sufi order who lived nearby in the medina. I later saw them hanging around talking to tourists, and saw them drum at other events too. After the set of Andalusian music ended and the meal was finished, the ‘Aissawas were joined by more from their order and the music shifted into something like an abbreviated Sufi ritual. The musicians had everyone up dancing and clapping, even the older French lady reluctantly joined in, with her poodle tucked under one arm while she managed the long layers of her qaftan as best as she could with her other free hand.

Marie France, who had been interested in my research during the dinner at the riad, approached me one day during the Fes Encounters colloquium lectures and asked me about my impressions of everything. She told me that she and her husband had been so taken in with the city of Fes that they had decided to postpone their return to France so that they might stay for the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. We were speaking during a break and as we were trying to speak we were cut off from a table of delectable Moroccan pastries, time and time again, by people who were either hungrier, or more aggressive than we in their pursuit of sustenance. This bothered her. It bothered her, because she had gone to the trouble to throw herself out of the comfort of her everyday life to try to find like-minded people who also wanted to walk across the world with deliberately quieter steps. She was disappointed, and used her emotions during the question-answer section of the colloquium to remind everyone, with microphone in hand, how they should have behaved in a place that was ostensibly dedicated to putting spirituality into daily practice.

I afterwards got lost of in the fray of the festival and was not able to finish our initial conversation about our impressions of the Festival and the colloquium. Marie France had seemed intent on staying in touch with me and asked if we might exchange our contact information when I ran into her again later during the colloquium. In a letter she wrote me, she explained that Morocco was the country of her childhood, and that her going back there was much more than a simple vacation destination. Her letter, computer-printed, on stark white paper, in flawless French, with perfect margins and perfect spacing read:

"Hello! It is now two months that we have returned from Morocco, and it is only now that we have been able to put everything back in order, all of our papers, recipes, photos, addresses, brochures and leaflets and documents from our trip…! This goes to show you to what extent we still keep thoughts of Fes in our minds and hearts. It was such a rich experience, with so many interesting encounters.

MERCI to you for all of the moments we shared together discussing the colloquium "A Soul for Globalization" and the festival of world sacred music.

This sojourn in Fes continues to live in us very strongly…to the point that we plan to return next year, in June, for the next colloquium which will take place at the same time as the 2003 music festival. This is serious! We have already blocked off this time in our agendas. We will incorporate this trip, while discovering the land of my childhood, either before or after, the celebration of my birthday and my entering another decade of life (I will be 60 this year!)

And you, what has become of you? How have you managed carrying on your research? Have you been able to collect any interesting information? Where are you now in the completion of the final product? We will be delighted, my husband and myself, to know what conclusions you have drawn and your perspective on everything. Did you have a chance to meet with the young Moroccan students you met there?

I wonder if you are returning home now from Morocco at the very instant I am writing these lines. How do you assess your voyage to Morocco, and your time spent in Fes? On what points were your expectations satisfied? On which points does there still remain a hunger in you?

If your route ever leads you to Lyon, France, please do not hesitate to contact us. We will be glad to welcome you, even if our home is not like Riad Anes!!.

We have developed our photos, and send some to you as a sign of friendship. We send ones that illustrate the powerful moments in which we took part during our time in Riad Anes.

We tell you again, MERCI for the pleasure of our exchanges and we hope to hear from you very soon.

In friendship,
Marie France and Paul

Her letter seemed to document her trip to Morocco, and particularly Fes, as a sort of pilgrimage. Marie France had spent her childhood in Morocco before Moroccan Independence from France. Morocco remains in her mind a homeland, one that *must* be returned to. That she wanted to celebrate her entering another decade in Morocco testifies to this. The kind of earnestness that comes across in this letter is indicative in many ways of the kind of sentiments that many tourists share. If we place tourist experiences next to those of Sufi adherents who undertake pilgrimages, they look very different, but they are equally transformative. The writer's description of still living partly in Morocco through leaflets, and photos and things collected is fascinating, as is the idea of taking two months to produce a document of travel and a reconstruction of the trip itself. Lastly, the invitation to Lyon, France is also something of a borrowing of the hospitality discourse one hears in Morocco, and the intention to recreate this experience by shifting roles and hosting is equally indicative of not only the transformative nature of travel, but the willingness, indeed the deliberate intention, to be internally transformed and to continue to seek to be transformed by choosing the have new experiences.

Marie France and I exchanged emails over the course of my year of fieldwork in Morocco. As an undergrad exchange student in France, I had stayed in the region where she lived and I enjoyed having the chance to talk to her about it. She had never had a daughter and seemed to find something of a daughter and a bit of her childhood self that

remained in Morocco in our exchanges. Her interest in corresponding seemed out of character for her, as she did not seem like a normally overly sentimental person, instead it seemed like part of a longer process of her coming to a long awaited self realization. She explained that she had lived the predictable life of a biochemist for a large drug company, always hiding her "pied noir" identity from others. She was now retired, and her trip to Morocco was a coming out period for her. She seemed to know that anthropologists listen to people, and I was to be this person for her; someone who might listen to her explain what she considered a fractured identity, someone who might help her put some pieces together.

When she arrived in Fes the next year, she and her husband came to FES-SAISS to find me. It was a very low-key event, like it might have happened anytime, seeing them stroll into the courtyard. Her husband was very polite, but it was clear that she had come to see me, and that he was there to accompany her on the journey back to the land of her childhood. I had become part of her personal journey back to Morocco. I wasn't of her generation and knew nothing of the guilt of being associated in some way with either colonization, nor the guilt of being a pied-noir who did not suffer through WWII as others in Europe had. I shared her interest in Morocco, and my difference in age, experience, and nationality, prevented me from leveling any kind of critique at her that some of her French friends might have done had she shared all this with them.

She asked if I was staying again in the stable, and I explained I was staying in another part of the medina in a remodeled apartment. She and her husband were staying in the same riad as the previous year, but there was no cooking class this year. She invited me to lunch later that week and I accepted. She told me that she wanted to tell me

all about her birthday that she celebrated in Morocco the week before. And she wanted to know what I had concluded from the festival. We decided on a time and place a couple of days later.

Paul didn't come, it was just the two of us for lunch. We met at a restaurant in a hotel just beside the Musée Batha where afternoon concerts for the festival were held. On the occasion of her birthday, I invited she and Paul to a concert of Iraqi Sufi music after lunch. While we were eating, she explained in great detail how she had celebrated her birthday in the town where she spent her childhood. All of her own extended family in France were deceased with the exception of a few distant relatives whom she never got to know well since her parents had lived in Morocco for a great number of years. She talked about being reunited with the Moroccans who had worked for her parents when she was a child. Now they were parents and grandparents. They organized a big birthday party for her, and she stayed in what had been her childhood home. Now the house was occupied by the growing extended family of the people who had once lived in the house as servants. She came back to the house, their house, as a guest to whom every honor was paid. The night of her birthday, her hosts had hired some local musicians. She explained little about the genre of music, but compared it to the livelier 'Aissawa music we had seen the first night we had met each other the year before. She said it was the best birthday she had ever had.

She was a different person than she had been the year before. She had resolved some things that had plagued her about her childhood. Whereas the previous year she was concerned with politics and injustice, now she talked about her birthday and how nice it was to connect her husband to that part of her life experience, and to have

reestablished contact with the people she had known as a child, people who were like a family to her, with whom she had lost contact for more than thirty years. She asked me about my impressions, and like the year before, I had both positive and negative things to say about the Fes Festival and its impact on Fes. She and others seemed to want a definitive breakdown of the festival. I tried to explain that it was hard to pin down because it was constantly changing, and while it tried to distance itself from the negative aspects of tourism, that it indelibly helped in creating the circumstances for tourism and gentrification to happen. That the festival stirred the emotions it did, that people tried to understand it at such a deep level, is what I really found interesting.

We later walked to the concert together. She sat down with Paul while I tried to get a closer seat in the press area so I could take photographs and film the performance. She waved goodbye to me, and I expected to see her somewhere later, or for her to show up at FES SAISS again. She didn't. Then I anticipated another letter, but that didn't come either. I understood that whatever she had been looking for in Morocco she had at last found.

**Invitation to Hajja Nezha's House**

While volunteering at the Fes Festival during 2002-2003, I attended weekly organizational meetings that were held on Wednesdays. The meetings were especially interesting in that anyone taking part in any of the festival's many layers was invited to attend. Anyone who argues that the Fes Festival is strictly for foreigners and not for Moroccans would have a hard time defending their case if they attended one of these meetings. While not everyone in attendance was Moroccan, those that were not were

either volunteers or paid assistants working for the festival and living in Fes for various reasons, and several were French speaking women who were long time residents of Fes who married Moroccans and whose children had grown up in Morocco. There was the occasional "outsider" like myself, and other graduate students or volunteers who had come to work with the festival in a variety of ways, and then there was the Director of the French Alliance (L'Alliance Française), who attended the meetings briefly. That year the French Ambassador contributed to the opening ceremony, and wanted banners of the French Embassy, among other markers of participation, to be evident at Bab Makina, the largest performance venue of the festival.

Sometimes the Fes Festival Director Faouzi Skali, was late or out of town and it was in these instances that people chatted a little more than normal and a little more informally while we waited for the meetings to be called to order. Skali that year spent quite a lot of time out of Fes in planning for the colloquium component of the festival and he encouraged us to all participate during these meetings to keep communication flowing between the different branches of the festival in his absence. On one such day I met two ladies who were in charge of the activities for the children's component of the Fes Festival, part of the larger Festival OFF, or the Festival in the City. This part of the festival had been conceptualized in the previous year when the festival had temporarily been under the Directorship of Ahmed Saad Zniber. He is credited with having made the festival more accessible to Moroccans by initiating free performances in different areas of the medina as well as initiating the Sufi Nights segment of the festival that took place in different riad homes. That year (2001-2002) Skali had been the Director of the Fes Encounters Colloquium exclusively. In 2002-2003 Skali was appointed Directorship of

both the Festival and the Colloquium, and the free concerts continued, and the Sufi Nights segment was housed on the grounds of Fes-SAISS.

Part of the Festival in the City, the free segment open to the general public, was a smaller program organized for children. Two women headed up this part of the festival, I came to know them as Hajja Slaoui and Hajja Nezha. They were given the honorary title of *Hajja* because the pervious year they had made the pilgrimage to Mecca with a group of women from an NGO dedicated to bettering the lives of women. They organized trips to Saudi for groups of women at very affordable prices. In their work with the Fes Festival, they were very focused and organized and took their responsibility very seriously. They were not just punctual, but early, and looked disapprovingly at their watches when others failed to show up on time.

Not having much to do in the way of translation of the artists texts one day in the office when they came in, I sat down beside them with my notebook and my pen, eager to write down my impressions from the weekly meetings that always promised to be interesting. Others were late that day, and we began talking to each other to pass the time. We began introducing ourselves and I explained that I was writing my dissertation on music in Morocco and the Fes Festival. They told me that they were organizing the children's portion of the programming. Last year they had done the same and were back this year with even more enthusiasm. Hajja Slaoui commented on how she paid for a good deal of it herself. It was not a complaint, just a comment to indicate her level of dedication.

I asked them what their program included this year and they said that they wanted young people to be able to experience the arts with some contemporary versions of

traditional Moroccan and Islamic culture. There would be a theatrical performance, dance, sculpture, painting, and of course music. In a prior weekly meeting, Faouzi suggested they do their theatrical piece interpreting some aspect of *Mantiq at-Tayr*, or the English adaptation called The Conference of the Birds, the well-known Sufi book of poems written in 1171 in Persian by Farid ud-Din 'Attar. This work is one of Sufism's most well known texts and has been translated into numerous languages.

The story itself is about a group different kinds of birds, their differences signifying different personality types and different cultural and ethnic groups. The wisest bird, a hoopoe, leads the birds on a journey to a mystical place. The presence of the hoopoe as leader mirrors that of a Sheikh leading Sufi adherents along the path of wisdom. Along the way, the birds begin to drop out of the group and to abandon their journey. Their personalities begin to represent human characteristics of the ego that lead one away from the attainment of knowledge. When the birds finally arrive at their destination, they see a reflection of themselves in a lake. They realize their difference comprises a totality, that together they are one. They do not meet a mystical bird (representing Allah), but instead realize that they each contain Allah within themselves, and that together they constitute all of Allah's many characteristics[53]. The reasoning behind the choice of this famous text was clear to everyone. Its message was what one would expect from a Sufi perspective, it emphasized coexistence and the recognition that everyone, everything, has a certain beauty. It's source was perhaps the Surah from the

[53] This idea of a totality is linked to the Islamic ideal of *tawhid*, that differences among individuals reminds them of the mystery and breadth of Allah and his creation. This in turn is linked to the practice of dhikr, which is the recitation of the 99 names of Allah, each name representing one of Allah's many attributes.

Qur'an (The Walls, *al-Hujurat* 49:13) that reminded people that Allah had deliberately created diverse peoples as a test. The test in being able to see past one's appearance and to recognize the humanity of everyone."

"O mankind! We created you from a single (pair) of a male and a female, and made you into nations and tribes, that Ye may know each other (Not that ye may despise each other). Verily the most honored of you in the sight of Allah is (he who is) the most righteous of you. And Allah has full knowledge and is well acquainted (with all things) (Ali: 821).

These lines are taken from the larger verse that was revealed at a time when Islam was expanding greatly, and when many different tribes were traveling to Medina to show their allegiance to the Prophet Mohammed. The verse is a reminder that no one is more entitled to righteousness based on ethnicity.

Other than suggesting this work, Faouzi made no other strict recommendations and left them to interpret this as they saw fit. I wondered how a group of young kids might interpret such a text theatrically, but everyone in attendance had though it a good idea, and the meeting moved onto the next agenda item. An interesting cultural footnote regarding the English version of The Conference of the Birds by John Heilpern, is that it is a document of the travels of theatrical Director Peter Brook and a group of actors that traveled across North Africa. This version is not a translation of the original text, but bowwows from the title and plays with the idea of identity and diversity and its relationship to theatrical forms. Working with the Centre International de Recherche Théâtrale, the group wanted to experiment with the very idea of theatre, and attempted performances among natives groups in North Africa testing the hypothesis that theatre

need not be based on a single cultural tradition. Among the actors who took part in the project were Helen Mirren and Andreas Katsulas. They later performed the Conference of the Birds in both New York and Paris.

After the meeting Hajja Nezha asked me about where I lived. I told her that I lived in the medina so that I could be within walking distance of FES-SAISS. She asked me if my apartment had a kitchen, I said yes. She was relieved to learn that I was living with a friend and not on my own. Being a little older than me, she assumed the role of something between a big sister or an aunt, as many Moroccan women would. She insisted that I come to her house and meet her family. She told me that I could come anytime I like, and that I should come as much as possible since it was not good for me to be away from my family. We recorded each other's telephone numbers in our cell phones, and she made me promise that the following week I would come home with her and we would have lunch together. She called me a couple of days later saying that she had told her family about me and that they really wanted me to come, reminding me that she was expecting me for lunch.

The next week the Hajjas showed up early as usual. After waiting a while it became evident that the meeting would not take place that week for various reasons. Hajja Nezha decided to go back to work at her full time job as a functionary for a local state agency. She drew me a map and listed some specific landmarks for me so I could find my way to her apartment on my own at lunchtime. She and her family lived on a side of the Ville Nouvelle that I didn't know well, so getting there took some effort. When I finally made it I was welcomed in by Asmaa, one of her three kids. Asmaa was 13 years old and she and her older sister Salwa, who was 16, had prepared the lunch for

us that day. It was the kind of meal that most adults would have been proud to say they had prepared. The youngest child, Moulay Idriss, or just "Driss" for short, was 5 and while we were waiting for the girls to present their feast he showed me all of his favorite cars and his schoolbook. Nezha's husband, Ali, sat with us. He had come home for lunch from work. He was a pharmacist and his shop was nearby.

While waiting for lunch, Ali turned on the news. As almost every other Moroccan, this family had a "parabole", or a satellite dish, mounted to their balcony from which they drew all manner of international stations. Ali flipped through the channels until he found one he thought I would like. It was the BBC. That day, the American soldiers had taken over Baghdad. There were images of looting and the looters were waving to the cameras as they drug enormous vases and furniture from posh downtown hotels and antiquities museums behind them. Besides the looting, the media was interested in the symbolic dismantling of Sadam Hussein's massive statue from downtown Baghdad. American soldiers helped in hoisting Iraqi men up onto the statue. This was symbolic too. The American soldiers looked on as Iraqi civilians brought the statue to the ground. The scene was a sort of public lynching of Saddam Hussein, a promise of what was yet to come for him. Once on the ground, it was dismembered and drug around the square like a prize.

Ali finally broke the silence we all sat in while we stared at the screen. "I can't believe what they are doing over there". Nezha discreetly nudged him, reminding him that "one of them" was sitting in their salon waiting to eat, the honored guest that day. Understanding the nudge, Ali cleared his throat a little, then asked me what I thought about the war, and if Americans supported it. He was repositioning, giving me the

opportunity to announce that I did not support the war. I followed his lead and said that I did not know a single American person who wanted to go to war. "You see", he said to Nezha, "No one wants it, but it happened anyway". He had established that I was on his side, that he could say what he wanted.

The graphic image of Saddam Hussein being dragged symbolically through the streets of Baghdad silenced our conversation. It marked a dramatic end of something, and the beginning of what we did not know. We all looked on, the kids gathered around too. Ali changed channels, but the same images were everywhere, transcending all languages because they required no real commentary. "The U.N. was not behind this. Why does America think it can *do* this?!", Ali said as he motioned towards the T.V. "Who knows what could happen next". This is what people were talking about in cafés and as they watched the news. America had clearly announced its power to the rest of the world and the rest of the world sat up and took notice.

About that time the girls brought our lunch in and they smiled shyly waiting for us to acknowledge them so they could place everything on the table before us. Nezha promptly took the remote control and turned the television off. She commanded Asmaa to choose some nice music to listen to while we ate. Asmaa wiped her hands on her apron, and walked over to the entertainment center that was sitting prominently in the center of the room. She sifted through cassettes that were stacked orderly and on the shelves of the entertainment center next to photos of all the children at different stages in their lives. Asmaa fingered through each one, she hesitated and then stood up smiling and said "*Al-Ala*". She had chosen Andalusian music for us. Andalusian music is the Moroccan music that Moroccans love to love. It is a genre that harkens back to the time

before the Spanish Inquisition, when Spain was Al-Andalus, a glorious and artistically sophisticated Arab culture.

The tape was somewhere in mid song and Asmaa made a point of rewinding it so as to hear it from the very beginning. The cassette began as she carefully placed the many things she had helped prepare on the table before us. The girls had prepared several salads, all in their own sauces. Then there were roasted chickens that were perched together on saffron colored rice. We had several fruits and cake and coffee and tea. All the while Asmaa manned the cassette player, turning it over and over again as soon as one side ended so we would not be without music.

Living up to its expectations as a genre that changed one's mood for the better, its *noubas* or musical structures thought of as sound techniques with therapeutic qualities, the music took us away from the war and on to lighter subjects. Perhaps herein lies the genius of the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music. Music demands listening, different kinds of music demand different kinds of listening. In this case, the Andalusian music we heard in the background that was specifically chosen for weddings, and other festive occasions, it dictated a kind of response. Carrying on a conversation about war, and the fear that it evokes was impossible at that moment. Evoking the mythical Convivencia of Andalusia, the music has widespread appeal because it claims to belong to all the Ahl al-Kitab, the People of the Abrahamic traditions. It's hook is that it emerged at a rare moment in history from a place on earth where people of different faith backgrounds not only lived together and tolerated one another, but actually made music together, each adding their own distinct flavor to the mix. Although such an historical account lacks a certain accuracy, who would not want to take part in the myth? Taking part in the myth

is exalted to a kind of ritual. Al-ala, or Andalusian music, had at that moment brokered some measure of calmness there on that sunny afternoon in Hajja Nezha's salon. We were no longer a group of people from vastly different backgrounds, but were imaginatively reunited through a mystical Andalusian myth. I was reminded that day, and on other occasions too, that many Muslims went to the New World with Christopher Columbus. That I was in fact from a corner of the world that had its roots in Andalusian culture. I too, was Andalusian, and had been reunited with long lost cousins. This is the rhetoric of Andalusian music, and to a large degree, the rhetoric of the Fes Festival.

The conversation shifted dramatically, and now that we were off of politics the kids jumped in. The kids wanted to know about my life in America. They asked about even very small details as if to let me know they were really interested in me. Driss said, "Do you have bread there?" and other things that made his parents and sisters laugh and shake their heads. I told him that we indeed had bread, but that most people bought it from the stores and that we ate very fast lunches and did not have siestas except on weekends or holidays. This was shocking for everyone, after a collective gasp, the onslaught of questions continued. "How do you manage? Don't you get tired? Is it true Westerners don't eat breakfast? So, you don't eat breakfast, you eat lunch very quickly, and then work all the time with no siestas? How is it possible?" I told them that we Americans did manage to get by, what with never having had siestas and all.

We settled into the banquets and the girls cleared the tables. Mint tea was brought out, a kind of sign that the meal was finished. We were all comfortable with each other now. We were laughing and talking and Driss said, "turn the TV back on!" We saw the same images again. Hajja Nezha was again resistant to our watching TV but said she

wanted to find something just for Driss. With some effort, she found a channel at last with no images of Baghdad. "Look, its animals! Driss said. "He *loves* animals", she said nodding at me. We watched "the animals". It was a French program about chimpanzees. The researchers seemed to be testing them to see how they interacted socially. The researchers were creating situations, putting the chimps together with different chimps and leaving food for them and so forth. One of the chimps was unhappy with the arrangement and attacked the other chimp, biting at its ear and making it bleed. The bad chimp was taken out of the area and put into a small cage by himself where he continued to lash out at will. The French researchers analyzed what had just happened and decided it best to leave the chimp alone in the cage for a while. The chimp looked at the camera with a bit of blood on its lips. He ripped at his own fur and seemed scared and confused. The research team was intent on socializing these chimps and vowed to leave the unmanageable chimp alone so as not to set a bad examples for the chimps who were more amenable to cages and human set schedules for eating and various intellectual stimulation. Driss wanted to know why the people were doing this to the chimpanzees. This was not exactly kid stuff, so the channel surfing continued.

Hajja Nezha again changed the channel. She was scanning through and the scenes from Baghdad had changed. People were fighting in the streets. Property owners tried desperately to fight off looters. American soldiers were trying to intervene as best they could. An Iraqi civilian looked angrily at the screen from under a blackened and bloodied eye. The next day we would hear about how Iraq's museums were nearly destroyed and how its most precious artifacts found their way into people's homes or were most likely smuggled out of Iraq altogether.

Hajja Nezha turned off the TV and said it was time for noon prayer. There was scurrying in and out of the bathroom for taking ablutions. She helped little Driss change his clothes in the bathroom and was playing along with his going through the motions of taking ablutions. This was still somewhat new to him, but the others acted like he was a big boy and that he knew exactly what to do. Asmaa and Salwa encouraged me to go to the bathroom too. "Please, you can wash your hands, your feet, anything you like. Make yourself at home". Asmaa fetched a clean hand towel for me. She was very proud of the bathroom, and when I entered I understood why. There were emerald blue throw rugs on the floor and a fluffy toilet seat cover to match and a toilet brush and a designer shower curtain complete with the ruffled tiebacks. I understood later that these items were purchased just prior to my arrival.

After prayer the girls took me into their room. The three kids shared a sunny room that had a view of the adjoining apartments and a tidy, peaceful tree lined street below. Each had their own bed with colorful bedspreads that seemed to mirror their personalities and particular stage of development. Every single object was placed very deliberately and neatly, and marked some great significance in the world of its owner. Small souvenirs from various school trips were hanging on the walls. Salwa's bed was in the far right corner of the room. She motioned excitedly for me to come sit on her bed. I did and she offered me a pillow so the bare wall would not touch my back. "Don't get cold!", she said. Accepting her hospitality, I smashed the pillow behind me.

Asmaa sat in front of us on her bed, her knees clutched under chin, squeezed tightly under her arms. Asmaa had been the chief cook that day. At the tender age of thirteen she had executed a level of hospitality that would have made any Moroccan

family proud. Back in her room, she was again a young girl. She motioned to her sister, "*Yallah, yallah, tkilemii bil ingleezia*!". She wanted her big sister to speak English, she wanted to hear a real English conversation. Salwa said to me in English, "I know English. I studied it for two years". She gave a quick glance to Asmaa who had a broad grin on her face now. She got shy when I looked her way and pursed her lips together trying to look serious. They had rehearsed this moment. Salwa began asking me questions like "How old are you?", "What do you study? "Do you like Moroccan food?" "Do you have brothers and sisters?" Most of these questions had been covered in the salon in a mix of French and Arabic, and my answers were not surprising and she in fact tried to answer her own questions in English. Driss played with some toys and tried to interact by saying in English, "What's your name?" Salwa shooed him away, "You *know* her name, go study or play with your things".

Salwa showed me all of her most sacred things. On a little shelf, she had a couple of small stuffed animals, some earrings from a family member saved in a special box wrapped with metallic pink wrapping paper, and some programs she had been collecting from different music events she had attended with her parents. In addition to her mother's volunteer organizing of the children's events for the Fes Festival, she was also a lover of Moroccan music. The whole family was. Salwa showed me one by one the programs she had collected, mostly from different Andalusian musical performances and Melhoun festivals that took place in different places, among them the municipal hall across from the Musee Batha were the Fes Festival afternoon concerts took place. A number of the performances were organized by Fes-SAISS outside the sphere of the Fes Festival for a Moroccan audience. She had even saved some of the invitations to the

performances that had been given to her mom. This was the tradition when these kinds of events were organized. Elaborate invitations were printed up and given to special guests. The act of inviting someone to a performance was a big deal, and it was a great honor to receive these invitations.

I continued to see Hajja Nezha at the weekly meetings of the festival and I visited her family on another few occasions. She had a real appreciation for the festival itself, and felt it important to get young Moroccans involved. She took her role as volunteer organizer very seriously, as did Hajja Slaoui. The festival was drawing near and the final touches were being put on the kids' rendition of The Conference of the Birds. The last Wednesday meeting before the festival would take place, Hajja Slaoui and Hajja Nezha presented me with a formal invitation to join the kid's portion of the festival that would take place in a youth center in the ville nouvelle, not too far from the women's NGO they helped run.

After the meeting, Faouzi asked me if I could draft a letter inviting the American hosts of what would be the first Fes Festival tour of the U.S. the following year. After the break out of the war, some of the individuals hosting the U.S. tour wondered if Morocco would welcome Americans visitors. As I had just been verbally insulted on the streets on these very grounds one day on my way home, I felt a little uncomfortable painting a picture of Morocco as a place that unconditionally welcomed Americans. I wrote a letter in which I portrayed children who I had seen who were anxious to welcome me. I thought of Salwa and her excitement about music, and her sister's instinctive knowledge that music could put people at ease. I thought if a little girl in my neighborhood who every time she saw me said "Welcome to Morocco!" In my letter, I

encouraged the sponsors to stick it out, and to come to Morocco for better or for worse. If they came, they might be pleasantly surprised. If they stayed at home, they would never know what they had missed. I told them that the philosophy of the festival was perseverance, not perfection, and that if women performers from Chechynia ( and forced émigré musicians from Baghdad (Farida and the Makam Ensemble), could come, then they could come too.

My letter apparently appealed to some. I started receiving emails from a Richard Riley, a classically trained conductor and composer who was then directing the performing arts center of Cornell university. He asked me if I could take him to meet some of the Moroccan children I had spoke of in my letter. When he arrived, we made plans to see the Conference of the Birds. We arrived at the youth center that was teeming with Moroccan children, school aged to young adult. The had organized art exhibits where they were asked to imagine their heritage and their future. There were groups of young girls singing qasa'id dressed in their most elegant qaftans. There was a sort of sports clinic where they could learn different international dance style, like salsa and polka. Then there was the performance of the Conference of the Birds.

It was delivered in classical Arabic and every aspect of the event was polished to perfection. There were some kindergarten age children, up to university age kids who played the roles of the different birds. They all wore colorful costumes, some that looked like birds, others that were more interpretive in their rendering of what a bird was supposed to look like. I looked around and realized there were no other westerners present, and thought what a shame it was that such a jewel of a performance had not been seen by more people. Unfortunately, the Fes Festival program had become so large and

spread out all over the city, that there were small islands of participation here and there, but in cases such as this one, not the real meeting of cultures that the festival had wanted to be. Faouzi Skali, Mohamed Kabbaj, and of course Hajja Slaoui and Hajja Nezha were in attendance, as well as a crowded amphitheater of Moroccans from the ville nouvelle.

After the performance, I took Richard Riley to the NGO that the Hajja's worked with. There we found a small group of women doing handicrafts that they would later sell to benefit their center. Riley purchased some items for his family, happy that the money he spent went directly to a good cause. The ladies were happy too.

I saw Hajja Nezha the next evening coincidentally after the main concert held in Bab Makina. I had walked back to the medina with some friends. We were on our way to the Sufi Nights performance at Dar Tazi when we decided to mill around to see what else way going on in the medina. We entered an old riad style house operated by the French Institute. They were featuring a woman who was performing qasa'id with a drum, who was seated in the center of the floor of the courtyard. I saw Hajja Nezha going towards the door. They were both in good humor, and Hajja Nezha's cheeks were rosier than usual. She was all smiles and enjoying the many varieties of music that were literally coming from every corner. She commented that the pace of the festival was hectic but it was worth pushing oneself to see as much as one could.

She and her husband, like me, had been strolling through the medina to see what else might be going on. From the point of view of the average visitor to Fes, it might not have been apparent that all the small, independently operated events going on in the medina were not Fes Festival events. This one, like many others, borrowed in some way from the Fes Festival frame. This was well known by those in the festival organization,

and rather than responding negatively, it was one more thing they added to their brochures about why people should visit Fes. "The streets are blossoming with music" was the constant refrain that was used to describe the flowering of events that mimicked the festival in some way.

Again on our way to the Sufi Nights, I ran into another acquaintance. The young man from the Tijani Sufi brotherhood who I once sat beside and witnessed a belly dancing solo during one of the festival's more sacred moments. He was dressed in traditional clothing and surrounded by other from his tariqa. He invited me to a sama'a to be held near the Zawiya Tijaniya at the other end of the medina. I told him that I had already made plans with my friends when he hinted that what we were going to see was a staged performance, but that what he offered was the real thing. He told me that he had organized his own conference that year on the history of the Tijaniya tariqa and its role in introducing Islam in sub-Saharan Africa. Again I thanked him, wished him luck, and turned down another narrow street on the way to Dar Tazi. From the end of another little street on the left, we heard the unmistakable sounds of a Gnawa performance, but we could not discern where the sounds were coming from behind an endless row of medina homes. Behind one of those doors, perhaps a private Gnawa ceremony had been organized. When we finally made it to Dar Tazi for the Sufi Nights, things were already underway. I could see Hajja Nezha, her husband, some foreign tourists, a few of the Moroccans who lived around the corner from Fes SAISS, as well as various international members of the Fes Festival organizing team all clapping along in unison to the Sufi Nights performance organized that evening. I thought back to the first time I had seen a dhikr ceremony in Dripping Springs. It was not so different from what I was seeing that

night. The Fes Festival had accomplished its primary goal that evening. It had managed to bring together a wide variety of people, all connected in some inexplicable way through the music they were hearing.

## Chapter 5:

## Conclusion

## "Our September 11th":

## Performing Now Moments in Fes, Casablanca, the U.S. and Beyond


FIG. 21 "Our Cultural September 11"

This concluding chapter is about an incident that occurred in Casablanca on May 16, 2003. The "now moment" that the Fes Festival reacts to took a new form in Morocco. The same belief in the use of sound and the role of music was defended after a bogus trial was pursued against young musicians who were accused of "Satan worship", defined as undermining the Islamic ideals of Morocco, by performing Western-style hard rock music. The event would have even been funny, had the accused not been forcibly removed from their homes and thrown in jail. This incident sparked a national discussion

on the limits of religious identity, artistic expression, self and other, censorship and the media, and concepts of the responsibilities of Moroccan civil society in defending its own personal liberties.

I focus on this incident because the apparent fundamentalist views that allowed the court case happen in the first place, contradicted the goals and vision of the Fes Festival which is promoted as a national event, and also the image of a tolerant nation that the monarchy tried so much to cultivate through its sponsorship of the Fes and its support of a master narrative of Andalusian cosmopolitan identity. This court case, around the freedom of expression through music, as far fetched as it may sound, became a rallying cry for all kinds of Moroccans from all walks of life who wanted to weigh in on what the country's national interpretation of Islam should be.

The story moves around as I moved around from one apartment to another in the medina, and between Fes and Casablanca. The tremors of this incident emerged as the talk about the U.S. going back to war became more serious. The "now moment" aesthetic of the Fes Festival morphed into a national discourse in Morocco. It continues to morph as the festival travels around the globe, and with it, the central idea that music resolves the gap, erases the distance between the past and what is perceived as the "now moment" that is too much to bear.


FIG. 22 "The Unjust Trial Against Heavy Metal"

This story began one day when I was walking from the house in the old medina of Fes where I was residing to take a taxi into the new city. I had moved out of the stable, into another riad home where I rented a room. I rounded the corner of my street, then the next, and when passing the door of a local retired Arabic teacher's house from which I had been taking lessons, I noticed something strange. Although the architecture of the old city deliberately shields the interior space of homes, their doors tell many stories. The door of the retired Arabic teacher house was clean, very clean. It looked remarkably austere and re-built to last and *modern*, to the extent that it could be considering its placement in a medieval city.

The door suggested that its inhabitants had managed to combine practical elements of modernity into their otherwise traditional lives. Two doors down the door was Moroccan baroque, carved wood that spread out and beyond the threshold was a massive entranceway, one could imagine that when the bougainvillea that had begun to bloom above from the terrace would one day reach down to this door to welcome the tourist who had dreamed of such a place. This was to be a hotel, recently purchased by a French couple who had begun to settle in the neighborhood. The elaborate door was a performance of a certain romantic aesthetic, an aesthetic that only foreigners owning houses in the medina could afford. Other doorstoops were almost always full of life; kids and stray cats, and adolescents after school crowded to sit on the stoops to do their text messaging.

On this day, I noticed some very curious graffiti on the teacher's door. There was a Nazi swastika on one side, and Metallica on the other. This strange insignia, besides whatever meaning it had, seemed a grave insult to the teacher's very tidy, austere, and orderly door. This strange graffiti appeared right before the breakout of the second war in Iraq, when there was a palpable tension in Morocco. As the world braced for inevitable war in Iraq, people were uncomfortable, and disbelieving of its rhetoric, Operation Freedom, Homeland Security, War on Terrorism, none of these terms really worked in the Moroccan imagination. At about the same time this graffiti appeared, I noticed more graffiti in the area I lived in as well. "I love you", and "Samira loves Said" and "Said loves Samira" were scribbled on our door and the surrounding walls. Some of it was in Arabic, but most was written in English.

Because the little street on which I lived was off the beaten path, it had become a favorite hang out spot of adolescents, some skipping school; others came for a brief rendezvous with their boyfriends and girlfriends. The area had become known as "the road where the Americans live". Apparently sometime before I moved in, there had been Americans living there who had had wild parties that recalled the Paul Bowles and William Burroughs fast and furious drug hazed lifestyle. I was told by my roommates, also Americans, that it had taken nearly six months to clean out what had been a cistern for storing water that the last Americans had thrown their old beer and wine bottles in, it was a rat infested archeology pit of sedimentary layers of imbibement. Occasionally, some young men and women would still come to our door, asking to see people whose names I had never heard of. Apparently the freewheeling Americans had left quite an impact, and young Moroccans knew that it was a place where they could get away with things they could not do in their own neighborhoods. Did they do this to the teacher's door because he had two kids living abroad in America?

The day after Ramadan ended, a group of young men hunched beneath an underpass breaking open bottles of gin. At least one of them was already a confirmed alcoholic and his rowdy behavior had landed him in jail more than once. People said he was lovesick for some long-gone American girl who had lived in my house…one of the unimagined casualties of freedom, liberty, and Americanization I supposed.

The route from my house in the old medina to the taxi stand where I traveled from the Middle Ages to the era of the French Protectorate in a total of 6 minutes took me past a newsstand. There cigarettes and various beverages were sold in addition to the many Moroccan and some French and English newspapers. I could almost never resist

stopping to stare for the sheer variety on hand. Although the Moroccan government gives out press license numbers, there never seemed to be any shortage of independently run newspapers. I especially liked buying the newspapers most like the National Inquirer, or the Star. I wondered what news stories constituted the fantastic, ridiculous realm of Morocco.

Prior to the war, there was no shortage of the fantastic in Moroccan newspapers. In one week, many papers referred to George Bush as Satan, some even going so far as to portray him as a vampire with long nails, horns, and dripping in blood, with Anon wearing a religious skull cap, lurching in the background with a giant cross around his neck. The same week there was a cover story about Ossama Bin Ladin and whether he was a threat to Morocco. At that the idea that Ossama Bin Laden might be a real threat to Morocco was almost laughable to most people.

I took the paper with me the organizing offices of the Fes Festival. The paper I bought was in French, not Arabic, and it attracted the attention of everyone in the office. As I entered, the guardian asked me, "Ya Maria, ash-shnu haddi?" Hey, what is that?" and then asked in mixed French and Arabic if he could read it when I was finished. The Arabic translators who almost always exclusively spoke Arabic asked me if they could read it too. Another Moroccan responsible for technical support in the office took a look over it and said, "This is a silly journal, do you see where journalism is going in this country? This is an independent newspaper, it has no censoring requirements because it is not governmental, so they can just get away with writing whatever they want," he shook his head, not knowing whether to laugh or to pursue his critique of current journalism.

Another Moroccan friend who I had worked closely with in the office wanted to read it too. She was more persistent than the rest, telling me that in her spare time she was collecting information about Ossama Bin Laden. She had been collecting a sort of virtual scrapbook on what had been written about him in the international press. The paper presented an interesting view. While many papers were criticizing the US, this one was pointing out the ways in which Morocco was vulnerable to a certain brand of Fundamentalism. The author pointed out that there were warning signs that Moroccans would one day be made to pay for its support of the US and its predominantly moderate interpretation of Islam.

Not long after I found the Bin Laden article, I noticed a cartoon of a group that looked something like Metalica. The illustration consisted of several blond haired, sickly looking, under fed rock musicians held together by an image of something devil or skeleton like. This was the first time I had read anything about the arrest of 14 Casablanca youth. They had been arrested on charges of Satan worship. All of those arrested were young men; they had been identified on the basis of the way they dressed and on the fact that they hung around a café owned by an Egyptian who was himself a hard rock enthusiast. The articles on this story increased with each passing day until it became much more important than the figure of George Bush. Even the most predictable of the government newspapers began to join in the rush for eye-catching Satanic illustrations. There was a huge public outcry, demonstrations were organized, and adolescents wrote poems and letters to newspapers expressing their dismay. For a short time, it was as if this was the only news, it eclipsed almost all talk of the immanent war in Iraq.

Since the first Gulf War, Morocco has been vying for a new space within world diplomacy. Reaching toward both East and West, while distinguishing itself as a *Mediterranean* Muslim country, it occupies a kind of neither nor third space (Bhabha 1983, 1984). Reaching out to far extremes of the political global imagination has stretched Morocco at its seams until the contours of national identity seem no longer recognizable. Caught in a veritable tug-of-war, Morocco has developed antiterrorism laws and terrorist profiling in line with those of the U.S. after 9/11, while at the same time condemning American presence in Afghanistan and Iraq.

As fears of weapons of mass destruction led the U.S. into a second war in Iraq, a dark cloud of fear rained over Morocco. Responses to the quickly shifting global order and loss of faith in the role of the U.N. were highly varied and took on surprising forms. Fear reached palpable proportions and images of George Bush as Satan and images of Ossama Bin Laden with full-length stories of his and other Moroccan "Fundamentalists'" potential threat to Morocco circulated in the press. Newspapers with obscure and outrageous photos and headlines were exchanged with great interest and became collectible items. Newspaper stands are places where Moroccans exchange information, gossip, and predict the future, but on the eve of the war in Iraq the crowds were larger and the tales taller.

Two events manifested in youth culture that kept Moroccans glued to their TVs and newspapers. The first being the arrest of 14 adolescent "hard rockers" in March indicted as "Satanists" and thrown in jail for listening to Western Heavy Metal. The second being the young kamikazes that blew themselves and other innocent people up on May 16th, their detonators rumored to have been activated by cell phones in Europe's

other side of the Mediterranean. Both events were documented in the Moroccan press and galvanized public discussion about what Islam *is* in the 21st century. People could not help but wonder what Morocco and its next generation of citizen's would be like. At the same time the Moroccan public questioned its future, the government questioned openness in the press.

This strange tale of youth terrorism and terrorized youth was most thoughtfully documented by a weekly Moroccan magazine, TelQuel: Le Maroc tel qu'il l'est, which is produced in Casablanca by a group of young journalists actively involved in using music and the arts as a way of protest and independent journalism to reconceptualize the very meaning of citizenship in Morocco. Their objectives this year included producing and distributing a bimonthly events calendar detailing arts and music throughout Morocco, as well as producing a citizen's rights guide that explained each step of nearly every imaginable interaction with Moroccan beaurocracy.

Their coverage of "les Rockers" was particularly well documented. The editor of the weekly magazine referred to this trial as "Morocco's Cultural September 11". Their printing of the court proceedings made the Kafkaesque absurdity of the trial apparent. The presiding judge asked the adolescents questions like "Is it true you wear black T shirts? Why do you listen to music all alone in your room? What do you do in there behind your closed door?" "Do you like to sacrifice cats?"

Through a friend of a friend, I was introduced to a young musician from Casablanca who told me that he and other young people were having a hard time understanding the link between hard rock and Satanism. He went on to say that he was originally from Meknes, a city whose history is steeped in the traditions of ecstatic

religious groups such as the Hamadsha and the 'Aissawa[54]. He told me that as a child he had seen rituals and behavior that had disturbed him and weren't what he called part of "*real* Islam". He argued,

> We see different versions of this superstitious stuff everywhere here, how can they tell us what we are doing is Satanic? We are just playing music, we are not asking Allah to give us something in return for the things we are doing. We don't have jobs, we can't get visas to go anywhere, all we have is this music, it is our therapy. We aren't sacrificing animals, we aren't eating glass. If the 'Aissawa and others are accepted here as something "normal", even something we promote for tourists, how can what we do with our guitars be forbidden? If we can play that folklore stuff for tourists, why can't we play rock music too?

He readily identified as a Muslim although he did not pray regularly. His statement about ecstatic groups in Morocco mirrors a traditionalist Islamic discourse, one that criticizes religious practices that are not specifically sanctioned within the Qur'an and the Hadith. Distancing his own musical preferences and lifestyle from nontraditionalist Islamic practices led him to further question the basis of *which* Islam the prosecutors were invoking. This was the same strategy used by most Moroccans and journalists in reaction to this trial who argued that *their* Islam was based on tolerance and openness. This trial quickly became symbolic of how Moroccans collectively viewed the public face of Islam and what they hoped it would be in the future.

This young musician viewed the trial as a public event where young nonconformist adolescents were being sacrificed for a greater cause to appease Fundamentalists and achieve some larger political balance. Many reaffirmed his theory, arguing that Fundamentalists had existed in small numbers under the reign of Hassan II but that they had either been jailed, tortured, or killed to repress anything that might

[54] See Crapanzano 1973, 1980.

resemble the situation in neighboring Algeria. People often claimed that less political and religious repression in the Mohammed VI regime actually allowed Fundamentalism, not democracy, to grow[55]. My musician friend continued,

> Since Colonialism [ended], Morocco has had to make many cultural changes, taking huge steps. When we made those steps, we did not have time to catch up psychologically, we were confused about where we were going. It is no wonder we are so confused about who we are today.

Our interview was cut short because that evening he was playing in a benefit concert for the 14 accused adolescents[56]. He explained to me that it was unusual to be playing with so many other kinds of musicians. He himself played fusion and liked some techno, and was not a fan of hard rock or rap. Despite their musical and philosophical differences, young musicians from all four major musical scenes in Casa took part in the concert to show support for freedom of expression.

He was right when he asserted that the colonial plan for Casablanca had left many unresolved elements in its wake. In Morocco, modernity has always been wrapped up in issues of preserving selective elements from the past as well as very a new orientation to public space. Deutch states that public space is always contentious, and a certain kind of

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[55] See Burgat. Also Munson's work is a close account of various Islamic movements in Moroccan history. Abdellah Hammoudi's (1997) work claims that the authoritarian power structure of the monarchy is reproduced in religious life in Morocco. It stirred great controversy and was banned for some time. Since the death of Hassan II, public perception has changed and more Moroccans speak openly about the late monarch's tight grip on the country and the wrong doings of his Minister of the Interior, Dress Al-Basri, who was relieved of his post when Mohammed VI came to the throne. For this see Howe and Slyomovics.

[56] In fact, one of the accused was a middle-aged Egyptian man who was a café owner where Hard Rock fans used to meet. He was married to a Moroccan woman and was accused during the investigation of having improper residency paperwork and that he had not paid appropriate taxes. He was put in jail and his café was shut down.

deliberately constructed public space is always imagined in contrast to something it wants to reject. Thus, Casablanca has a kind of contentiousness built into its very fabric. The economic lure of the city draws people from all classes and all regions of the country. The same mix of unlikely, random, and sometimes incompatible elements at play in Casablanca's built urban spaces are also symptomatic of the divergent ways in which individual Moroccans encounter and react to modernity. Since independence, the landscape has grown increasingly more complex, with bidonvilles appearing alongside lavish villas, the erection of the Hassan II mosque, the third largest in the world, amid an array of beach front bars with hissing neon signs and Beach Boys cover songs, not to mention a miniaturization of America here and there with the most notable being the example of "les twins", Morocco's version of the Twin Towers, a shrine to American consumerism nestled between McDonald's and expensive stores where the latest Nike tennis shoes can be found.

The day of the concert, I received an anonymous text message on my cell phone in French saying "Wear black and come en masse". The hard rock crowd has Goth overtones in Casa and the symbol of the black T-shirt was to be part of the show of solidarity. The appearance of kids wearing baggy clothes and all black had become a recognizable style and an episode had been dedicated to this very subject a few months earlier during a special Ramadan evening TV series, entitled Lalla Fatima[57]. The series

[57] Lalla Fatima was immensely popular during Ramadan 2002. It was conceived of by the young French born Moroccan director Nabil Ayouch. 2M, the Moroccan television station that broadcast the show, might actually have been saved from bankruptcy in part due to this show's popularity. At the beginning of Ramadan, 20% of the viewing population watched the show, and by the end of the month, some 65% were watching. (12-24-02 Moroccan Associated Press (MAP) menara-maroc. L'auto-satisfecit de M.

was set and filmed in a upper middle class Casablancan neighborhood not far from where the accused adolescents lived, and incidentally, not far from where the bombings occurred. On the show, the parents eventually gave into their eldest son's desire to go to a hard rock concert. They at first showed concern and protested but by the end of the episode the parents too were dressed up in "Goth", complete with black lipstick and black leather pants, mimicking Hard Rock head banger movements. This was not the sort of show one might expect to watch after breaking the fast of Ramadan. Ironically, the acceptance of the outwardly foreign music was eventually tolerated in the show, as it would be several months later at the benefit concert.

Before the concert a sit-in was organized near the gardens of the Arab League in downtown Casablanca. As the hour approached, the streets filled with young Moroccan women and men dressed in black T shirts of all varieties. The concert was not at all what I had expected. I felt I had walked into a Moroccan Halloween party. There were people of all ages, families with young kids were dressed like Goths with bandanas tied around their heads. There were grandmas in hijab and jellebas holding hands with their

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Sail. http://www.menara.ma/Infos/includes/detail.asp?article_id=1351&lmodule=Maroc, Maroc Hebdo International N° 488. 30 Nov-6 Dec 2001, pg. 2).
Well known internationally for his film "Ali Zaoua", a film about street kids in Casablanca, Ayouch's later film "Une minute de soleil en moins" about a detective investigating a drug lord was banned by the Islamist Party in Morocco. When Ayouch refused to make the eight cuts the censors requested, the film was banned and the governmental money given to make the film was taken back. It will be interesting to see whether this incident will impact the popular sitcom Lalla Fatima in the future (Nabil Ayouch: On the Road from Morocco. Phil Hall 4-23-2003. http://filmthreat.com/Interviews.asp?Id=5572M, from the website of the Parti Libéral Méditteranéan, http://pages.zdnet.com/neila-charchour/plm/id412.html, Les islamistes modérés marocains multiplient les appels à la censure, 3 fév. 2003, and Latest Fespaco News, The BBCworldservice.com, FESPACO Winner Banned at Home: Moroccan director Nabil Ayouch Wants Dialogue not Censorship. http://www.bbc.co.uk/worldservice/specials/1522_latestfesnews/page8.shtml).

grandchildren who were wearing black lipstick, big silver chains, and platform shoes. One of the leading groups was headed up by a contributor to TelQuel, Réda Allali. He spoke briefly, and then introduced a member of Nas al-Ghiwan, a band popular in 70s that was jailed for writing politically charged music during Hassan II's regime. The two sang together and every Moroccan in attendance, young and old, sang the words out loud and swayed back and forth.

The attention the case got eventually led to a provisional release. Some say that the King himself ordered the release of the 14 accused. The details of the trial were soon eclipsed however by the eventual outbreak of the war in Iraq. The new big story was now America and its determination to go to war at all costs. Moroccans who had demonstrated on behalf of the adolescents now held peaceful antiwar vigils and the line between the media consumer at the newsstand and the demonstrators making news of their own action became increasingly thin. The idea that the individual protestor might somehow make a difference in world events grew, and images of protestors evoked a shift in the Moroccan political consciousness.

When Sadam Hussein's statue was dismantled by U.S. soldiers in Baghdad for the entire world to see, however, Moroccans seemed to settle into a sort of quiet resignation. The pulse of my neighborhood was reflected in the choice of TV programs that played at the local bakery. War coverage slowly faded into soccer matches and people seemed to go on with their lives as usual. The telegraph paced utterances in Modern Standard Arabic of al-Jazeera that once fell loudly on the daily crowds who came to order their for breakfasts finally waned. News programs were eventually muted, drowned out by

cassettes of Qur'anic recitation, Andalusian orchestras, the Gypsy Kings, Brittney Spears, and Shakira.

Stories about the Hard Rockers came into circulation again, but were then eclipsed by another event, the bombings in Casablanca on May 16, 2003. There was no longer a need to refer to this trial as being Morocco's "Cultural September 11", Morocco now had its own black day to remember. On the evening of May 16, I received a call from a friend in Casa. She had seen the news of the bombings on the BBC, but it was not until the next day that Moroccan news stations broadcast the events.

May 16 was a particularly significant day to orchestrate the bombings. King Mohammed VI and Princess Selma were celebrating the birth of their first child, Moulay Hassan in Fes. Overnight enormous steel billboards appeared, seemingly all over the country, and recent images of the King were posted. Pastel colored flags lined the major highways for miles leading into the capital city of Rabat. No one knew for sure what was to be announced, but everyone suspected the birth of the new heir would be celebrated on the occasion of the Mawlid an-Nabawi, the Prophet's Birthday. On May 16, Mohammed VI had traveled to the medina of Fes to pray in the mosque of Moulay Idris I, the founder of Morocco who brought with him Islam. The *Amir al-Mu'minin*, the Commander of the Faithful, was shown waving to jubilant citizens and kneeling in prayer. As Moroccan channels were airing the monarch's pilgrimage to Fes and other cities, foreign stations began airing news of the bombings.

To orchestrate bombings then signified a rupture in the image of the stability of the monarchy. It also signified a shift in the notion of agency and religious identity and what Starrett calls a new idea of "putting Islam to work" for a various causes. Just as the

emergence of the idea of advocacy on the part of protesters signaled a shift in the imagined role of the Moroccan citizen, so too did the emergence of terrorist acts signify a shift in the imagined agency of individuals and their idiosyncratic use of the word "Muslim". Interestingly, at the same time the Moroccan citizen's role was changing, so too was the role of the Moroccan press with the new success in independent journalism such as TelQuel and weeklies. Under Hassan II, journalists could not report unless they had a state approved badge and ID number. This rule softened until it was finally challenged with another court case that put an independent satirist, Ali Lmrabet in jail for having poked a little too much fun of the monarchy and high-ranking officials. This journalist was jailed and fined, and later commenced a hunger strike that caught international attention. TelQuel picked up on this story as another example of the limit to freedom of expression in Morocco, satirizing the image of a free journalist as a terrorist.

The magazine itself was started by artists and musicians inspired by the TelQuel launched by Julia Kristeva and other socialist French philosophers. Like the Fes Festival, which seeks to impact global discourses through the use of music, TelQuel did the same from the domestic level. This is testament to the central role that music plays in Morocco not only with regard to issues of spirituality and personal expression, but the growing freedoms the sphere of civil society is now demanding from its government and its monarchy.


FIG. 23 The families of victims of the May 16, 2003 bombs march for their lost family members. Moroccan Press, 2003©.

After the May 16, 2003 bombings in Casablanca, newspapers showed images of bewildered citizens walking through the bombing sites. Moroccan newspapers covered an antiterrorism march in Rabat, claiming it had exceeded a million people, one of the largest in the history of the Arab world. While much of the response to the Rockers du Ma***rock*** was about seeing unfamiliar styles as a symbol of youth and *not* as identifiers of Satanism, the press published photos of the members of the suicide bombers, a-Sirat al-Mustaqim as if to inspire fear in the apparent *norm*. Much of the shock of May 16 lay in the fact that on the surface the young kamikazes did not look like fundamentalists, many had no beards, or outward markers of their ideological beliefs. Not only then were

Moroccans in black T-shirts suspect, so too were those suspected of trying to look *too* normal.

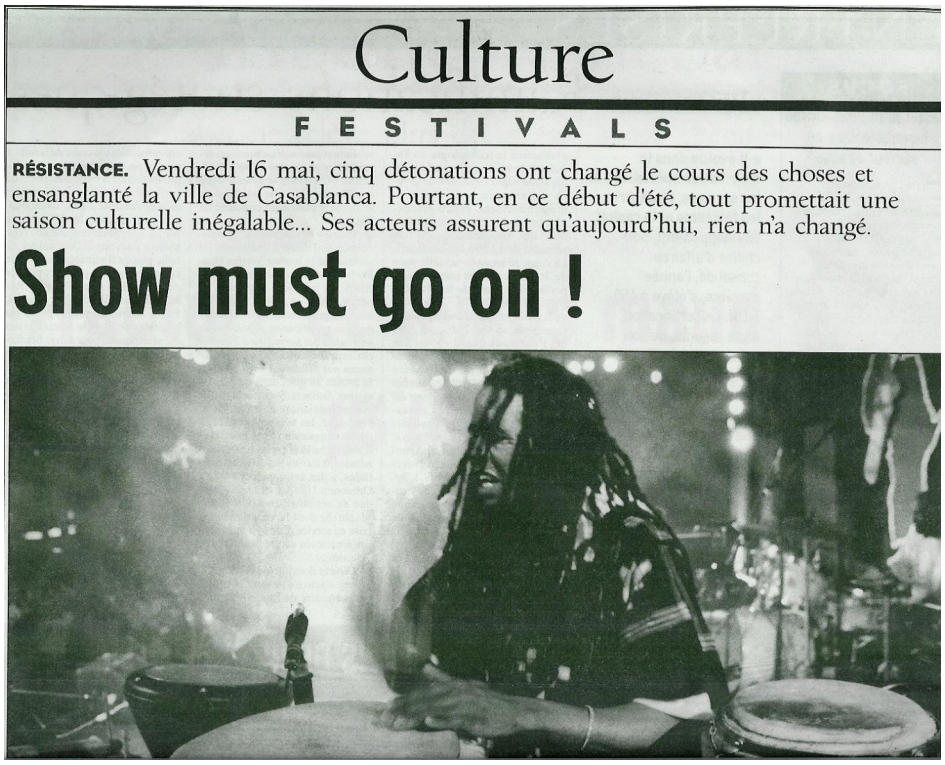
The realities and disappointments of a young generation with double-digit unemployment rates overflowed its national boundaries, mixing, borrowing, and reinterpreting domestic and international semiotic labels: hard rockers, rebels, Satanists, terrorists, brainwashed youth, international terror cells, and so on. Graphic images in the press performed and re-performed a loss of innocence and a categorical resistance to terrorism. Unlike the performance and re-performance of homeland in the American press after 9/11 that soothed national grief with human remains tucked neatly behind American flags and Yoyoma playing serene music as the names of the Twin Towers victims were read one by one in a national memorial service, the Moroccan press emphasized the domestic costs of close affiliation with American policy and international terrorism by continually recirculating images of blood and severed body parts.

A compelling symbol emerged after the bombings, one that can be located within Bhabha's notion of a" third space". The Khameesa, or the Hand of Fatima, is considered an ancient symbol used to ward off the evil eye in different regions of the Middle East. Some argue that its origins are pre-Islamic, and that after the spread of Islam each finger of the hand came to signify the Ahl al-Bayt, or the members of the Prophet Mohammed's household, the Insan al-Kamil, or, the perfected ones (Cornell). This icon was printed on T-shirts and stickers and key chains some in Arabic, saying "*mataqeesh biladi*", and in French, "ne touche pas à mon pays", Don't Touch My Country. The icon mixes old cultural elements in a very modern form of marketing and distribution, embracing

indigenous Moroccan Islam while rejecting any form of extremism, at once transmitting the same message in both French and Moroccan Arabic.

This icon is intriguing considering Morocco's attempt to recreate itself as a unified third space, a Mediterranean Muslim country, the eternal Andalusia. The icon combines elements in a way that Maaloof would consider promising. Maaloof, a Lebanese Arabic speaking Christian forced into exile in France, has much to say about living with one's own seemingly discordant identity. In discussing what goes wrong with concepts of self and freedom when "murderous identities" are present he argues that when we try to erase a certain aspect of our identity and stress another that we engage in violence and perform intolerance on a public stage (ibid, 129). Abdelkebir Khatibi, speaking specifically about Moroccan identity, argues similarly that Moroccans should be critical about movements that promote various intolerant fundamentalisms as well as skeptical of romanticizing a pre-Islamic past. This icon seems make a statement that has wide, inclusive public appeal, and seemed to in Maaloof's word's "tame the wild beast of identity" (128).

The bombings happened just a couple of weeks before the festival was to take place in 2003. The Fes Festival offices, as well as the Fes airport, began to receive calls from individuals who claimed to belong to al-Qa'ida. They threatened that if the festival were to be put on, that there would be bombings at the festival sites. Newspapers and magazines published stories urging citizens to go ahead with their plans to attend summer festivals. It was about this time I was asked to write the letter to university affiliates who were reconsidering their trips to Morocco and the decision to host the US. Fes Festival at their university.


Culture

FESTIVALS

**RÉSISTANCE.** Vendredi 16 mai, cinq détonations ont changé le cours des choses et ensanglanté la ville de Casablanca. Pourtant, en ce début d'été, tout promettait une saison culturelle inégalable... Ses acteurs assurent qu'aujourd'hui, rien n'a changé.

**Show must go on !**

FIG. 24 "Show must go on!" was the general public attitude concerning attending outdoor festivals after the May 16, 2003 bombings

These "now moments" such as 9/11, and May 16, 2003 have now replicated themselves all over the world. Rather than cancel and retreat into itself, the Fes Festival, and all other national festivals went on with gusto, as if the Sufi inspired music, and otherwise, were now to be performed to exorcise[58] the demon of international terrorism. Regarding the Fes Festival, preparations went into high gear. Skali began drafting press statements to discourage tourists from canceling their vacations in Morocco. Like the large march against the bombings, the festival itself took on the rhetoric of a peace vigil. Whereas the festival had begun as a nonviolent protest of the Iraqi war, it became a

[58] Broadly speaking, Muslims believe that when Allah's name is uttered that it attracts angels who impart Allah's goodness upon whoever is in the particular space. This idea has many different interpretations among different Sufis, some going so far as to say that the dhikr ceremony is like an exorcism since evil spirits cannot be in the same space as angels.

bridge that linked the experience of 9/11 to the Moroccan context after the Casa bombings. The organizers deepened their resolve and reaffirmed their commitment to the idea of the festival as an event that would showcase a tolerant face of Islam. During the opening night concert, one of the large stage lights fell and made a loud crashing sound. People panicked, and feared it might have been a bomb going off. There were a few moments of quiet, and then a resolute cheer from the crowd as if to say they stood united against terrorism. Whereas the festival might have had more meaning for westerners in its early years, it clearly began to take on more meaning for Moroccans after 9/11 and particularly after the May 16, 2003.


FIG. 25 "And still they dance". TelQuel Magazine encouraging would be festival goers to not let the May 16, 2003 bombings stop them from attending. (Photo Moroccan Press, 2003©)

When the Fes Festival came to the U.S. in 2004, its "now moment" was the Madrid bombing. Before each concert, the performance was dedicated "to the victims of the Madrid bombings". The program, because of the tour format, featured the same

performance every evening in which performers from the People of the Book performed sometimes individually, and sometimes with each other. The format was different than the Fes Festival, which allowed a single stage for each performance. The format for the American tour, called The Spirit of Fes, had a very typical "We Are the World" format because it was designed specifically for American audiences who could relate to that sort of referential frame.

Because it was anticipated that an Andalusian orchestra might not translate well into an American context, a single 'oud layer from Rabat representing the Andalusian tradition with a single instrument, and a group of Berber women percussionists from the Sahara, called the Roudaniyats, represented "Morocco" in America. When the festival was performed in Washington, D.C., the Moroccan Ambassador to the U.S. expressed his apparent dislike of the women saying they were too "popular" and did not accurately represent the sophisticated culture of Morocco. While we might argue that because budget constraints made it easier to bring these women rather than a full-scale Andalusian orchestra, we might also remember Tsing's conclusion that globalization opens sometimes unanticipated doors. Whereas in Morocco, women's venerative traditions are normally categorized as *as-sha'biyya*, sometimes meaning unsophisticated, the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music in Fes where these women first performed to a sell out crowd, and later its American counterpart, the Spirit of Fes, opened doors for these women that might otherwise have been closed. Perhaps thrice marginalized, by gender, ethnicity and class, these women experienced a success that would have been hard to match on their own local ground.

It is on this more positive point that I would like to conclude. While we certainly must recognize the detrimental impact of certain forms of tourism, it appears that at least at the level of music and that of musicianship, globalization does provide some measure of stability for voices and traditions that might otherwise be submerged under their own cultural waters. The Roudaniyats performed a nonsacred piece at the end of their Spirit of Fes tour. As listed in the program for the performance, the women acted out a well-known local story in which two tribes were separated from each other because they each believed that in the space between their villages, there lived a terrible monster that would tear them to bits and consume them if they came near to where they lived. The legend had been so powerful, that people of the two tribes did not dare to tempt the monster's anger. One day people from one village became curious about the people on the other side, and determined to find out who they were, set out to kill this terrible monster that kept them isolated and living in a state of constant fear. This was acted out very dramatically by several of the Roudaniyats, while the more experienced drummers continued drumming and chanting their song louder. I had seen them perform in Tucson, Arizona early on in the tour, and saw them again perform for the last time in Austin, Texas during what would be the very last performance before they all went back to their normal lives in the south of Morocco. The performance in Tucson had been moving and rhythmically interesting, but the performance in Austin was different. Perhaps more than before, the Roudaniyats believed in this story on a deeper level than they had before. After this piece they concluded the program by facing the American audience, most of them weeping, thanking the Americans for having come and for having hosted them as guests in their country. Though the music they performed was not "sacred", their intent

was, and so had been that of the audience. Though separated by the audience by a formal stage, language, and perhaps religious tradition, through the course of performance and the expectation that the audience participate, there had been some closure of a gap of difference, the proverbial beast had been slain, and two peoples often separated in representations in the media were separate no more. The evening before the performance when they had arrived in Austin, they attended a small conference and dinner in their honor hosted by the Central Presbyterian Church, a Turkish interfaith group called The Institute of Interfaith Dialogue, with food prepared by the Austin chapter of the Turkish American Women's Association. They arrived late, and when they came we sat together in small chairs in the church cafeteria usually reserved for children. They were introspective about their trip to the U.S. and already sad about saying goodbye to the other musicians on the tour with whom they had formed important friendships. They all agreed as they sipped their Turkish coffee and ate their baklava, "You know we really are not different from one another, we really do have so much in common, we're one".

FIG. 26 The Roudaniyats from southern Morocco performing at UT Austin in the last performance of the Spirit of Fes tour, 2004. They concluded the tour with a prayer for peace for the American public. (Photograph taken by the aut

FIG. 27 Empty chair for the monarchy no more! Opening night at the Fes Festival of World Sacred Music, Fes, Morocco, 2007. Her Royal Highness, Princess Lalla Salma of Morocco (far right), accompanied by Queen Rania of Jordan, Mme. Bernadette Chirac and Her Royal Highness Princess Lalla Miriam of Morocco attend the performance together. The royal entourage sat in chairs with the rest of the audience, under a banner that read "Celebrating Our Heritage Is What Is Sacred". Fes Festival website photo gallery, 6-1-2007. With permission of the photographer, Catherine Bendayan. http://www.fesfestival.com/photos07/01-06-07/pages/Reine-Rania-%26-SAR-Peinesse-Lalla-Salma2.htm)©.

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Maria (Mieke) Frances Curtis was born in Heidelberg, Germany on August 9, 1971, the daughter of Patricia Jacqueline Young and James William Curtis. After graduating from F.T. Wills High School in Smyrna, Georgia, in 1989, she began her university studies at Georgia State University in Atlanta, Georgia. In the fall of 1992, she studied abroad for a semester at the University of Grenoble, in Grenoble, France. She received her Bachelor of Arts in 1995 from Georgia State University with a major in Modern Romance Languages with a specialization in French to English translation, and a minor in Cultural Anthropology in which she earned advanced and research honors through the GSU Honors Program. In August of 1996 she entered the Graduate School of the University of Texas at Austin in the department of Anthropology. She studied Moroccan dialect and Modern Standard Arabic at the American Language Institute of Fes in the summers of 1997 and 2002, and in the fall of 2002. She studied Modern Standard Arabic in Tangier, Morocco through the American Institute for Maghreb Studies in conjunction with the Tangier American Legation and the Georgetown University summer Arabic program in the summer of 1998. Lastly, she studied Turkish at Boğaziçi University in Istanbul in the summer of 2000. She graduated in the summer of 2007 having completed an MA, and a PhD in Anthropology with a specialization in Folklore and Public Culture, and a Doctoral Portfolio in Cultural Studies. As a graduate student she taught at UT Austin and worked as a writing tutor, worked as an editor and translator, attended national and international conferences, published several articles, and was involved in local interfaith dialogue efforts in Austin, San Antonio, and Houston, Texas. After graduating, she began teaching Anthropology and Cross Cultural Studies at the University of Houston Clear Lake, in Houston, Texas.

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